

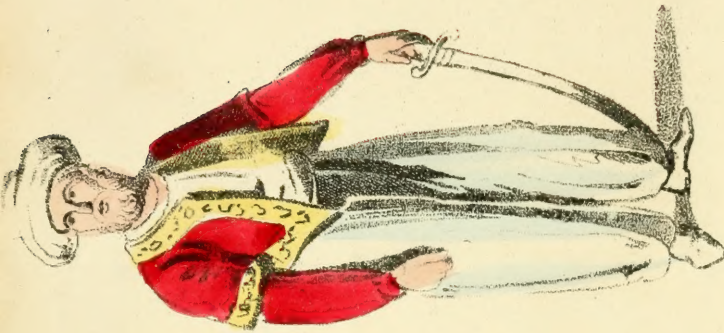


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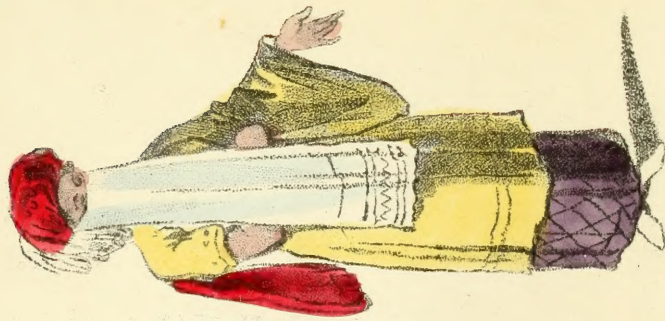
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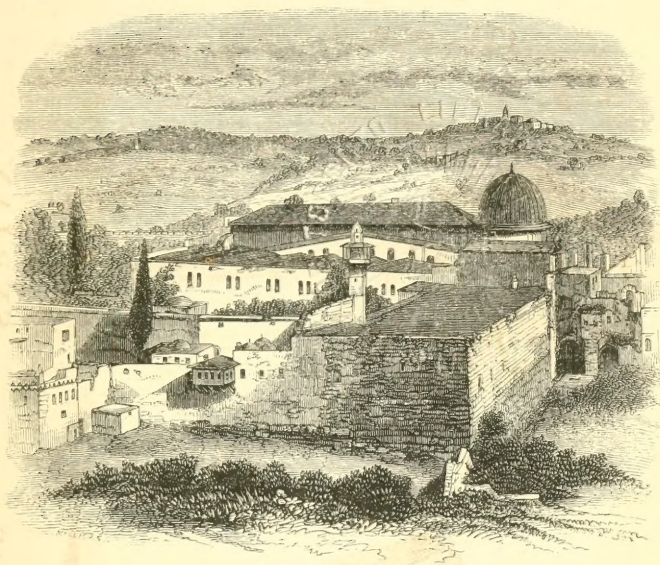
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SYRIA, AND THE SYRIANS;

OR,

Turkey in the Dependencies,

BY GREGORY M. WORTABET,
OF BAYROOT, SYRIA.



El Aksa, and the Mount of Olives

VOL. I.

LONDON:

JAMES MADDEN, 8, LEADENHALL STREET.

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THESE VOLUMES ARE AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED,

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PREFACE.



IT is the custom now-a-days, to make an apology for intruding a new work on the PUBLIC, especially when the subject thereof has been so often written upon. The history of Syria (including Palestine), has been the theme of many an author; and there is, perhaps, no country in the world upon which more books have been written.

This is excusable: the subject is one of ever fresh import; the scenes where the Christian faith had its origin and completion can never become dry to a Bible reader; the land which is replete with testimonies, in fulfilled prophecy, to the truthfulness of the word of God, as uttered by His prophets long ago, can never cease to be a subject of regard. To write on a land where Jesus trod, walked, and on whose waters He sailed—which was invested with undying interest by having witnessed His presence, and been hallowed by His prayers—where He went about “doing good,” and at last died for fallen man, is most natural, and one the most likely to be read by a Christian public.

I cannot help remembering in this connection, the feeling which swelled my heart when my teacher, the late Rev. Story Hebard, returned from a tour in Palestine, and told us of the interesting spots he had visited—how he was in Bethlehem where Jesus was born—in Nazareth, where He worked with Joseph—in Nain, where He restored the widow’s son to life—in Bethany,

where He raised Lazarus from the dead—on the banks of the Jordan, where He was baptized—on the shores of Genesareth, where He oft sailed—in Cana of Galilee, where He turned the water into wine—in the Garden of Gethsemane, that scene of agony and of woe—in Jerusalem, where He was condemned, scourged, mocked, and finally suffered for guilty man.

So great was the effect made by his narrative on my youthful mind, that I had scarcely been a month out of school, when I made the tour of those scenes, and the impressions then and there made on me are such as will never depart. Still as fresh as yesterday is the recollection of my first view of Jerusalem. I have since then read innumerable works on the subject, and I trust shall yet read as many more—so great is the interest attached to that land, and the power it holds over the mind of the Bible reader.

These are sufficient grounds for an author to appear before the public without an apology, but independently of these, I do so on other grounds, which I trust will warrant me in bringing forth this work. I have always had a prejudice against an apology for writing a book—the thing looks so hackneyed. It seems to me like a person who helps himself to your money, and *then* asks your leave to borrow it; or a man who calls upon you, and then apologises for doing so. Why need he apologise? It will not alter the sentiment of the public in regard to his work. If the book is worth reading, it will speak for itself and gain a reputation; if not, *he may be assured* it will be condemned without mercy to contempt and oblivion. Under these circumstances, having been bold enough to write the book and *publish it*, I will not apologise for letting it see the light of day.

My object in writing this work, is not simply to enable the reader to beguile a leisure hour, but also to arouse a deeper interest in Syria, physically, morally, and politically, and to awaken the slumbering sympathies of the British public, for a people whom it is their duty as Christians to endeavour to elevate, and their interest as a nation, who have a large empire in India to contend for, to protect and support, if they want to save Turkey, see her integrity maintained, and the aggressions of Russia at an end.

The author, who is a native of Syria, having re-visited his country after a tour of several years in Europe, Africa, Asia, and America, and having felt the want of a work like this for the *British public*—a nation the most interested in the affairs of the East—to point out to them the evils of the Turkish government in the provinces subjected to her rule, and to draw public attention more especially to the measures necessary to be adopted to effect a permanent remedy for those evils out of which, in truth, the present war has originated.

In order to invest the work with greater interest, the writer has thought it most advisable to throw into the shape of a narrative of a journey through Syria and Palestine, his notions concerning the wants of the Turkish dependencies. Not only has he gathered materials from every source within his reach, but from his acquaintance with those countries, the author hopes that he has been able to supply information not likely to be met with in ordinary books of travel.

Hence the work will appear as a guide to the Holy Land, intended to interest the reader by its narrative of a journey through that country; amuse and instruct him by a description of our customs, habits, and manners, so different from those of European people, and

yet so much resembling those of olden times; inspire him with reverence for the Sacred Volume by showing the literal fulfilment of the predictions uttered by the Prophets; show the contest between Protestantism and Roman Catholicism; and, finally, point out the causes of complaint against the Turkish Government; so that now, the destiny of Turkey being in the hands of the Allies, means should be taken to remedy those evils which have engaged Europe in a frightful contest, and which, unless removed, are likely again to occasion another war, perhaps more sanguinary than the present; and to indicate means which once used, will, in all probability promote the regeneration of Turkey, and re-establish her morally, physically, and politically.

In conclusion, I beg to draw largely on the indulgence of the reader for any inaccuracies—grammatical or idiomatical—which his eye may detect in these volumes, as in writing them and carrying them through the press, I called in no extra aid; the short time they were printing (less than three weeks) admitted of no alteration in the manuscript, so the sheets remain very much as they were when penned on the spot after the fatigues of the day's journey. I trust, therefore, that all the readers who may honour them with a perusal will make every allowance for my education and national style of expression. For more than that I ask not, preferring that they should abide the estimation of their merits by an impartial public.

LONDON.

14 BRUNSWICK SQUARE,

10th March, 1876.

SYRIA AND THE SYRIANS.

CHAPTER I.

The 21st Day of December, 1854—A Day on the Heights of Caramania—Scenery—The Storm—Our Steamer—The Cove—Our Party—The Garçon—The Plan of this Work laid out—A Tour in Syria—Its Advantages, Comfort, Expense, etc.—Quarantine—The Waves of the Mediterranean—A Scene on Deck.—The old Bashi-B'zook and his two Negresses—Arrival at Mersina—Its Importance and Rise—Going Ashore—A fearful Landing—The French Consul's House—Our Reception—Nargeelés—An Incident—Tarsoos—The Legend of its Origin—History and Association—The Rain-shelter—Backsheesh—Return on Board—Our Luggage—The Last Resort—Our Captain—En Route—Gulph of Alexandretta—Meeting the Mentor—Water Spouts—Alexandretta—Aleppo, Massacre of Christians in 1850—Battle of Issus—Alexander and Darius—The Orontes—Swaidia—Antioch—Lattakia—A Revolt—The Accused—Tripoli—The Captain and the Passengers—Cape Madonna—Coast of Phœnicia—Arrival at Bayroot.

READER! had you stood on the heights of Caramania on the morning of Thursday, the twenty-first day of December, in the year of our Lord One thousand eight hundred and fifty-four—on the mountain top of that part of it, which under the name of Cape Cavaliero, projects into the sea—you would have experienced, what the world terms a *rough and stormy day*. The sky was black and threatening, and the clouds, like some direful omen,

encompassed the earth; sharp gusts of wind bent with hurricane force the boughs of mighty oak trees, and laid low the shrubbery around; startling flashes of lightning, which now and then rent the sky in streaks of fire, broke through the awful gloom, and which, for a moment, lit the horizon far and near, revealing a picture of awful sublimity; peals of thunder, mighty and deafening, broke in ruthless succession over the main, convulsing, as it were, the whole arcana of nature, and causing the mountains and the seas to echo in long fearful sepulchral moans the roar of Heaven's artillery; the waves of the sea, as they rose mountains high or dashed on the base of the headland whereon you stood, added to the confusion and sublimity of the scene, and kept up a fearful requiem between each blast of thunder. Save the sea-gull, which danced on the crested waves of the rolling deep, nothing animate was to be seen.

Like a feather tossed on the waters with the wind in her teeth, and the huge waves dashing on her in merciless fury, you might have seen, at the hour of noon, a small steamer, about five miles off, making for the land. For forty-eight hours had she been disputing her way with the elements, which, it would seem, had combined their power to thwart her purpose. At one moment you would behold the sea making a breach over her, deluging her from stem to stern; at another you would see her on her side, as if she would turn keel upwards; now you would see her ascending a wave as high as her funnel, and again sinking into the trough; she has hardly recovered from her plunge when a head-wind strikes her most unmercifully on the bows, and sends her reeling backwards. Staggered and stunned, she makes another effort to oppose the league made against her by

sea and wind; she struggles as if with a mighty enemy—rising, falling, trembling, quivering, leaping—now she is on the top of a mountain wave—now she descends headlong into the yawning abyss—now rising again, now rolling furiously; her timbers creaking; her whole form trembling and straining, she keeps up the strife. Loud shrieks the blast—high mounts the sea—furiously dash the waves, but she perseveres in the combat. It is now late in the afternoon and she is nearer to the headland; the wind and the waves have become less turbulent, and she makes a better headway; she is now coasting the rocky shore, seeking a place where she may anchor till the storm has lulled. A most beautiful little cove, mountain-locked on every side save at the narrow entrance, presents itself; the helm is put hard “*a-port*,” and leaving the raging billows behind her, the little vessel skims over the surging surf, and enters the tranquil bay. Slowly she creeps, fearful of striking on some hidden rock; the sounding has ceased; the anchor is cast, and now she rides safely at anchor.

That steamer was the “*Télémaque*,” by which I had secured my passage from Smyrna to Bayroot: my fellow-passengers were five Americans; one of whom, a Mr. Mitchell, of Philadelphia, had come on board with me at Smyrna, and with whom I was previously acquainted, and had intended accompanying in a tour of the Holy Land; the other four were a party who had come on board at Constantinople, and now were on their way to Jaffa and Jerusalem. As far as Rhodes we had fine weather, but afterwards a continued gale; nor am I aware that, on the two days after leaving the last-mentioned port the table was once set.

And in the recollection of that storm I can never

forget the poor *garçon*. Poor fellow! how he must have been bewildered by six of us shouting at once—"Garçon!" "Garçon!" "Garçon!" One wanted something to eat; another, a glass of lemonade; and another, a bottle of champagne. He ran—that *garçon*—as few *garçons* would run; at the door of each state-room he stood giving us our wants, and such a pleasant look had he that we unanimously voted him a prince of his tribe! But let it not be supposed that the first cabin of the "Télémaque" had only one steward; three we had—one was maître d'hôtel, a head steward or butler, who did nothing but take care of *number one* and scold the other waiters; another was a freshwater man, shipped this voyage for the first time, and consequently lay in his crib sea-sick, vowing to the Madonna, that this voyage once over he would never set his foot on board another ship again; and thus it was that our three waiters resolved themselves into one.

It was a glorious sight to see the table set for dinner once more, and on that day we all did justice to the *cuisine*. Immediately after dinner we went on deck and enjoyed a walk. We were lying at anchor in five fathoms water; on each side of us rose mountains covered with trees and brushwood to the height of about a thousand feet.

Late in the evening we went down into the saloon, and here, in this small cove, we laid the plan of the tour which is the subject of the following pages. At that time Mr. Mitchell was the only one who was to accompany me, but ere we retired to bed that night all had formed the resolution of landing at Bayroot, and going to Jerusalem by land together. Hence it is that I begin this narrative here.

A tour through Syria is by no means so frightful as many of the good people of the West suppose. The journey is not over fatiguing, nor is the expense great; indeed, I know of no tour which combines so much cheapness and comfort as a trip to Syria. Leaving England the traveller proceeds to Paris and to Marseilles; then he takes the French steamer, and proceeds either direct to Malta, or goes by way of Genoa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, Naples, and Messina; from Malta he can either go to Syria by Alexandria, or by way of Syra, Smyrna, Rhodes and the coast. At Syra he can branch off and visit Athens, returning to Syra in time to take the next steamer which touches there weekly on its way to Smyrna and Constantinople. The steamer arrives at Smyrna on Thursday, and leaves forthwith for Constantinople; the steamer for Bayroot leaves once a fortnight, so that the traveller, if he is in the odd weekly boat, can have time to visit Constantinople, and then take the steamer to Bayroot. Landing there he makes a tour of Syria, and then takes the steamer again for Alexandria. Here, after visiting Cairo, he takes the Austrian steamer to Trieste, whence he can easily reach England by way of Vienna and Paris.

The reader will now observe that a trip to Syria necessarily takes in the whole of Europe. Now, if we can bring the expense to a reasonable rate, it must prove that a tour to Syria includes all that is most interesting in it; as for the comfort, I need only say that most of the journey is by rail or steam. Everywhere the traveller will find good accommodation, and he need not be fearful on this score.

The expense is exceedingly moderate. You can reach Marseilles, by a first-class carriage, for the trifling sum

of 5*l*. From thence you take a ticket for Bayroot, which allows you a scope of four months, landing wherever you please and re-embarking again. This ticket allows you to go by the Italian line, thus enabling you to stop at Leghorn, proceed to Florence and Rome, and catch the next steamer at Civita Vecchia. These steamers of the Italian line sail at night and anchor all the day, so that plenty of time is allowed you to go and see all that is worth seeing in every town you touch at. After arriving at Malta you are transhipped on board the Constantinople steamer. At Syra, another steamer meets you and takes you on to Athens, and brings you back for the next boat. I am not sure whether this diversion is allowed as part of your ticket, but, at any rate, if not it cannot be very much, as the distance is very short. Arriving at Smyrna you have now, perhaps, to wait ten days for the French steamer to go to Bayroot; this interval you can profitably spend by taking a return ticket to Constantinople, which costs you something like four pounds. From Smyrna you are taken to Rhodes and Syria, as part of your ticket from Marseilles to Bayroot, and this costs the traveller four hundred and sixty-three francs, or eighteen pounds and ten shillings sterling; to this you add, board on the steamer fifteen days, which includes all the travelling days you have between Marseilles and Bayroot; they charge for your food eight francs a-day, which makes an additional sum of one hundred and twenty francs, or less than five pounds.

The tour in Syria, which you can perform in about four weeks ought not to cost you more than a pound a day at farthest; the larger the company is the cheaper you can travel. From Jaffa to Egypt the

sum is trifling—something less than three pounds being the fare.

Returning back, *vid* Trieste and Vienna, your passage costs about 35*l*.

If a party of three travel together the French company makes a discount for them of 20 $\frac{0}{100}$. Should one person take a return ticket from any place, and does not exceed four months in returning, he is also allowed 20 $\frac{0}{100}$.

As he travels through Europe the traveller will require a passport. This passport is taken from him on board the French steamer and delivered to him again on landing. In Turkey passports are not asked for so much. I travelled through the whole of Turkey without ever been asked to show my passport, and the only place where it was demanded of me was by the French agency as they were about to issue me a ticket of passage by their steamer. In Turkey, however, you are obliged to have a Turkish ticket or pass, which at once enables the various civil or military officers to recognise your nationality. This ticket costs about a shilling; I procured one at Smyrna, but never had occasion to show it, as nowhere was I called upon to do so. The truth of the case is this, that as far as the nuisance of a passport system is concerned, Turkey stands far ahead of many parts of Europe; the same may be said as regards the custom-houses.

I have hitherto spoken of the French steamers; here I would add a word about their movements. A French steamer, connecting the Marseilles and Asia Minor line, leaves Smyrna on every other Sunday, and proceeds to Bayroot and on to Alexandria, where it arrives on the Thursday of the following week, having passed Bayroot on the Sunday intervening. On Friday the French

steamer from Marseilles arrives, and then the Bayroot boat starts again with European and Egyptian mails, and arrives at Bayroot on Monday morning; next day she continues her voyage to Smyrna and Constantinople and on to Marseilles; thus Bayroot receives a weekly mail from Europe *viâ* Marseilles. An Austrian line, which brings mails from Trieste, makes the same voyage to Bayroot and Alexandria in connection with the Trieste steamers to Smyrna and Alexandria as the French steamer does, with the exception that the Austrian steamer leaves on the alternate Sunday, when there is no French steamer for Bayroot; thus people in Constantinople and Smyrna have weekly steamers for Syria, and if they are in a hurry need not wait for the French steamer, though they are by far the most preferable. The reader will observe now, that on the day the French steamer arrives at Bayroot from Alexandria with European mails, *viâ* Marseilles, the Austrian steamer arrives from Smyrna with European mails, *viâ* Trieste, and *vice versa*. Thus the traveller need be in no fever either about his letters or movements, as he can have two opportunities to communicate with, or go to, Europe every week. The steamer leaving Smyrna touches at Rhodes, Mersina, Alexandretta, Lattakia, Tripoli, Bayroot, Jaffa, and, after eleven days, arrives at Alexandria, and the next day returns as above to Smyrna. English and Austrian steamers run weekly between Smyrna and Alexandria. Two English lines of screwsteamers ply monthly between Liverpool and Bayroot; sometimes they run oftener.

In touching at the various places, the steamers generally spend the day at their anchorage, thus giving the passengers an opportunity of going ashore and enjoying

themselves as well as they may. Sometimes these places may be in quarantine; in which case, the yellow flag may be seen flying at the mizen-top, which tells you that you cannot communicate with the shore. The French captains, generally, speaking, are very civil, and if asked will allow you a boat to pull about the harbour, or take a sail. We had been put in quarantine in Rhodes, and the captain of the "Télémaque" offered us his gig to pull round and inspect the tower and harbours if we chose, as a consolation for our being deprived of going ashore. Rhodes, in this respect, is the most unfortunate city I know; if there is any quarantine in one place of the Levant, it is sure to be there; three times I visited it, and only once was I so fortunate as to find myself in *pratique*.

These quarantines once prevailed a great deal in the East; almost every port had its limited days of quarantine. To go or come from Alexandria was sure to put you into one, and so also between Syria and Asia Minor. Latterly they have fallen off very much; indeed, during the past year I was not aware of any whatever, either on the coast of Syria, Egypt or Asia Minor. Rhodes was the only place where we were subjected to it coming from Smyrna, in which place the cholera was raging; on my return from Syria I found that here also it had been given up. And so it will be now, unless some epidemic arises which renders it necessary. It is universally believed that the Venetians were the first to adopt regulations for guarding against the introduction of infected persons into their ports. The word itself is derived from the Italian, and means *forty*, or, in other words, if in forty days no infectious disease breaks out then no further danger is to be apprehended.

Bankers, who will exchange your drafts on England

and elsewhere, are to be met with all over the Levant. Drafts on a good London banker are easily changed, and for them the best premium is given.

Such are a few of the inducements I would offer to the intending tourist to the East; a tour through France, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, and then through Germany and Switzerland into France and England. Comfortable accommodation, quick travelling, easy transit, good living, much to see, and all in a short time and for a small outlay. A traveller, occupying three months in visiting those places, living in the best hotels, travelling in first-class cabins and first-class carriages, if he is economical need not exceed 150*l.* in all. One more advantage he has, that he is not bound to go to all these places. From any place he can find immediate conveyance to carry him home should anything call him back.

On waking up next morning, I found that we were once more on the "broad deep sea." The wind having abated during the night, the "*Télémaque*" tripped her anchor and gaily pursued her course, keeping under high peaks and precipitous mountains, and making about seven knots an hour in a nasty swell, such as generally succeeds a storm; but bad as this was I preferred it to the short chopping waves of this sea when its bosom is convulsed by a storm. It is a true remark that people who never got sick on the Atlantic get so on the Mediterranean. The reason is obvious; the long swell of the Atlantic gives the boat time to rise and fall gently, but in the Mediterranean she rides on three or four waves at one time, all of which beat her, jerk her and make her reel to and fro like a drunken man; hence the truth of the remark alluded to.

Our deck this morning was the scene of great bustle. Most of our deck passengers, who were invalid *Bashi-B'zooks*, were on their way home from the seat of war. They came from Adana, and as they were to land at Mersina, which we expected soon to reach, they were huddled together on the quarter-deck, with their things already packed ready to go ashore as soon as the anchor touched the gravel bottom of the bay of Mersina. Crowding around them were a few Turks of distinction and some Christian merchants, from Tripoli and Lattakia, who had been on a purchasing expedition in the better provided bazaars of Smyrna to replenish their small shops, listening to the tales of wonder which the invalids, now recovered from the horrors of sea-sickness, were relating of British bravery and French courage. The Cafedgi, a person of distinction among them and in great demand, and who had a small coffee-shop set up on deck (for a Turk must have his coffee-shop wherever he goes), was making his way between them and providing them with that beverage, which, to a Turk, seems as necessary as porter is to the Englishman. Conspicuous among the *Bashi-B'zooks* was an elderly man, who, for the proceeds of his toil on the shores of the Danube, had bought two black negresses of unexceptionable form and features. He had bought both for something less than a thousand francs; each of them would have fetched nearly double the amount in dollars in any of the southern markets of the United States. Mitchell, more in joke than in earnest, offered to purchase them; a handsome margin above the price he paid was offered him, and on his refusal Mitchell bade higher till he nearly doubled the price the man had paid for them, but all in vain, as the old fellow swore by the beard of the Prophet that he

would not dispose of them *for much or for little*, an Oriental expression, which signifies that it is futile to make any further overtures, as nothing would tempt him to sell them.

The sun shone brightly, and the mountains looked grand. During the course of the morning, we amused ourselves by gazing on the shore, noticing its head-lands, crevices, villages, and inns. At ten o'clock, we passed a Roman ruin, said to be Pantiopolis, and of which we could see the remains of sundry columns still standing. Precisely at half-past eleven we dropped anchor in the bay of Mersina, that bay from which I deem the apostle of the Gentiles must have oft sailed on his way south.

Mersina is a small place, whose importance has arisen from the fact of its being the port of Tarsoos, which has of late been invested with a spirit of enterprise. Several English, French, Austrian, Greek, and Turkish vessels were riding at anchor in the bay, loading with the produce sent from Tarsoos. Its being now also made a touching station of the Austrian and French steamers has given it an impetus, and many have flocked to it from all parts of Syria; the result is that land has risen in value. A merchant told me on landing, that last year he bought property here for 700*l.*, and for a part of which he would not take now 2,000*l.* The soil hereabouts is rich and fertile; the only detriment to the rise of Mersina is, I apprehend, its unhealthy locality.

Tarsoos being the ancient Tarsus, the birth-place of St. Paul, and being only a few hours distant, Mitchell and I determined on going ashore at once, and see if we could not manage to go there and back before the hour fixed for the boat's departure, which was to be at seven o'clock. We made known our wishes to the captain, and

he at once offered us a seat in his gig to transport us to the shore; he further promised to introduce us to the French consul, and request his good offices to procure us horses and guides if our object could be accomplished in time. Not a moment was to be lost, and ere five minutes had elapsed we were in the gig some yards from the steamer. A heavy swell reigned in the bay, and a heavier surf broke on the unsheltered beach; and it was with the utmost difficulty we made a landing, Four times we made the attempt to reach the shore, and as often we were driven back by the fury of the waves.

“Voila la Turquie!” said the captain, in disgust, as every attempt to land was frustrated.

On landing, our good captain led us through heaps of mud and amid droves of camels, donkeys, and mules (who were there ready to take any goods we had for Tarsoos) to the house of the French consul. A dirty and broken staircase admitted us to a frame house erected on the terrace of some large granary. This we were told was that dignitary’s house. On the top of the staircase we were met by that worthy himself, a tall sickly-looking man, who bowed us into a saloon furnished in Europeo-Oriental style, divans and chairs, books and pipes lay side by side; a picture of “Napoleon the Third, by the grace of God and will of the people, Emperor of the French,” graced one of the walls.

He received us kindly and politely, ordered for us sherbet, coffee, pipes, and nargeelés in a truly oriental style, and on all of which I shall descant in a future chapter. I would here inform the reader about the nargeelé, as the name may seem strange to him, and as its use is very common, I may have occasion to mention

it often ere I enter into the details of our customs, habits, and manners.

The chibook and the nargeelé are two different kinds of pipes, and both are peculiar to the East: the chibook is the common long pipe; the nargeelé is an apparatus from which the smoke is drawn by means of a long serpentine tube, and before reaching your mouth, has to pass through water contained in a glass vase, resembling a decanter. In smoking the nargeelé you draw upwards, and though difficult at first you will soon get accustomed to it. It is much liked in the East, and used by both males and females.

Whilst at the consul's, an incident occurred which caused us great merriment. On entering a house in the East it is customary to offer you a cup of coffee, but, much as you may like it, it is not considered fashionable to ask for a second edition of it. Poor Mitchell, not knowing this, and liking the coffee, said he "*would take another cup.*" This unusual request raised a momentary smile on the lips of the company present. The boy gave it to him; drinking this, he again, for the third time, handed his cup to be replenished, when the smiles gave place to an immoderate burst of laughter. On being told the cause, he was much amused at the difference in the customs of the East and West, and joined in the laugh though at his own expense.

The consul now told us that our intended trip to Tarsoos was impracticable. "In fine weather," says he, "it takes four hours to ride there, but now, in the present state of the roads, it would take us five or six hours to reach it," so that it was impossible for us to go and return in time. Passengers, however, arriving early in the morning, whose boat will not leave till the

evening, could accomplish the trip. The greatest interest with which Tarsoos stood invested in my eyes, was its being the birthplace of St. Paul, and as such the traveller will visit it with pleasure. As an Oriental city it is remarkable for nothing, and, like all other Turkish cities, presents a pleasant exterior not justified by the interior. Beautiful as it may look from without, it is within a conglomeration of dirty streets and narrow lanes running in all directions, without any idea of order or symmetry.

Beside its being the Tarsus of the Scriptures where St. Paul was born, Tarsoos possesses traditions of its origin, which to the general reader may not be destitute of interest. One of its legends gives us to learn, that it was built by Sardanapalus in one day; but when the Greeks established themselves after the conquest of Alexander the Great, the inhabitants of Tarsus rejected this legend of the origin of their city, and adopted the more poetical one founded on the old fable, that Bellerophon had been conveyed in the course of his wanderings by the winged horse, Pegasus, to the country of Cilicia. They engrafted the tradition on this, that Pegasus had stumbled here, and left a deep impression of his hoof, and hence, in their language, the word Tarsus signified a hoof or heel. According to another account, Pegasus lost a hoof in this quarter. Strabo, however, states, that Tarsus was founded by Triptolemus and his Argive followers, who, when in search of the wandering Io—the beautiful mistress of Jupiter, changed by him into a heifer—found here the traces of her hoof. Under the Persian supremacy, Tarsus was the residence of the dependent kings of Cilicia, who had here a noble palace. It is a city of Asia Minor, and was once the

capital of Cilicia Proper; the river Cydnus runs through it, and in bathing in the cold waters of which Alexander nearly lost his life. Here it was that Cleopatra paid her celebrated visit to Anthony in all the pomp and pageantry of Eastern luxury, herself attired like Venus, and her attendants like Cupids, in a galley covered with gold, the sails of which were of purple, the oars of silver, and the cordage of silk. It was also the seat of a school of philosophy and philology, and the city became so popular for its learning and refinement that it at one time rivalled Athens and Alexandria.

It now began to rain, so that even a ride to Pantiopolis was denied us; we walked, however, amid the few shops, where we met our other friends, who had just landed to take a look at the place. The rain now poured in torrents, and we sought shelter in the house of a merchant formerly of Bayroot, but now resident here. The servant brought us chairs, and the ladies sent us coffee and nargeelés, for which, on leaving, Mitchell offered the boy a *backsheesh*, but which he *peremptorily declined*. We were then a party of six; and I trust that the five survivors (for poor Mitchell has since gone to his rest, as the reader will yet learn from these pages) are all prepared to bear witness to the fact, that a *Syrian knows how to refuse a backsheesh*, notwithstanding all the hubbub which has been made about this word in Europe and America. It is monstrously ungenerous in travellers who visit the East, and partake of its warm-hearted hospitality, to go back home and say they never saw a Syrian refuse a backsheesh! Why forget that it was they who first taught the Syrian the word backsheesh? and why forget that in their countries backsheeshs are not only not refused, but asked and even extorted: take,

for instance, a visit to the palace of Andrea d'Oria, in Genoa, it cost the author *upwards of a dollar in backsheesh*, before he could see its interior. But this is Italy: I will not speak any more of it, nor bring instances from the Continent or Ireland. He that has travelled in those countries knows how little right the inhabitants of those places have to the fuss they make about the word backsheesh in Syria. But take, for example, a visit to Westminster Abbey. I never visited it without being relieved of some surplus sixpences that lay in my pocket. Take also a visit to the steeple of Trinity Church, New York, St. Michael's Church, Charleston, and other places in America and Canada, and there also I found that a backsheesh of some kind was not only expected but asked. The most monstrous, however, is a visit to Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh; and really, dear reader, I cannot tell you of how many shillings I was fleeced before I had gone through its rooms. I could multiply instances, if they were necessary, to shew that backsheesh is not despised in more civilised countries than Syria, and where the sights they shew the traveller are *professedly gratuitous*. But here the reader may say *that was because you were a stranger*. Remember that in Syria you are a stranger also; and if, in a civilised country like Scotland, the stranger can be thus imposed upon, what can you expect from a country like Syria? The truth of the matter is this: that whilst I would not deny that there are those in Syria who have been spoiled by Franks into the habit of asking a backsheesh for nothing, on the same principle as a beggar in the streets of Ireland asks "your honour for a penny;" yet there are others, and these are by far the larger portion, whose request for backsheesh is for services rendered: and there are others who know how to refuse a

backsheesh even for a real service. I beg the reader's pardon for this digression; and, if an apology is necessary for it, I hope he will accept it as a vindication of the unjust, sweeping charge made by tourists in the East, that a Syrian has never been known to refuse a backsheesh: in fact the author was astonished to find the word backsheesh not only well known in Europe and America, but considered as a synonyme for a Syrian.

The rain having ceased we now prepared to return on board. The captain was not yet ready, so we left him to the prosecution of his duties, whilst six of us and an Englishman, a passenger of the second cabin, engaged a boat for *fifteen piastres* (about half-a-crown English money) to take us on board. The surf had now so increased that we could hardly get into the boat: one after another gained it with difficulty; the sea all the while breaking over us fearfully; so that by the time we had all fairly got in we were wet through; and, what was worse, we were more than once in danger of being upset. We were off at last, and reached the steamer in no enviable position. On stepping on board we at once ordered our baggage from the magazine, hoping to find some dry linen to replace our present habiliments; but, lo and behold! on fetching our portmanteaus on deck, they were also wet. It seems that the storm of the last two days had originated a slight leak in the ship; and hence all our baggage was saturated; so that, under the circumstances, we had to have recourse to the engine-room; and, thanks to its heat, it was not long before we were in dry apparel again. It was not till ten o'clock that our captain managed to reach the deck of his steamer; he came on board in a country barge, for which he paid the trifling sum of

three dollars, or about fifteen shillings! Hardly had we gained the steamer when a fresh breeze started, and sent the waves dashing against each other with fury, and breaking on the shore with vengeance. In this state of things the lieutenant, fearing it might get worse, dispatched a boat for the captain, but it returned without its being able to make the shore; and hence he had to come in a native *jerm*, or barge, sustaining much inconvenience by the way. As soon as he was on board the anchor was ordered to be weighed, and, in half-an-hour afterwards, we had turned our backs on the village of Mersina.

On Saturday morning we woke up to find ourselves in the Gulph of Alexandretta; Cape Khauzeer (the promontory which forms the head of the gulph, and which is about twenty-six miles distant from Alexandretta), was close on our right. It was a dark and gloomy morning; heavy clouds hung on the tops of the mountains and hovered around us, and to add to the discomfort of such a scene a drizzling shower of rain saturated our decks.

Early in the morning we passed the French steamer "Mentor," (belonging to the same company as our boat did), bound to Mersina, Rhodes, and Smyrna. We exchanged good wishes and continued on our course—we entering the fine mountain-locked gulph of Alexandretta, and they out of it. At nine o'clock an interval of great excitement took place on board our boat. We were called on deck to see a water-spout. It was only a couple of miles from us, and presented a glorious sight. It seemed a perfect Niagara, only the appearance of that column of water standing by itself, connecting as it were the heaven and the sea, made it a more im-

posing and grander object to look at than even that stupendous waterfall. I was regretting that I had not seen the commencement of it when another one began. At first, a commotion in the water was observed like the foam of a cataract, which then ascended like the mast of a ship towards the clouds; the scene was magnificent, but it was not completed; the clouds which at first were heavy and black now assumed a dark green colour, and finally resolved themselves into a small stream hardly bigger than a cord. This descended and joined the rising cataract; they had hardly done so, when, in the twinkling of an eye, it seemed to draw it up, and in a few moments a colossal column was completed, standing erect as it were between the clouds and the sea. Both waterspouts continued visible for about twenty minutes, at the end of which time they gradually thinned down to a spiral stream, and finally disappeared. I confess never to have set my eyes on a sight more glorious than those two waterspouts; they were at once grand, stupendous, and unique!

At eleven o'clock we dropped anchor before the dirty, miserable, marshy, and unhealthy village of *Skandroon*, called by the Europeans, *Alexandretta*, whose only importance is that it is the port of Aleppo; nor would that honor have been conferred upon it had it not been for its fine sheltered bay, which gives it the best harbour on the coast of Syria.

Aleppo is about three days' distance from it; the goods destined for it are carried thither on the backs of mules; its commerce with Europe and elsewhere is considerable and daily increasing. In number of population it ranks the second city in Syria. The American missionaries have a station at Aleppo; the result of their labours for

about eight or ten years has been the organisation of a native Protestant congregation. The place has suffered greatly from earthquakes. One evil which retards many from visiting Aleppo is the fear of having the *Aleppo button*, a cancer which arises on the body after a few days sojourn in it. Oft-times it makes its appearance on the face and disfigures the otherwise handsome features. It is very troublesome, and it is sometimes a year before it heals up.

The name of Aleppo will awaken in the minds of Christendom the excitement which it caused in the year 1850, when at an unexpected moment the fanatical Moslems fell upon the Christian population, plundered their houses, violated the honour of their females, burnt their churches, and killed some of them—a piece of wanton ferocity which one would hardly have expected at the hands of Moslems, fanatic as they be. But as this tragedy is still fresh upon the minds of Christendom, I will say no more than hope that the Allies, who are now supporting the cause of Turkey in bringing this war to a favourable issue, will not forget to stipulate with the Porte for the Christians in the East an assurance against Moslem intolerance and rapacity—a guarantee that such a scene will not occur again. This war once over, it will remain with the Allies to fix the government of this land and to influence its destiny.

To spin out the time, Mitchell and I went ashore, as was our wonted custom, and wound our way amid hosts of factors, clerks, and whole caravans of mules, and camels, and after a walk on the beach returned on board, having seen nothing of interest; indeed, the only interest which Alexandretta claims is in the grandeur and wildness of the mountain scenery which rises above

it. It was near here that the battle of Issus was fought, which decided the fate of the Persian army, who were routed before the young Macedonian hero with a loss of one hundred and ten thousand men, and poor King Darius only escaped by jumping from his lofty chariot, getting on the back of a horse and galloping off, leaving his mother, wife, and two daughters, in the hands of Alexander, who, it is said, treated his royal captives with the greatest delicacy and respect.

The account of the captivity of the family of Darius, as given us by various writers, is deeply interesting, and renders an apology unnecessary for bringing it before the notice of the reader; indeed, it now becomes part of the history of the country which forms the subject of this work. Hitherto we have been coasting Asia Minor, but once in Alexandretta we are in Syria.

But to the account: when Darius heard of Alexander's kindness towards his family, he sent him an embassy, offering him, as a ransom, the sum of ten thousand talents, or about two millions of pounds sterling, and proposing a treaty of peace and alliance, with the further offer of his daughter in marriage, and all the country between the Euphrates and the Ægean Sea as her dower. When the offer was laid before Alexander's council, Parmenio is reported to have said,

"If I were Alexander I would accept the terms."

"And so would I," replied Alexander, *"were I Parmenio."*

The answer which he returned to the proposal imported that he had invaded Asia to avenge the unprovoked aggressions of the Persian monarchs; that if Darius would come to him and ask for his wife and family he would willingly deliver them to him; but if he proposed

to dispute the sovereignty he would find him ready to oppose him. What a pity that a man endowed with such talents and generous feelings should, finally, not only prove so vicious and so licentious, but also so cruel, for we read in his annals that after he had wasted Tyre, he crucified, in cold blood, two thousand men, besides many whom he killed by the edge of the sword. And when he took the city of Gaza, he sold ten thousand of its inhabitants as slaves, and Achilles-like, dragged Betis, its brave defender, at the wheels of his chariot.

Having conjured the memory of the Great Macedonian, he rises before us in all the imagery of romance—the most renowned hero of antiquity, surpassing all others in the rapidity, extent, and splendour of his conquests. Other conquerors have shed more blood, and have waged war on a more cruel system; but no one ever bestowed such fatal brilliancy upon the hateful lust of conquest; nor has any other person, perhaps, been the cause of more misery to mankind, if to the slaughter occasioned by his own wars, we take into account the influence which his example has had on the career of others who have made him their model. His extraordinary abilities, his romantic and daring spirit, and the unparalleled splendour of his successes, have been the most mischievous in their example, from the amiable and generous qualities which formed a part of his character. He possessed talents which might have rendered him distinguished as a statesman and a benefactor to his species, yet it was to his military renown alone that he owed the surname of *Great*.

About eight o'clock in the evening we left our anchorage. Off Cape Khauzeer (which signifies the head of a pig, a name given to it either from its resemblance to the

head of a pig, or on account of the dirty weather, to use a nautical phrase, which is almost always prevalent here) it blew a hard gale. About midnight, we were off the river Asy, the Orontes of the ancients. On its banks, and not far from where it empties into the Mediterranean, is Swaidia, where the scenery is most beautiful and romantic, and compares well with other fine scenery which I have seen elsewhere in my varied wanderings.

Here was the residence for a long time of the Barker family, late British Consul General in Egypt. Dr. Yates of London has also built a house here, but which at present is unoccupied. A silk factory belonging to an English firm was also once established here, but which, from mismanagement it is said, never flourished. At present, I understand, an English doctor is settled there; how long he may remain where he is I am not able to say. To the lover of the romantic and the beautiful, Swaidia offers a charming retreat; the scenery is lovely, and the land thereabouts is exceedingly productive.

A little higher up the river, and thirty miles from Alexandretta, is Antakia, the Antioch of the Scriptures, where the Christians first received the name of their Lord and Master, and from whence the apostle of the Gentiles first set out on his missionary expeditions. It is now a small dilapidated place, with few ruins to mark its former splendour; and the place which once contained a population of upwards of a quarter of a million now hardly numbers eight thousand souls, of which one hundred and fifty families are Christians of the different Oriental sects. But alas! that the place which was once called the "Eye of the Christian Churches," where the apostles met, where the "golden-mouthed" Chrysostom preached, and where the name "Christians" was first adopted by

the followers of Jesus, there should be no Christian edifice for public worship, and that the Christians are obliged to meet in a cave east of the town for the performance of their devotions. The scenery on the banks of the Orontes hereabouts is pleasing; gardens of mulberry and fig-trees meet the gaze, and tall slender poplars throw their shadows in the murmuring stream beneath, where the natives oft resort in summer. One of the principal businesses of the place is the catching of a certain fish, called by them *Hanklees*, which they salt and preserve. It resembles a thick snake, and is about a yard in length, and is much used by the Christians in Syria during Lent, when meat is prohibited. In 1098 the crusaders captured Antioch, but surrendered it in 1263 to Bibars, sultan of Egypt. An additional interest invests Antioch, from the tradition that it was the birth-place of St. Luke the Evangelist, and that St. Paul was baptized in the Orontes, a little way out of it, and to this day the gate leading to Aleppo is called by the natives *Bab Boolus*, "the gate of St. Paul," in honour of that event. Poor as Antioch now is, it is nevertheless held in great repute in Christendom, and three prelates (although none of them, I believe, reside there) claim the title of "Patriarch of Antioch," viz., the patriarch of the Greek Church, of the Syrian Monophysite, and of the Maronites.

At half-past eight next morning, we were off Lattakia, once and for a long time supposed to be the Laodicea of the Scriptures, but which it is not, that being on the confines of Phrygia and Lydia, and now desolate and solitary. Considering that we were one day behind our time, our captain refused to come to an anchor here, or receive any goods from this place; in vain the people

came alongside in boats, but the captain would have nothing to do with them, and, with the exception of some cases of specie and a few passengers, we took nothing from Lattakia. We remained off and on for about an hour, enough to give the mail agent time to exchange mails.

The view of Lattakia from the sea is exceedingly beautiful, being built on several hills, amidst which gardens of green luxuriance fill up a pleasant picture. The town is divided into two portions, the city and the harbour, which are about ten minutes walk from each other. In the city there are some ancient remains. The harbour has a light-house lit for and at the expense of the French agency. It is only lit on those nights when the steamer is expected. Its commerce is mainly with Egypt, to which it exports a great deal of tobacco, the genuine *Abu riha*, and from which it imports rice and other Egyptian commodities. Much as the Lattakia tobacco is prized in the West, the Easterns think that *Djebail* tobacco (a town a little to the north of Bayroot) is by far the most superior; at any rate, it is dearer than the *Abu riha*.

I was astonished to find several boat-loads of respectable men accompanying one of their townsmen, who evidently was coming with us on board the ship, and who, on parting with him to return to the shore, kissed him most repeatedly; and some wept. On inquiry, I learnt that he was a native of the place, and was now on his way to Bayroot to answer to some charges in a curious affair which took place in Lattakia, and in which it is said he had had a finger. It so happened, that about a month ago a party of Ansariaya, from the neighbouring mountains, refused to pay any more taxes to the Turkish

government; on which the *Mutsellim*, or governor, had seven of their chiefs inveigled into the town, and imprisoned. This irritated their friends, who came down *en masse*, broke the prison door, and carried them off in triumph. The governor with a host of guards followed them, and a skirmish ensued, in which the governor's party were worsted, and he with several of his chief men (it is said between one and two hundred) were killed. This caused a great excitement in Lattakia, and it was supposed by the Turks that the Christians were at the bottom of the affair, and therefore they brought an accusation against this man, who was one of the leading Christians of the place, and had him sent for trial to Bayroot. He was now on his way thither. On talking with him, he told me that he was under the French protection, and hence was not afraid.

At seven o'clock in the evening we were off Tripoli; but as a dense fog was on the land, and as there were no light-houses to guide the wandering mariner into the harbour, the captain declared in a rage that he would not go in: in vain pleaded the poor passengers destined for Tripoli; but the captain firmly declined, saying, that he would not be justified in risking his ship and the lives of himself, crew, and passengers, for their sakes in a dark night like this; that if Turkey could not afford to build light-houses, she must not expect ships to enter her harbours at night, and, consequently, she alone must be made responsible for the damage to those visiting or trading in her territory. So saying, he ordered the pilot to keep the head of the steamer towards Bayroot, taking with him about twenty passengers and upwards of ninety cases of goods destined for Tripoli. This suicidal state of things requires no comment.

An hour later, and we were under a rocky headland, called Cape Madonna. It is a bold promontory, jutting out into the sea, and rising several hundred feet almost perpendicularly from the water. On the top of it is a Greek convent dedicated to the Virgin Mary, erected and sustained mainly by contributions from mariners. By eleven o'clock we had seen successively the lights of Batroon and Djebail, besides other minor villages; and we were now in a fair way of soon reaching Bayroot.

The reader, by a slight glance on the chart, will observe that we were now coasting what was once the ancient Phœnicia, and which extended, according to the most accredited authorities, from a little north of Tripoli to Dora, a little south of Carmel, an extent of one hundred and twenty miles or thereabouts. Here arts, sciences, and navigation once flourished to a great extent, and from here many migrated to colonize Europe. It is said that a Phœnician colony were the first to settle in Ireland. The merchants of Phœnicia were called merchant princes, and her mariners were famous in song; she was the England of her day, abounding in colleges and much that tended to civilize man. Shades of the past awake! inspire the lute, and rouse the energies of present Phœnicia: and welcome be the hour when the past will be told in the present!

It is now past midnight, and we are approaching Bayroot. A thousand lights like stars peeped from the town and suburbs; Mount Lebanon seemed to be one blaze of fire: here, there, everywhere rose lights from its hills and vales, and shed a halo on the scenery around. But I pass over the excitement of the scene. At two o'clock of Christmas morning the anchor of the "Télémaque" was dropped at Bayroot.

CHAPTER II.

Monday, 25th December, 1854—First View of Bayroot—Warburton's Testimony—Roadstead of Bayroot—Turkey—Former Grandeur compared with its Present Condition—European and Oriental Life—The Sale—A Merchant at Home—Improvement in Bayroot—Comparison with Twenty Years ago.—Progress of the Gospel—Opposition to it—Course of the Maronite Patriarch—History of the American Mission—Messrs. Parsons and Fish—Goodell and Bird—Incident at Jerusalem—Opposition to the Roman Catholics—Reports circulated of the Missionaries—Difficulty of the Syrian Field—Progress of the Work—Martyrdom of Assaad Esh Shidiak—Departure of the Missionaries for Malta—My Father—Unjust Remark of the Author of the "Holy City"—Reply—History of Three American Ecclesiastics—Return of the Missionaries—Mr. Thomson—The School—Death of Mr. and Mrs. Hebard—Termination and Influence of the School—Printing Press—Present Condition of the Mission, and Developments.

BAYROOT! happy home of my youth! Once more at Bayroot! Surely the reader need hardly be told how little I had slept during the night. I was on deck when the anchor first touched the gravel bottom of the roadstead. There I remained, unwilling to leave the scene before me, waiting till the gloom of darkness made way before the first streaks of early dawn; I watched the shapeless objects emerging from the shades of night, slowly but surely to become more defined. As the boy imperceptibly is developed into the man, so did the grey

light of morning gradually succeed darkness; and now everything has taken shape, though still wrapped in the azure mantle of dawning morn. My eyes once more sought the familiar spots of my youthful days; some I still recognised, but new buildings and new improvements have covered the rest.

Yes, there thou art, as beautiful as ever, Bayroot, thou happy home of my youth, where most of the years of my short life were spent, where I was brought up, educated, and sent forth on the great "bivouac of life," and from the sacred soil of which I had long been a wanderer!

Many are the sights I have seen since I left thee to become a wanderer on the face of God's earth. My feet have strayed amid the scenes of both the Old and New Worlds. I have gazed on the shores of "Sunny Italy"—on the plains of laughing France—amid England's sweet scenery—on Scotia's lovely lochs—on the mountains of New Hampshire—and the shores of classic Greece; but I declare I know of no picture in all my varied wanderings half as beautiful as thou when viewed from the sea. Thou art a picture of romantic grandeur on the one side, and luxuriant loveliness on the other combined. High above thee, its hoary snow-capped head meeting the clouds half way, its base kissed by the lovely Mediterranean as its waves dash and recede from its now bold and rocky, and now level and city-lined shore, rises Lebanon, "that goodly mountain," even Lebanon; whilst thou ensconced in its shade lookest not less beautiful. Mounted on the top of a long ridge or promontory, which slopes gradually to the sea-side, and with thy new suburbs extending on both sides of thee (contrasting strangely with the dingy gloom of

thy old habitations) to the cape, which takes its name from thee, on the one hand, and the slopes of Lebanon on the other, half-covered by the foliage of green mulberry-trees, rising in luxuriant relief between and around thy villa-like houses, make thee look like an ocean queen, or an eagle with outstretched wings ready to fly.

Such was the first view of Bayroot as it lay in the arms of the sombre dawn, its houses half concealed by the green foliage which surrounded them, looking all the while as bashful and as modest as a coy maiden; but now the rising sun begins to gild the mountain ridges, and descend to bathe the scene in a chaos of light and shade, lighting the tops of the houses with the brilliancy of its golden streaks, and converting into rainbow colours the spray of the classic Mediterranean. Everything is now bright and cheerful; even the shadow by its contrast contributes greatly to the effulgency of the scene. The coy maiden is now changed, and you are reminded of the dashing girl, with her laughing mouth and glossy ringlets, wafted along on the wings of merry song in the bright ball-room or well-lighted hall. It is a picture of brilliant beauty difficult to be equalled by any scenery. Warburton, the author of the "Crescent and the Cross," thought so too. "Beautiful Bayroot!" writes he, "it is not only now when seen through the Claude Lorraine glass of memory that I yield to thee the palm over all the cities of the earth! Exacting, indeed, must be the spirit that does not rest content with thy beauty, even while lover-like gazing on thee!" Our doctor, who was up betimes this morning, not knowing that I was a native of the place, began, with all the enthusiasm of a Frenchman, to expatiate on the beauty of the scene before us. He directed my attention to the

many villages which like birds'-nests studded the slopes of Lebanon, beaming with sunshine glory, basking as if it were in peaceful and thriving serenity, whilst its "thousand and one" lights (so to speak) at night from high and from low, from hill and from dale, from projection and from declivity, gave it a wild air—I was going almost to say, that the scene became one of savage delight.

"How divine!" he said, as his eye surveyed the scene from the towering heights of Lebanon down to the small skiff which danced on the wave before him, rowed by a Syrian boatman, clad in a striped vest and calico trousers. "How majestic!" exclaimed he, as he gazed on the promontory of the Dog river.

I mentioned Italy.

"Bah!" said he, "where in all Italy do you see such a picture of natural beauty and dignity as your eye meets here?" and he rubbed his hands in gleeful ecstasy.

But alas! that a site of such natural beauty should not meet with a better fate at the hands of its masters—the Turks. Beautiful as it is, Bayroot has no lighthouse to guide the wandering mariner into it, nor a harbour where he may safely rest after the toils of his voyage. No! here, as at sea, he must be up and watching, for he lies in an open roadstead which promises him no security. In winter the ships have to go down to St. George's bay, about three miles off, for greater safety, and the merchants have to get their goods from there in open barges, ever liable to great damage. Bayroot duly pays her revenues, and yet one is led to inquire where is the paternal return of Turkey? If the traveller is pointed to the paved and European *Scala* on shore, let me tell him that this has all been made by private individuals, and

indeed, for a long time, the only broken part of it was immediately before a *Khan*, which is used as a Turkish barrack, and where Turkish soldiers may have been seen standing before a tottering quay, which they had not the conscience to repair, and in consequence of which the merchant, whose office was in the western part of the *Scala*, had, in order to reach the custom-house, to make a circuit of one or two streets! What a shame! Should the intelligence and daily improvement of the inhabitants and the place be expiated on to the tourist, let me admonish him not to put this to the credit of *Moslem* Turkey, for if it had it in its power, these things would not be so, as he can see from the state of the Mahomedans of Bayroot; who, in face of the rising intelligence of their Christian fellow-citizens, are in the same *statu quo* they were fifty years ago. Islamism is, and unless regenerated will ever remain, a dead stand-still community. And under these stereotyped people this beautiful country now is! If, therefore, we see any rise in Bayroot, which, thanks to its Phœnician spirit, has not yet died—and which we trust, will still goad its inhabitants on till they become what they once were—the traveller has to look for it in the *natural talents of the Syrian mind*, and their intercourse with Europeans and Americans, from whom they have copied, and are daily copying, the refinement, intelligence, and civilization of the West, and the far West; and I am glad to say, also, with not a few, the pure and undefiled religion of the word of God.

At eight o'clock we landed at Bayroot.

Whilst rejoicing on its present progress, the traveller cannot but lament that Bayroot wants much yet to restore it to its pristine glory when it was the seat of

learning, of commerce, and of law, which then opened a sure road to wealth and dignity; and when its schools were filled with the rising spirits of the age—when the institutes of Justinian addressed themselves to the youths of his dominions who had devoted themselves to the study of jurisprudence, and when the sovereign condescended to animate their diligence by the assurance that *their skill and ability would in time be rewarded by an adequate share in the government of the Republic*. A writer of reputed veracity, says “the rudiments of this lucrative science were taught in all the considerable schools of the East and West, but the most famous of all these schools was Berytus, on the coast of Phœnicia, which flourished above three centuries from the time of Alexander Severus, the founder, perhaps, of an institution so advantageous to his native country. After a regular course of education, which lasted five years, the students dispersed themselves through the provinces in search of honours and of fortune.”

And no wonder those young men rose, and with them their country, when *worth and talents, ability and skill* entitled them to a share in the government of their loved and lovely country. And what was the result of it? “Had it not been,” says another writer, “for an earthquake which overthrew Bayroot in A.D. 551 they might have lived to be the guardians of this their land. But how different is the story now, and what a blow it must be to the rise of Bayroot, when the Christian, be he ever so learned, able, talented, or skilful, is debarred from sharing in the government of his country, simply because his head happens not to be ornamented with a *green turban*, or, in other words, because he is not a follower of the Prophet—when he is looked upon as a dog, and

in *many parts* of the Turkish empire is still treated as such — when his testimony against a Mahomedan up till very recently (and it still is so in the interior) was not considered valid, but a Mahomedan porter's word, low and vile as he may be, was enough to hang him in any court of justice! What a difference between the happy sons of Phœnicia of former days and her still not less able sons of the present generation? Happy youths of bygone days, yours was the honour—yours was the glory! to us the misfortune! But we pass to material points, leaving the past to sigh over the present.

The suburbs of Bayroot are exceedingly beautiful, and contrast strongly with the city, whose old, gloomy, and dingy buildings remind one of a charnel house. But the contrast is pleasing and flattering to the natives; it affords the traveller an idea of the improvements which twenty years have wrought upon the people and place. And gazing upon the high tapering houses, the narrow streets, the gloom of the city, and then looking upon the neat white houses in the suburbs, ample in their accommodations, with all the improvements which civilization has wrought upon Bayroot bearing upon them, the traveller is reminded of Old and New Edinburgh. Indeed, Bayroot may be fitly called the Edinburgh of Syria!

And when the traveller remembers that he is in a Turkish city, making all the necessary abatements for European cleanliness, he will be pleased to remark that Bayroot is cleaner in its aspect than many cities of the East; nor is this all—its whole atmosphere astonishes him. Its shops and stores are well provided from the factories of Europe and America. The produce of the Indies he finds in almost every street. Suspended on a

rope from the verandahs of the various shops, he will see exposed for sale New England drills, Manchester greys, Scotch Zebras, French silks, Swiss handkerchiefs, &c., and all bearing the stamps of the various factories where they are manufactured. A scene of hurry-scurry and bustle meets him at every step—steamers arriving, steamers departing—merchants hurrying to save the mail—clerks running with bills of lading and bills of exchange—goods being landed, and others being shipped, brokers bustling, and a thousand other incidents connected with a commercial town—a European air of business runs throughout, and when the traveller takes into consideration the many natives he will meet who speak his tongue fluently he begins to feel himself at home, and almost regrets that his search for Orientalism has been in vain, and that Bayroot is only a second edition of his native place.

I doubt not the traveller will be amused at my speaking thus of Bayroot, and the critic might take upon himself to review what he sees in London or Marseilles, and then Bayroot again falls into insignificance; of this I am aware, but my object is to show how the place has advanced in the short space of twenty years. Those who knew Bayroot twenty years back and the condition of its inhabitants *then*, will acknowledge the midnight and midday difference between 1835 and 1855. As for me, I think that, considering the obstacles which the natives have had to contend with, from ignorance, old customs to which they had become attached, and from which they would be loth to depart, and the evils of a Mahomedan government, their progress in civilization has been wonderful.

But I despair of giving the tourist an idea, however faint,

of the improvements herein wrought; he ought to have been in Bayroot a quarter of a century ago, and seen the complete air of listless Orientalism, to comprehend what I mean now. In one word, should he ever visit Nazareth or Nablous, I would say *there* is Bayroot twenty years ago. Look at the difference—*this* is the work of less than a quarter of a century!

But what arrests his attention most is to see the European air combined with an Oriental atmosphere. Behind yonder silks, greys, and handkerchiefs of European manufacture, an Oriental may be seen, sitting tailor fashion, smoking his long *chibook*, or drawing at his *nargeelé*. The pipe and coffee are still as much the appendages of the office and the shop as they are thought necessary to the comforts of a house. An air of Orientalism mixes itself strangely with all that they do. See the Syro-Europeanized counting-house, with all that makes a merchant's office in the West—the desk, the chair, the letter-press, the check-book, ledger, safe, book-keeper and other clerks, and then see the sale:

A shopkeeper comes to buy a bale of goods from the merchant; he is accompanied by a broker. The merchant, understanding the object of their visit, invites them with all the compliments of the East to be seated, and despatches his servant to fetch them pipes and coffee from a neighbouring café (these are found in every street). See the broker now approach the merchant and whisper to him—they whisper—their faces serving as an index to what is going on between them. The broker now returns to the shopkeeper, and whispers to him, as he did to the merchant; he goes and comes between them till he has brought them near to each other's mark. All this time not an audible word is uttered,

and looking upon the merchant and the shopkeeper you would suppose they were bent upon out-smoking each other. Having come near to the point the broker *drags* the shopkeeper to the merchant, and *nolens volens*, links their hands in each other's grasp; he, at the same time, holding their hands within his own, lest they should be separated, in which case the sale is supposed not to be legal. He now calls upon the merchant to make the sale, or, as in the Arabic, "*to make the sale a blessing to the purchaser, at twenty piastres the piece.*" "No!" grunts the merchant. "He wants twenty-one piastres, and draws his hand back in token that he will not sell at that price. The ever ready broker joins them again, whispers something to both, and finally screams aloud, "Cut the difference, and let the price be twenty piastres and a half." This being agreed to, the broker again calls upon the merchant to make the sale. This he does in this wise: while the hands of merchant and shopkeeper are grasped the broker utters the finale, "*Ala una;*" here he stops to breathe. "*ALA DUE;*" here he coughs. "*ALA TRE;*" here he stops, and the sale is made by a silent but *hearty* shake of the hand between merchant and shopkeeper, which means, "I have sold," and "I have bought."

But now come the terms; the merchant wants cash, the purchaser a credit of three months, the sale is likely to be spoiled; but the ever watchful broker now comes upon the stage, and settles the matter at perhaps "*two months and one month,*" the usual credit of Bayroot, which means that for the space of two months the shopkeeper pays nothing of the debt, but that, after the lapse of which, he is to pay it in four weekly instalments, which make the *one month* reckoned. These weekly

instalments are paid on Saturdays, and on that day you find the cashiers of the principal merchants running about the streets dunning the shopkeepers. You will be sure to know these cashiers by a canvass *bag* they carry to put their money in, such a thing as paper currency not being known in the country. I would remark, however, for the benefit of those desirous of trading with the East, that a credit of three months generally extends to six months before it is wholly paid.

The people, generally speaking, are honest, and will pay if time is given them. It is said that the Mahomedan is more trustworthy than the Christian; *this fact is true*; and is thus accounted for on the same principle as the Christian of the interior is more honest than he of Bayroot, so is the Mahomedan of Bayroot honest than his Christian neighbour. The spirit of duplicity which characterises the Christians of Bayroot, they have learnt from their intercourse with foreigners. Not so the Mahomedan, he is reserved, and has no interchange of habits and customs with the European population of the place, hence his *honest* predilections remain intact, and consequently are noticed to the disadvantage of the Christian. Take the Christian before Europeanism visited Bayroot, and he was as scrupulous and as honest as the Mahomedan. So is the Christian of the interior now. This is one of the evils which foreign influence has wrought upon the land. It must not be supposed that every Western importation has benefited the country. By no means. While their being among us has taught us an idea of European habits and trade, we have included in that teaching some of their vices. But I am glad to say, that it is my conviction that missionary labour has been a great

counteraction to more Western vices to which Europeans in Syria are addicted, but which we have not picked up; thus God in his wisdom is preserving the land. I would here remark, to the credit of their country, that the British merchants, residents in Syria, have by no means dishonoured their British nationality; they are good and worthy people, and are greatly loved and esteemed by the natives. They stand high in the moral regard of the Syrians, and their word once spoken is taken for a *truthful* oracle.

Follow the merchant to his house, and see also a scene of Europeanism and Orientalism combined. Once reaching his home, he forgets all business, as it were, and gives himself up to ease and home enjoyments. Lounging on his *divan*—his feet encased in light green slippers—a pipe or a *nargeelé* by his side, and a servant presenting him with a small cup of coffee, sugarless and milkless, and no larger than an egg-cup—reclines the Bayroot merchant, in all the laxity of Orientalism, whilst around him are strewed European relics, tables, books and bureaus, and his walls graced by American and European paintings—a file of the last European papers are lying by his side—a happy combination! Without entering into all the hurry-scurry of European and American life in search for the “all-mighty dollar,” or the soul-stirring guinea, he nevertheless discards the slow-going Easternism of the past—the caftan is changed to the easier trowser—the bag of tobacco and the handkerchief, which formerly he slung to his belt, are now put aside—the European boots have taken the place of the yellow slippers—the sofa and the chair are put by the side of the ottoman and the divan. Enough Orientalism he retains to divert his mind and rest his

body, and enough European hurry-scurry to make him active and drive him on in the world.

And fortune has smiled upon him. A few years ago our principal merchants were foreigners, *now* they are natives; they now do all the exporting and importing business, and to them foreign ships come consigned. A few years ago they lived in small houses, dingy and gloomy, which had come down as heirlooms in the family from father to son for perhaps many generations, but now they have built new houses, spacious and splendid, with garden lots, and furnished them in Europeo-Oriental style. Formerly they slept ever so many (the sexes distinct and separated) in one room, lying down with their clothes on, rarely washing their faces; but now they have their separate bedrooms and drawing rooms, beautifully furnished, whilst their habits of cleanliness have changed materially. A few years back, man and woman, beyond the circle of near connexions never associated, but now a more European life is being introduced in that respect. Not long ago, those were but few who could read or write. It is within my recollection when a letter used to come to Bayroot and had to go a great round before it found one to decipher it; *now* there are few who do not know one or two languages at least besides their own. Formerly their stock of knowledge extended to reading the Psalter of David and signing their name, and when these acquisitions were acquired, such boys (for no girls were taught, they being deemed unfit for anything save to sweep the house, cook the dinner and wait upon their husband lord), and at most, they were but few who were considered highly educated. Ask them how much twice two made, and they would be obliged to have

recourse to their fingers to count it. Tell them that the world is round and that it goes round the sun, and they would laugh at you at the very idea, which to them would appear nothing short of insanity. "If," they would say, "it is true that the world is round and goes round, why dont we fall on our heads now and then, or slide into the great vacuum!!" but now, few are the Christians in Bayroot who remain in this condition. And the females, too, behold they have also come in for a fair share of civilisation, and a new era is dawning over their history. Male and female education is now the universal rage.

Pleasing as is the picture thus drawn, it must still be more pleasing to know that this change has taken place within the brief period of a quarter of a century! Intelligence, refinement, and wealth have only begun to dawn since then, and still I deem them in their infancy. Before this improved state of things the old regime of Moslem intolerance had to give way, and the government, to keep up with the rising intelligence of the place, was impelled to adopt new laws; laws, which though not yet put in force in all the East, have begun here to be extended gradually over the country. Twenty years ago, Bayroot hardly numbered ten thousand inhabitants, and was governed by a *Sheikh el Balad*, and subsequently a *Mutsellim* a sort of mayor; but now I think it must contain between forty and fifty thousand inhabitants, the absence, however, of any census taken prevents me from being accurate on this point; but, I believe, I am not far from the truth in giving my present estimate of the population. It is now the seat of the Pashalik, which then was Sidon, and the Pasha, and the consuls and consul-generals now reside in Bayroot. But the best

part of it is, that twenty years ago Bayroot was a poor city, and a man possessed of a thousand piastres, equivalent to nine pounds sterling, was called an "*Alfee*" or *thousandaire*, as in the West a man is called a "*millionaire*;" and now a man of a thousand pounds is called barely well off, whilst there are those who have amassed their ten, twenty, and thirty thousand pounds sterling. A few years ago, all the shipping of the place were the lateen sailed boats, which went up and down the coast with fish or fruits, or some other produce of the country. Opportunities to go to Egypt, Cyprus, or Smyrna were very rare, and months would often elapse before such an opportunity offered, but now look at the roadstead of Bayroot and see its tonnage; gaze on the almost daily steamers that touch there from all parts of the Mediterranean, and be hindered not a moment in your movements!!!

This is also a brilliant picture, but to the Christian the most brilliant achievement is that of the Gospel, which has begun to dawn on the priest-ridden inhabitants. Others will judge for themselves; but I consider this as the beginning of all these improvements. It is only since the missionary went there that these improvements began to develop themselves. Far be it from me to depreciate the influence of European society on the place; but I think the great lever which moved the mass was missionary labour. I, however, will give the facts, and let the reader judge for himself. One word I may be permitted to say, that though we had foreign merchants in Syria long before the missionaries went there, yet, it is singular, if European influence was the main spring in this wonderful rise from ignorance, poverty and degradation to knowledge, wealth and refinement, it did not shew itself till the missionary went there.

Be it so or not, one thing is certain, that the progress of a pure Christianity is the most wonderful part in the great change. Well is it remembered that twenty years ago, the name of a Protestant was a bye-word, contemptible, and even shunned as leprosy, but now it is no longer so, and viewed in a better and a more honourable light by almost all the sects in the East, though they may differ from its sentiments. Though the Gospel has not yet finished its achievements in Bayroot, yet how different now is it from the time when, on the 3rd of August, 1827, a proclamation was read in all the churches, signed by "*the ignoble JOSEPH PETER, Patriarch (Maronite) of Antioch and all the East,*" excommunicating those who would receive "*that deceived man and deceiver of men, Bird the Bibleman,*"¹ declaring that "*they are therefore accused, cut off from all Christian communion; and let the curse envelop them as a robe, and spread through all their members like oil, and break them in pieces like a potter's vessel, and wither them like the fig tree cursed by the Lord himself; and let the evil angel rule over them to torment them day and night, asleep and awake, and in whatever circumstance they may be found. WE permit no one to visit them, or employ them, or do them a favor, or give them a salutation, or converse with them in any form; but let them be avoided as a putrid member, and as hellish dragons: Beware, yea, beware of the wrath of God!*" or, when on the sabbath following, as Mr. Bird (an American missionary) was sojourning at the house of *Sheikh Nami Lattuf*, of *Ehden*, a letter was received from the patriarch, "*ignoble and holy,*" commanding the people to "*persecute the Bibleman from the*

¹ The Protestants were first called Biblemen in Syria, from their holding the bible as their rule of faith.

place, EVEN THOUGH IT BE NECESSARY TO KILL HIM!" Now Bayroot is blest with a native organised Protestant church, acknowledged by the other bodies, and numbering about *thirty native communicants*, whilst many more are under instruction!

And the more wonderful will this appear, when the reader has had cognizance of the difficulties which first beset the work of the Gospel in Syria. To point out these, I have to detail the history of the American mission in Bayroot. Were I to enter upon the subject with the fulness it deserves, an interesting volume on this one topic could be given to the public; but I will content myself with a few statistics, and leave the reader to glean the rest from the *Missionary Herald* published by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and which contains ample accounts of the proceedings of the band of missionaries whose sphere of labour is now the subject of discussion.

The idea of sending missionaries to Syria, or rather Palestine, as we have it in the records of the Board, was first considered in the year 1818, and being approved of, Messrs. Levi Parsons and Pliny Fisk were set apart for the work, and sailed from Boston in the ship "Sally Ann" on the 3rd of November, 1819, for Malta, which they reached the 23rd of December following. Hence they embarked for Smyrna, where they arrived on the 14th of January, 1820. Here and at Scio they spent most of the year. On the 6th of December, Mr. Parsons, leaving Mr. Fisk in charge of the British chaplaincy, proceeded in a Greek vessel to Jaffa, where he arrived on the 10th of February, 1821. He was the first American missionary who landed in Syria. Intending to make Jerusalem the seat of his labours, he left Jaffa

on the 16th, and entered the Holy City on the following day; but it seems he did not stay there long, as, after visiting all the localities of interest thereabouts, we see him again leaving Jerusalem on the 8th of May for Smyrna, which he finally reached on the 3rd of December. On the way he had fallen seriously ill, which caused his friend Mr. Fisk much anxiety; so, for change of air, they left Smyrna on the 9th of January, 1822, and reached Alexandria about the 14th, where, after lingering till the 10th of February, Mr. Parsons, the first American missionary who landed in Syria, departed this life. Mr. Fisk then visited Cairo, and returned to Malta, which he reached on the 13th of April. Here he was joined by the Rev. (now Dr.) Jonas King on the 3rd of November, and both of them left on the 3rd of January following, for Alexandria and Cairo, and hence across the desert to Gaza, Jaffa, and Jerusalem, and thus on to Bayroot, which they finally reached on the 10th of July 1823. And now begins the date of the history of the American Mission in Bayroot. Here they were joined by Messrs. Goodell and Bird, two more American missionaries, who arrived in Bayroot on the 16th of November.

They now began operations, and in July of the second year, we see them commencing a school under the superintendence of Mr. Tannus Haddad, *an excellent and a good man*, and now the respected and honoured deacon of the native Protestant Church of Bayroot.

The mission was now divided, Messrs. Fisk and King were stationed at Jerusalem, and Mr. Bird at Bayroot, whilst Mr. Goodell was studying the Armeno-Turkish language, with an Armenian gentleman residing in Sidon, with a view of ultimately becoming a Missionary to the Armenians.

But, perhaps, I ought not to omit an incident which occurred in the early part of the year, as it will serve to show not only the obstacles which the Missionaries had to contend with from within and from without, but also the jealousy of the Roman Catholic party, and the ignorance of the people as to the object of the Missionaries. We find, that in the early part of February Messrs. Bird and Fisk were at Jerusalem distributing Bibles. On the 10th of February, the head of the police, attended by eight or ten soldiers and the Latin Dragoman (interpreter of the Roman Catholic Convent) came into their lodgings, took possession of their papers and keys, sealed up their doors and carried them before the *Cadi* (Judge). Here they showed their firman; but the Cadi told them "this is merely for travelling, and gives you no permission to sell books." Holding up a copy of Genesis, he said, "These books are neither Mussulman, Jewish, nor Christian, and nobody will receive or read them." He afterwards remarked, "*The Latins (Roman Catholics) say that these are NOT Christian books.*" They were sent to the *Mutsellim* (Governor) with the assurance that they should be kept in confinement till orders should be received from the Pasha at Damascus. The Governor repeated the assertion of the Judge, "*The Latins say that these are neither Mussulman, Jewish, nor Christian books.*" This at once proved that the arrest was at the instigation of the Latins Thus Popery is always wide awake to crush Protestantism in the bud; but they overdid themselves as the sequel will serve to show. A crier was, however, sent out (as is the custom in place of the drummer of Scotland, and the bell-ringer of America) forbidding all persons to receive their books, and requiring all who had them to deliver them to the Judge.

Learning from their *firman* that they were under English protection, the Governor said he could not imprison them, but they should be lodged in the Latin convent; whither they were conducted, but the convent refused to receive them, and they were lodged in the Governor's palace. The next day he sent for them again, professed to be satisfied with their statements, threw the blame of their arrest upon the Judge, and sent them to lodge with his nephew, where they were treated with marked respect. The next day, after some vain attempts of subordinate officers to extort presents from them, they were released. In a few days, through the prompt interference of the British Consul at Jaffa, to whom they had written, all their papers were restored. The Governor and the Judge now quarrelled, mutually laying the arrest to each other's charge. The Judge asserted that the prohibition to receive books extended only to Mahomedans. This they knew to be false; but it was a virtual repeal of the order, and the sale of the Bibles went on as before.

But the trouble from the Latins was not allowed to end here. It had been reported at Rome that Rev. Mr. (now Dr.) Wolf had hired the Jesuit College at Antura for the use of Protestant Missionaries. The College had, indeed, been hired for that purpose by Mr. Way. The Cardinal Somaglia, Dean of the College of the Propaganda, wrote without delay to the Patriarchal Vicar of Mount Lebanon, the Maronite Patriarch and Vicar of Syria and Palestine, to counteract the evil. He declared that such men ought not to have an asylum on Mount Lebanon; exhorted the Patriarch to make it his first care to drive away this spiritual damage; and required the Vicar of Syria to lend his aid "in every possible manner

to render ineffectual the aforesaid mission undertaking." These letters were dated 21st January, 1824. In February, a *firman* was addressed by the Sultan to all the Pashas in Western Asia, forbidding the distribution of the Scriptures, commanding those who had received copies to give them up, and that copies in the hands of distributors should be placed in sequestration till they should be sent back to Europe. As the Latins alone had condemned the Scriptures as books "NOT CHRISTIAN," and opposed their distribution; as the Propaganda had sent out its letters just before the firman was issued, and as it was for the interest of the Sultan, especially during his struggle with the Greeks, to secure the friendship of his Maronite and other subjects of the Latin faith, no one can doubt what influence it was which moved him to this act, which was not rigidly enforced, and but partially obeyed. In the end, the Turkish authorities at Constantinople and elsewhere thought fit to consider it as having been intended merely to be a salutary caution to Mussulmans.

The Maronite and Syrian Patriarchs, but especially the former, issued their anathemas against the "*Bible-men*," as the Missionaries were called, and against all who should receive or retain their books. A copy of the curse issued by the "ignoble *Joseph Peter*," Maronite Patriarch, has already been given in former pages. Indeed, everywhere the Missionaries were branded as "*vile heretics*," which means that they were out of the pale of the visible Church; consequently they could not belong to the invisible one, and hence were condemned by God, should be condemned by men; and even the devils curse them. No person, vile as he may be, could be so bad as a heretic. For the thief, or the murderer, there was

absolution if his holiness was well paid; but for the heretic there was no such thing as "*Dear Peter, Admit the bearer. Yours truly, P. P.*" The vilest portion of hell was the destined eternal home of the heretic. The clergy warned the people against them as against "*hellish dragons*" (to use the words of the *ignoble Patriarch Joseph Peter*) who were coming to seduce them from their faith *as the serpent tempted Eve!* Nay more, they were said to be possessed of witchcraft, and had dealings with the devil; and a man actually came to the British Consul at Jaffa, and asked him if it was true that these men hired others to worship the devil with them; and it was a common report that it was they (the Missionaries) who caused the great earthquake of Aleppo! and these men, it was said, were come to buy people to their faith, and that the price they gave for common people was *ten piastres*, or *one shilling and eight pence* sterling, and that these ten piastres always remained with the man who received them, however much he might spend from them. Some said that when a man engaged to be of their faith they took his picture in a book, and that if at any future day he should go back to his former religion, they would shoot the picture and the man would die, although they should be in England and he in Asia! And the people believed all this, for so said his holiness the priest. Was it a wonder, therefore, that the Missionaries found it hard to operate on a people who were so priest-ridden as to gulp down these stories?—Yea, so priest-ridden were they, that whatever the priest said was a gospel to them, though their common sense militated against it. But what wanted they of common sense? the word of the priest was enough. Tell a man that his handkerchief is silk, he may tell you "*no, it is*

cotton;" tell him to feel it; he cares not to do so. The priest had said it was cotton, and there was an end with him to all argument! Nor knew these people what they believed. Ask a man, "What is your belief?" "I believe," said he, "all that the Church believes." "And what," you again ask him, "does your Church believe?" "All that I believe!" he answers. "But what do you and the Church believe?" He knows not—the argument is new to him.

And now I say to the reader, my wonder is not that the missionaries found it hard to operate on a people so priest-ridden, but my surprise is that they did ever operate on them. Few of the Christians of Britain and America know the disadvantages under which a missionary labours in opening a new field; but especially a field like this, where Popery, with all its cunning devices, is brought to bear on an ignorant people. Herein, therefore, is what I say, that the progress of a pure Christianity is the most wonderful link in the chain of recent improvements. And this is the work of the Gospel in less than a quarter of a century; for I deem the work only began in earnest in 1836, as the reader will soon discover.

But to return to the history of the Mission. On the 26th of September, 1825, Mr. King left Syria; but a melancholy loss to the Mission was the death of the Rev. Pliny Fisk, who departed this life at Bayroot on the 23rd of October of the same year. His grave is in the Protestant cemetery at Bayroot. Thus the two first Syrian missionaries closed their career far from their cherished homes.

Messrs. Goodell and Bird continued, however, to labour in the field, assisted by two Armenian ecclesiastics, of

whom more afterwards. Meanwhile the alarm reached the hierarchy of every sect, the Greek church included, who, let it be said to the credit of its members, were at first approvers of the scheme, and who, on the first entrance of the missionaries to Jerusalem, entertained them hospitably at the monastery of the Archangel; and on the return from Jaffa of Messrs. Fisk and Bird, on the evening of the 29th of March, they were, according to the missionary records from which I am gleaning this sketch, received with great cordiality by the Greek priests, "who offered up prayers for their welfare." Why the alienation which afterwards and even now had taken place, the intelligent reader will discover from the fact, that the operations of the missionaries were likely to overturn their institutions, abolish their usages, destroy their power, and introduce a religion substantially different from any among them. Rome itself was more thoroughly aroused than before, *sent twenty priests and twenty thousand dollars this year* to Syria. Repeated excommunications directed against the Mission, and all those who favoured their views, were read in both the Latin and Greek churches, who, though enemies before, now made common cause to crush down Protestantism. Archbishop Abkarius, one of the Armenians mentioned above, and who was then British consul at Sidon, was deprived of his office by the ambassador at Constantinople, who was misled by the misrepresentations of his enemies. Nay, so hot were his enemies in his persecution, that they even obtained a firman for his arrest, which, however, thanks to the Greek war, and their attack on Bayroot, which engrossed the public attention, was not carried into effect. The sphere of missionary influence was, however, greatly

reduced, and their school almost given up. And all this was still helped by the arrest and martyrdom of the pious Asaad Esh Shidiak, the proto-martyr of Protestantism in Syria. Notwithstanding all this opposition and evils of war, the missionaries still rejoiced in three Armenian converts, who, during all the remainder of their life, honoured Christ in the flesh, and died full of hope and faith; as also the continuing steadfast with them of that good and excellent man, Mr. Tannus El Haddad.

Not far from the snow-capped heights of Sunnin, in the district of Kesrawan, among peaks of mountains, isolated by itself, is the direful convent of Cannobin, where the martyred Asaad Esh Shidiak suffered for the truth as it is in Jesus. The history of this young man is deeply interesting. He belonged to a respectable family of Mount Lebanon, and was himself a successful graduate of the college of Ain Warka in Kesrawan, which gained for him the pupilship of the American missionaries then resident at Bayroot. Here he taught them the Arabic language; and, whilst doing so, often discussed with them spiritual things, and as a matter of vain glory, as he afterwards confessed, he was preparing a book against them and their Bible, when, by the grace of God, he himself became converted—saw the errors of his church and renounced them. The patriarch then tried every means which sophistry could dictate to bring him back; but failing to allure him, he, as a last resort, incited his parents against him, who, by entreaty and stratagem, enticed him to their house in Mount Lebanon. Here he was at once arrested by his nearest and dearest relations, and taken to the patriarch. His uncle walked by his side brandishing a naked sword in his hand, and

reminding him every now and then, "*that if the patriarch would not kill him, he would, and thus sweep away the stain of heresy from the family.*" His own mother told him, *that rather than it be known that she bore a heretic, she would poison him herself.* To all of which he answered, "*Softly, dear uncle! Softly, dear mother!* for thus it was foretold, that 'a man's foes shall be those of his own household.'" Once before the patriarch, he was called upon to recant; but he asked the patriarch to reconcile the errors of the church to his conscience and common sense. He was asked to offer prayers to the Virgin Mary: he answered that he would tender his prayers to his Divine Redeemer. Finally, finding all efforts vain to bring him back to the Maronite church, of which he was once a member, the patriarch imprisoned him in a dark and gloomy cell, from which he ran away, but was caught and brought back. It is said, that when his pursuers came up with him, they asked him—

"*Art thou Asaad?*"

"*Yes,*" answered he, "*I am Asaad.*"

On telling him that the patriarch had sent them to catch him dead or alive, his reply was—

"*I am ready; take me.*"

They took him to the patriarch, and that is the last that has been heard of him, though this event occurred upwards of thirty years ago. My father, who was a fellow convert and friend of Asaad, armed by powers from Ibrahim Pasha, the ironside viceroy of Egypt, now also the conqueror of Syria, accompanied by a number of soldiers and a Scotch merchant, a Mr. Robert Tod, presented himself at the convent about the time, and demanded Asaad in the name of the viceroy of

Egypt and Syria; and, in reply, got the answer that "*Asaad was dead.*" The convent was searched, the walls were made to echo back the name of the loved proto-martyr, but in vain; and my father returned to mourn in the flesh over his fellow-convert, but rejoicing in the spirit that God had deemed him worthy of suffering for His sake. Rumours reached Bayroot afterwards that Asaad had been strangled; others said that he was buried alive in a damp cellar, which was closed over him, and thus starved to death. Be it one death, or the other, one thing is sure, that Asaad since then has never made his appearance again, nor been heard of. O lamentable fate! O power of priestcraft that *could* make a *mother accessory to the death of her son!* Surely no greater proof is required to show the power of priestcraft, how much the people implicitly bowed before it, when a mother can sacrifice her son merely at a priest's behest; surely it must be a great thing which in the space of a few years overthrows this power! This is what I call the wonderful achievement of the Gospel.

The Rev. Eli Smith arrived at Bayroot to join the Mission in the early part of 1827; but the times were hard then. The school at Bayroot, which was only of a primary nature, was totally broken up; intercourse with the inhabitants had become difficult and even dangerous; the plague was again approaching; the prospect of war between England and Turkey increased; the British consul, Mr. Abbott, thinking his life unsafe, had secretly left the place, so that the missionaries now were no longer under consular protection; commerce had almost ceased, and vessels in which they could depart were seldom to be found. In this stagnation of affairs the transmission of funds would be difficult and uncertain;

and, all things considered, the American missionaries determined to abandon the place till a more favourable opportunity, when they could resume their labours with better success; consequently, on the 2nd of May, 1828, they, Messrs. Goodell, Bird, and Smith, accompanied by two Armenian ecclesiastics, one of whom was my father, embarked for Malta, where they arrived on the 29th. Here they remained for some time translating books; not so, however, my father, who soon afterwards returned to Bayroot, where he laboured single-handed for some time, but meeting with great opposition, he was induced by his friends to remove to Sidon. In this town he opened a small retail shop, which prospered vastly; the shop had soon to be changed to the store; the retail merchant soon became a wholesale merchant. In his prosperity, said the missionary records, he never lost sight of the "*Giver of all good things*;" and up to the time of his death, which occurred on the 10th of September, 1832, he never failed to direct the attention of his customers to the only Mediator between God and man—CHRIST. His death is narrated very feelingly in the records of the "Missionary Heralds" of England and America; and were I not afraid to be supposed giving an undue importance to my father's history over any other portion of the missionary field, I would have gladly made a few extracts from the records of the Board, relative to his life, labours, and death, but I earnestly refer the reader to them; meanwhile I beg to make one remark, that my father was *not* a pensioner of the American missionaries; and, save the time when he first joined them in the capacity of teacher and helper—a time when he was in great destitution on account of the persecutions of his patriarch, who despoiled him of

ecclesiastical and every other honour save that of being a Christian gentleman—he *never was in their pay*. And this remark I make as a vindication of my father's motives in joining the Protestant movement. The remarks of the author of the "Holy City" are as unjust as they are unworthy of a British divine, who professes to love the truth for Christ's sake. *It is not true* that my father and his two colleagues left their church and the high offices they held in order to be married; nor is *what he asserts* true, that the American missionaries have taken charge of the families of what *he* calls "*these unhappy men*." No such thing; and the indefatigable Mr. Williams, who was so diligent in supporting the Greek church, right or wrong I will not say, *ought* to have taken a little more trouble to learn the truth on this subject. Knowing him personally as I do, and being convinced that he is a good man, I do not accuse him of a malicious desire to malign the characters of men who looked dire persecution, and utmost penury and degradation, in the face, when they might have lived in all that made man comfortable, simply because they thought their souls of more value than their bodies; but I regret, and that deeply, that his prejudices carried him so far as to blind his sense of justice, and for ever to blast his good taste.

The history of these Armenian ecclesiastics, whom he calls "*unhappy men*," is simply this:—They met the missionaries; received the Bible from them; read it diligently; saw its truths and the errors of their church; renounced the latter and espoused the former; were persecuted directly and indirectly for its sake; lived to testify of its truth in their lives, and finally died in the glorious hope of its sacred promises being fulfilled to

them; and on their death-bed they did not rely on man, be he an American or an English missionary, but in the presence of these and many more who stood by their death-beds, they commended their family to God, the Father of the orphan, and the husband of the widow. "JESUS," were my father's *last* words, "I commend my wife and children to Thee." And these are the men whom a Protestant divine, in face of the Christian and Infidel world, charges with false motives! Well, indeed, if Mr. Williams can believe that such men were purchased over, then I no longer wonder at the credulity of ignorant Syrians who believed that these harmless missionaries had dealings with the devil, or caused the earthquake of Aleppo, or bought people to their faith! Mr. Williams will also die, and I trust none will be found to deal with his memory and motives as uncharitably as he has dealt with the history of the three ecclesiastics whom he calls "*unhappy men.*" I leave him now.

In May, 1830, Mr. Bird, accompanied by Mr. Whiting, another American Missionary, landed in Bayroot, and now turned their attention to the object of their mission. Hardly had they arrived when the Maronite priests, faithful to the doctrines of Rome, on the day after their arrival announced that "the Bible men, that is, the followers of the Devil," had again made their appearance, and commanded the people, under the penalty of their curse, to abstain from all intercourse with them. Notwithstanding this fresh outbreak, the Missionaries continued to labour, and on the 24th of January, 1833, were reinforced by the Rev. W. M. Thomson and Dr. Dodge, American Missionaries who had sailed from Boston on the 30th of October last.

At this time, it was thought advisable to establish a permanent Mission at Jerusalem; and for this purpose Dr. Dodge and Mr. Whiting repaired thither, and operated with Mr. Nicolayson of the London Jews' Society; but on the 28th of July, 1835, it pleased God to remove Dr. Dodge to a better world—he died, and was buried in Jerusalem. Mr. Whiting, however, remained there, and was successively assisted by Messrs. Lanneau (who arrived in 1836) and Mr. Sherman (who arrived in 1839); and thus this Mission continued till some years afterwards, when the field was abandoned, perhaps owing (as I have since heard from a friend) to the labours of the Anglican bishopric, with a view to the division of labor. Be it so or not, it is clear that when the Anglican bishopric was established at Jerusalem, the American Missionaries retired.

To return, therefore, to the Mission at Bayroot; it was, indeed, in a poor condition. None but Mr. Thomson was there—Mr. Bird had, on account of the poor state of his wife's health, departed to Smyrna, and since then to the United States; whilst Mr. Eli Smith was on a travelling tour in Syria, and the Mission was all but abandoned. In this extremity, Mr. Thomson opened a boarding-school, perhaps as a last resort, in the year 1836, and six pupils were admitted into it, who, for want of proper books in Arabic, were first taught in English, and all their education was conveyed in that language. I was one of the six pupils who were entered in that school, and well do I remember our attempts to learn the English tongue. One of the rules of the school was this: two months' grace was given to every new scholar wherein he could speak Arabic, after which he was expected to speak English, and for every Arabic

word spoken between sunrise and sunset the penalty was that the delinquent should stand with open arms before the other boys whilst they ate their meals; and should he choose he may eat what they left. This was a hard process, but one which enabled us soon to learn the English tongue, and to have access to its rich and varied literature; and in one short year the difference was so marked, that notwithstanding the remonstrances of the priests, more boys were entered, and the school began to flourish, and high hopes were again entertained. During the year, the Mission was reinforced by Mr. Hebard, to whom was assigned the charge of the seminary; Miss Tilden, who was to act as matron to it; and Miss Williams, who took the place of Mrs. Smith in teaching a female seminary, Mrs. Smith having died in Boujjah, near Smyrna. Thus, with the exception of the last melancholy loss, everything was again on the "*qui vive*."

Mr. Thomson, having founded the school, now left it to other hands, whilst he turned his attention to preaching and visiting; and thus things went on till the year 1840, the school daily prospering. In February, 1840, Miss Williams, then Mrs. Hebard, having been married to Mr. H. for some time, died, and was interred in the Bayroot Protestant cemetery, *leaving many a mourner behind her*. Mr. Hebard also, broken in health, soon left Syria, in order to revisit his native land, with the hope also of obtaining a larger grant of funds for the seminary to which he was so dearly attached, and by the members of which he was as sincerely loved; but he did not reach his home, having died in the succeeding year in the quarantine of Malta. The news of his death was sensibly felt by all who knew him, but by none *more sincerely and more earnestly* than his pupils, by whom his name, as

also that of his kind and tender wife will ever be cherished with the utmost affection and reverence. He was considered the English pillar of our seminary, as Tannus El Haddad was considered the Arabic pillar. Mr. H. has gone, bearing the love of his pupils; nor less is the survivor respected, he is now a deacon of the native Protestant Church of Bayroot. Long may he continue to be a pillar in it, and may more rise up to call him blessed.

In the autumn of 1840, the British squadron blockaded Bayroot, and the school was for a time suspended on account of the absence of the Missionaries in Cyprus, but it was again continued towards the end of the year, and continued to flourish till the 12th of August, 1842, when it broke down for want of funds.

Mr. Whiting, who had of late years visited his native country, returned to Syria in the early part of 1840, bringing with him, as Missionaries, Messrs. Woolcott, Van Dyck, Keyes, and L. Thompson; all of whom, with the exception of Dr. Van Dyck, who acted as physician to the Mission, and Mr. Whiting, who went to his station at Jerusalem, were engaged in teaching the seminary, and who, after its discontinuance, returned home; Mrs. Woolcott having died at Bayroot, was buried in its cemetery, beneath the shadow of the seminary.

Thus closed, in my humble opinion, one of the best institutions introduced to Syria in the nineteenth century—an institution, the walls of which will ever be regarded with tender affection by those who studied within them. Whatever may be the opinion of others as regards the influence of this seminary, mine is, that it has been decidedly beneficial, and productive of good to the town of Bayroot. Not only has its literature counteracted in

a great measure European vices which have been introduced into Syria, but to which the Syrians have not generally taken up, but it has also caused an emulation among the other sects who called upon the heads of their Churches for schools, and which they were obliged to afford them. It caused the Bible to be received in a new and better light; and helped, in no small degree, to excite a spirit of inquiry, which I doubt not has had its due share in the improvement of Bayroot. Since that day the Missionaries have got on better and with less opposition. The females, too, have been educated, from a few girls in the families of the Mission, the cry for female education has arisen like a hurricane; and now the girls of Bayroot, like its sons, have sought and attained education, and well have they shown that they deserve it.

A printing-press had also been long ago imported into Syria, but which was doing nothing till Mr. Hurter arrived at Bayroot in 1841, when it assumed active operations, and has since then been in constant work.

I have now brought the reader to a history of the Mission when it began to develop itself. Of these developments I shall speak fully as we come upon them; meanwhile, as a closing paragraph to this brief history of the Mission, let me say that other missions were now attempted elsewhere. In the first place, a native Protestant Church was organized in Bayroot in the year 1847, which numbers about thirty communicants, and of which Mr. Whiting¹ is the acting pastor till a native should be called to it. Besides the members mentioned, the attendants on its services are many; and often have I seen the

¹ Since these pages have gone to press, I have received the melancholy intelligence of the death of this good man. He died on the 8th of November, 1855.

room so crowded with hearers that there was no standing room to be found. In connection with it, there is a small primary school under the care of Maalim Tannus¹ *Sabinji*. In Abailh, on the slopes of Lebanon, a new seminary has been commenced to replace the one of Bayroot in which I studied; it is carried on on the same principle, with the exception that the education is now given in Arabic. Mr. Calhoun is the principal of it, and is at present assisted by Mr. Bird, son of the early Missionary. Here, also, is a native Protestant Church, numbering upwards of a dozen members. Messrs. Thomson and Van Dyck moved to Sidon, where now they are dispensing the Word of God to those who will hear it. At Bhamdoon, a village on Mount Lebanon, a Missionary is also stationed. Tripoli and Aleppo are now Missionary stations; in the latter a native Protestant Church has been organized; whilst at Hasbaiya a similar organization exists, and of which my brother is pastor. The Rev. Dr. Smith, with the help of a native who was once connected with the Bayroot seminary, is now making a new translation of the Bible into Arabic—one the language of which will prove more acceptable to the people.

And now I have run over the leading features in the history of a Mission under whose care I was educated and brought up—one to which I am attached, not so much for the sake of the Missionaries whom I love and respect, as for the cause which they advocate and which begins to tell on Syria—in conclusion, I have only to say, that the account I have given of the Mission has been gleaned mostly from the “Missionary Heralds” of the American Board, to which I refer the reader for more ample details.

CHAPTER III.

Tuesday, 26th December, 1854—The Promenade of Bayroot—Ancient Remains—Hotels—Coffee-shops—Lateen sailing Boats—Process of reeling Silk—The Mission Grounds—Old Scenes and Old Associations—Printing Press—A new Translation of the Bible into Arabic—Protestant Cemetery—Reflection—A Mahomedan Funeral—Treatment of the Dead—Public Cemeteries—Anecdote of a Bedouin and the Bath—The Seraglio—Pashaliks of Syria—Pasha—Government of Bayroot—Town Court—Roman and Turkish Rule—The Way Bayroot is lighted at Night—Soldiers and Cities—Revenues—Turkey and Islamism—Tribute Money—Dr. Olin's Testimony—Conscription—Its Unpopularity—Board of Trade—Mosques—Endowments—Liberality of Mahomedans—Meanness of the Maronites—Anecdote—Streets—The Gold Coins—A Scene at the Custom-house—Turkey and her Revenues—Abaih—The Road thither—Ain Ksoor—Deyr el Kamar and Bteddeen—Scenes of civil Discord.

ONCE more, gentle reader, behold me amid familiar scenes!

The sun had just began to tinge with its golden beams the mountain tops, when, accompanied by Mitchell, I sallied forth for a walk. . . . Bayroot has no Regent-street or Broadway to boast of; but it has, nevertheless, a promenade, which, if not as fashionable as those just mentioned, yet for *air* and *exercise* it certainly bears a material improvement upon them, and is better entitled to that term than either. The scene of this walk (for the natives have not yet become so fashionable as to

dignify it with the name of "*Promenade*") skirts the sea-side for about a couple of miles or more. It runs from the walls of the city to the Cape, which takes its name from it. The noise and glare of a street are here changed for nature's scenery—the confusion of cabs and omnibuses rattling along the street is favourably displaced by the rolling billows of the stately Mediterranean, bearing on their surface countless lateen sailing boats. You meet no ladies, for here they make no exhibition of themselves; but the eye gazes not with less interest on the groups of young men, dressed in the picturesque costume of their country, walking to and fro, or sitting in knots, redolent with artistic effect, in some friendly coffee-shop (of which there are many lining the shore), sipping their coffee, and gurgling through the long tubes of their nargeelés. An uncommon interest is attached to this favoured haunt. It is *tout-à-fait* Oriental. Oft, oft have I walked here in bygone days. Here some of my dearest thoughts had their birth, and here many a struggle in after life first took form, then shape, and was afterwards put into practice.

Leaving a Mohamedan cemetery on our right, we skirted the sea-shore; and in about five minutes reached some ancient remains, partially under water; a few rooms can be traced, and a great circular building, perhaps an amphitheatre, whilst on the high road immediately opposite to it may be seen some mosaics. The remains by the sea-side suggested the idea that much of old *Berytus* has been submerged under the encroaching waters of the Mediterranean. A little further on we reached a small cove, called by the natives "*Minet el Husn*," a beautiful little basin of water, of the depth of fourteen or fifteen feet. Here, in this cove, on a sum-

mer's evening, hundreds of young men may be seen swimming, now rising gaily on the swelling wave or falling in the trough. A melancholy incident occurred here a few years ago. As the boat of an English man-of-war was attempting a landing in a season of high surf, it was upset, and the officer and some of the crew were drowned. Their bodies were washed on the shore a few days afterwards, and were decently buried in the Protestant cemetery, of which more anon. A monument is erected to their memory by the sea-side, nearest the spot where they met their untimely end.

We entered a coffee-shop, at the head of the cove, and a boy brought us nargeelés and coffee. A long perpetual swell reigned in the roads and the cove, which set in motion all the vessels in the roadstead; three or four small boats were listlessly riding on the waves, whilst their occupants were engaged in fishing by means of a long line. Sundry lateen sailing boats came capering before the wind, and to complete the picture, Lebanon towered with all its majesty far above our view into the morning mist.

Here, at the head of this cove, is a comfortable hotel, kept by one Antonio Truchino;¹ there is another good hotel in the city, kept by a Demetrius Kara; both possess the same name of *Bellevue*, and both are good hotels, the best in the place; their charges are nearly two dollars a day for breakfast, dinner, tea, bed, and attendance. The traveller wishing to patronise either will have to designate which of the "*Hotel Bellevues*" he wishes to go to, whether *within* or *without* the city.

A word about the coffee-shops. They are numerous and are to be found all over the East. Every five

¹ Since then dead.

minutes walk within the precincts of a town is sure to bring you into one. They have a lawn outside, where small stools (in Bayroot chairs are now used) like a cubic foot are placed for the accommodation of the customer; a raised fireplace is in the corner, whereupon the coffee-pot is heard simmering, whilst immediately above it are two shelves where the nargeelés are placed. The customer here enjoys the luxury of a smoke and a cup of coffee for the trifling sum of ten paras, about two farthings. Some of the large coffee-shops have the appendage of a story-teller, who comes of an evening and either entertains the audience with a story from the Arabian Nights, or relates to them some gallant deed of some deceased warrior. These stories are well received. In relating the story, the speaker does not stand on a platform as in the West. The customers are divided to two sides, and an open space is left between them. In this space he walks to and fro. He begins his story by clapping his hands, which at once secures for him breathless attention. In place of the "Ladies and Gentlemen!" of the West, the story-teller, on clapping his hands for attention, addresses them thus:—"My Honoured Sirs!" He speaks a little, then helps himself to a whiff of nargeelé from one of the customers, who gladly offers it to him; he speaks a little more, takes another whiff from the nargeelé of another, and so on till he has done. The entertainment generally lasts about an hour, after which he and the shop-keeper go round with plates and make the collection.

See you those small lateen-sailed boats? they are hardly two tons burthen, and yet they are not only considered sea-worthy, but their men trustworthy. I have often seen them come into port in the fiercest

storms, and I have known their captains, men, who to judge from appearances, you would not trust with a penny, entrusted with groups of specie, worth thousands of pounds sterling, simply on their word that they will deliver them safely, without signing a bill of lading for them. And what is more to their credit is, that I never knew a single case of dishonesty among them!

Hence we directed our steps towards the Mission-house, where was once the seminary wherein I was educated. Our road was an ascent between gardens of mulberry trees, on the leaves of which the natives feed their silk-worms. The process is interesting, and as silk is one of the staple products of the country I will give the reader an account of the manner it is prepared. The silk-worm, in its caterpillar state, which may be considered as the first stage of its existence, is fed on these green mulberry leaves, and after acquiring its full length, which is about two, and sometimes three, inches proceeds to enclose itself in an oval-shaped ball or cocoon, which is formed by an exceedingly slender and long filament of fine silk, emitted from the stomach of the insect preparatory to its assuming the shape of the chrysalis or moth. In this latter stage, after emancipating itself from its silken prison, it seeks its mate which has undergone a similar transformation; and in two or three days afterwards the female having deposited her eggs both insects terminate their existence. The raw silk is produced by the operation of winding off at the same time several of the balls or cocoons (which are immersed in hot water to soften the natural gum on the filament) on a common reel, thereby forming one smooth even thread. When the skein is dry it is taken from the reel and made up into hanks. It is both pleasing and interesting to hear

the people of a summer's evening sing at their *Helalé* where they immerse the cocoons into hot water, and where the smooth thread is wound on the reel, or, in other words, where the raw silk is manufactured. There are many of these *Helalés* in the gardens about Bayroot, and the traveller will be interested in visiting one of them, as also a silk-worm house. They are to be plentifully met with during the season, which is in spring. The natives formerly sent their raw silk to be reeled in Europe, but they have awakened to the benefit of reeling it themselves, and hence the traveller will now meet in the vicinity of Bayroot, as also in Mount Lebanon and other parts of Syria, silk factories for the purpose. In the suburbs of the city, I know of two factories—one English, and the other a native; another is at Shemlan, a village on Mount Lebanon. This last is owned by a Scotch house. There are others in Mount Lebanon, but it is unnecessary to enumerate them here.

After turning two or three lanes, whose right and left were bounded by groves of the tree just noticed, amid whose rich green foliage rose up the new houses of the natives, we gained the heights—a sort of table land, from which may be had a beautiful view of the scenery around. Here a Turkish barrack of extensive dimensions has recently been erected and looks well. A little beyond it, we reached the Mission grounds. We entered the pretty domain, if I may be allowed to dignify it with such a name; and now, once more, I was amid scenery the most interesting to me. Every stone and every tree in this yard were familiar. They looked like old friends. Seven years of my boyhood's days were spent here. Not only now as I see them, but often in my wanderings have I conjured them up before the vision of memory.

I gazed on the avenues of Pride of India trees planted by the goodly Hebard, and thought of the many hours I spent under them, playing marbles or chasing the ball. I visited our little garden lots; there was mine, and though the lapse of years has filled the bed with weeds yet I still can call to memory the time when it was the object of great care, when every little sprig in it was watched, watered, and cared for, with a mother's tenderness. And there was the great *Karoubé*—husk tree—under the venerable shade of which we oft resorted in summer. Ah! how everything seems to call back the past to life again. The calendar seems to have retrograded some fifteen years or more, and I thought myself once again a boy among other boys; my eyes wandered forth to seek my playmates—where are they? They were not there—all was silent.

High above me towered the Mission House, looking somewhat more grey with age. It seems, too, to have felt the hand of time. I lifted my eyes to gaze on its venerable form, and thought I saw, as of old, the goodly Hebard and his wife looking down from its terrace on their children, as they called us. In the basement were the dormitories and our schoolroom; the latter has been converted into a chapel. All was locked. I climbed to one of the windows of the chapel, and oh! there it is, the self-same schoolroom where I had a seven years' tuition. But I will not weary the reader with the associations of my early life, the days of my sweet childhood. Oh! those days they will come only once; and once passed will have no returning. Dead, dead must be the sensibilities, and void, utterly void, must be that heart which cannot always preserve a lively impression of them.

Immediately above the chapel, and where once successively resided the Birds, the Goodells, the Thomsons, the Hebards, the Woolcotts, and the Keyeses, is the printing establishment, under the care of Mr. George Hurter, and which, as detailed in the last chapter, is now in active operation, and which one day will doubtless be a great and powerful auxiliary in the work of evangelizing the Arab race, not only in Syria, but wherever the Arabic is spoken. In the issue of the books from its depository, we read in the annual report of the Mission, that Egypt, Assyria and India have shared in its benefits—a fact which clothes this press with great importance.

In an upper story of the house is the study of the Rev. Dr. Smith, so chosen that he may always be at hand. He is still engaged in translating a new version of the Scriptures into the Arabic language. On this head, says the report of the American Board in their last meeting, “We view this work as curious, complicated, and of the most excellent worth. If the sacred volume rendered in good classic Arabic, enabling more than forty millions of that ancient and unique nation, in all their discussions and their nomadic companies to read in their own venerable vernacular language the ‘wonderful works of God,’ may thus be given to them, it will be an achievement indeed worth infinitely more than it can ever cost, and on which both our cares and the toils of exemplary missionaries in Syria may be well congratulated with high rejoicings and higher thanksgivings to God.” The work will not only be an improved edition of the former one, but it also contains marginal notes and references which will render it of incalculable worth. It is a work of great labour, and its difficulties at first

were all but insurmountable. First of all, a native Arabic scholar was wanted who knew Hebrew to help in the translation; but none such could be found; so the missionaries had to take one and teach him the Hebrew tongue.

Leaving the Mission House, we crossed the playground, and descended into the Protestant cemetery. It is full of graves, and soon it will have to be enlarged. We wandered among the tombs. Many were the sepulchres of those I knew. Missionaries—their children—their wives—converts—travellers—officers—sailors—soldiers—merchants—clergy—young and old—the infant at the breast—the interesting child—the man—the woman—pious and worldly-minded—blooming youth and mouldering age from different parts of the world sleep together here. There is something exceedingly solemn to a churchyard where

“The voices of the dead rise like a distant torrent’s fall.”

and join in the warning to the *proud living*, that many of those who now sleep there, once trod this earth as buoyantly as we. Here, in the midst of this *city of the dead*, what profitable lessons may not be learned, if we were only to apply our hearts to wisdom? How each turf and sod warn us of our end! From the earth we came, and to the cold earth we must return! Oh! why is not that still solemn voice heeded? Why should death *sure and unevaded* be so little thought of by us, that we procrastinate so much to prepare for our future state? Whence comes this foolish sense of our security? How comes it in view of all these monitions of Providence, we remain indifferent to our eternal prospects?

Apropos of this, as we sauntered amid the graves, a

Mahomedan funeral passed close to us. First came a host of blind Sheiks, chanting short pieces from the Koran, then came the bier, on which the dead body lay, carried by the relatives of the deceased, and, last of all, followed a large train of mourners and friends.

The treatment of the dead, the funeral and the burial, in the East are only shadows of the past, and as it may serve to illustrate Biblical customs, I hereby proceed to give an account of the same. So long as the vital spark has not been extinguished, the family of the deceased still hope for recovery; nor do they cease to hope until the spirit has taken its flight to that "bourne from which no traveller returns." During the illness, the kindness and attention of the family are overwhelming; nor does this attention cease till the corpse is laid under the ground, and even then he is not forgotten, for his friends continue to visit his grave on stated days. As soon as it is known that he has yielded the ghost, the relations gather round the body and with doleful lamentations rend the air. The eyes of the deceased are at once closed by some of his nearest relatives; the toes of his feet tied so that the legs may be kept near each other, and the hands are placed on his breast. If he is a Mahomedan he is washed with warm water first. I am not aware that this last custom prevails among the Christians; but in both cases the body is enveloped in its burial robes, which consist generally of an ordinary dress, and in this state he is laid out on a parapet open to the view of visitors, who come in great numbers to join in the lamentations. The style of Oriental grief, especially among the females, is very violent. To add to the *mélée*, the Mahomedans and natives of Mount Lebanon actually *hire* mourners to come and rend the

air with their shrieks. This last custom does not prevail among the Christians.

As soon as the deceased has ceased to breathe, preparations are forthwith made for the burial, which generally takes place within *twenty-four* hours of the decease, and this is rendered the more necessary as the process of decomposition commences very soon in this country. At the hour of the burial, the body is wrapped up in a white shroud, and placed either in a coffin or borne on a bier, as was the case with the widow's son of Nain. The bier in use among the people is nothing but a plain wooden board, on which, supported on two poles and carried on the shoulders of four men, either the friends of the deceased or others who volunteer, lay the body covered only by its shroud. The moment the deceased is carried out of the house, a more violent outbreak of grief, superseding if anything the first one which accompanied the spirit as it took its flight, takes place. It is not customary for the women to accompany the dead body—the men alone go, headed by their respective priests.

The public cemeteries occupy a place *out of town*, a great extent of ground being allotted for the purpose. Generally speaking, the graves are distinct, but in the case of a poor family one grave generally serves the whole race of them, depositing one coffin on the top of another and so on. In the case of a man dying with the plague, he is not buried under ground as usual, but in limestone, in which he is burnt. This custom seems to have been prevalent in olden times, so as to prevent contagion, and we see mention of it in Amos vi. 10.

A Mahomedan cemetery is interesting—the cypress waves mournfully over the whited sepulchres—Sheiks

and females, the one blind and the other enveloped in her white *eiza*, may be seen roaming about the cemetery, the one mourning and the other praying by the side of the graves, which are generally a slab placed upright at the head and feet, whilst the intermediate space is either planted with flowers bordered round with stones, or paved with stiles. A Mahomedan is always buried lying on his side with his face to Mecca.

After gazing on this melancholy train, we took a circuitous route, keeping near the walls, and finally entered the town by *Bab Es Serúia*, or the Gate of the Palace, from the fact that the Pasha's palace is close at hand, and of which more soon. On our way we passed a grove of sycamores; an old aqueduct and a ruined fort, the face of which was much disfigured by the cannon balls of the British squadron, during the blockade of Syria in 1840. It looked as if it had an attack of the small-pox.

We entered the city, and passed by a bath, said to be the best in Bayroot. I dare say I shall have another opportunity of describing this greatest of all Oriental luxuries—*greatest!* only listen to this anecdote. A Bedouin, wild and fresh from his nomadic tribe, found himself once in Bayroot, and as he sauntered through the streets he passed a confectioner's shop, and stopped to gaze on it; the master invited him to enter and partake of some of the dainties. Nothing loth, he complied, and the master set before him a dish of *Baklawa* (Oriental sweetmeats). He ate and ate, and after thoroughly making way with the contents of the dish, he looked askance in the shopowner's face; the shopowner asked him if he knew what he had been eating. "No, *ya effendi*," says he, "but I suppose this is what

I heard my father speak of as being the greatest luxury in the world, a '*hummam*,''' i.e., a bath!!!

The next building is the Pasha's palace, already referred to. It is a large building, and has been much improved of late. Entering by the dilapidated gateway, where Turkish soldiers are seen doing duty, we are ushered into a square. Immediately on our left is the city jail, in which might be seen a few malefactors, rarely those, however, of murderers. It is a great deal to say for a country like Syria, that in the cities we seldom hear of thefts, and still less of murder. It is only now and then, with cases "few and far between," that such events occur, and when they come to pass, being so rare, you will it hear it spoken of in every part of the town. The Western tourist will be astonished at the absence of any massive walls, the jail being composed of only two or three rooms, where the *mauvais sujets* are huddled pell-mell together. An inner room is called "*Habes el Damm*," or the bloody jail, which signifies that it is a place for murderers. But what will astonish the tourist more, is that he will see the door of the prison open during the day, and free access given to the friends of the prisoners to visit them, unwatched by any guards; indeed, unless we except the few soldiers on duty at the gate, few, if any, are to be seen; and were it not for the filth and vermin which abounds in the place, I would feel disposed to say that the jail in this part of the world, however undesirable it may be, is by no means such a hard matter. Perhaps it is this which accounts for the rarity of runaways. We seldom hear of them. In an upper story of the building to our right is the insolvents' prison, where prisoners are placed for debt. This once

formed the residence of the British officers, in the campaign of 1840-41, when the country was wrested from the Viceroy of Egypt and given to the Sultan. It is more airy and spacious than the jail below. Here, also, the traveller will notice the absence of guards. In cases of insolvency, the debtor is imprisoned *ninety-one* days, after which he is released of his debt. This, however, if both creditor and debtor are Turkish subjects; but should the creditor be a European and the debtor a *Rayah*, no one knows a limit to the insolvent's imprisonment. The consul of the creditor can remand the man as long as he pleases. The rooms of the subordinate officers and guards are on the basement floor, opposite the jail, and here these officials may be seen lounging on their carpets, lazily puffing the smoke of their *chibooks*. The whole of the northern corner of the quadrangle is a newer building, where the pasha holds his court. His residence is in the suburbs.

Bayroot is now the seat of a resident pasha, though the pashalik properly belongs to Sidon. The introduction, however, of European customs into Bayroot; its being the rendezvous of the mail steamers, as also the residence of the foreign consuls, and its increasing commerce, have all conduced to remove the pashalik to it. And here, it may be well to say, that Syria is divided into five pashaliks, viz., Aleppo, Damascus, Bayroot, Acre, and Jerusalem, of which, I think, Bayroot is the most important. Each pashalik is under the surveillance of a pasha, sent from Constantinople for the purpose. During his pashadom, his excellency is considered for the time all but the Sultan of the place. He is called Viceroy, which means the substitute for the king, or representing the king in the dependency. He

is the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland *in miniature*, for it must not be forgotten that he only governs one-fifth of a small province, and yet he makes more fuss about himself than Queen Victoria. The peers of England, whom I have often seen walking quietly and unnoticed in the streets of London, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, or the Governor General of Canada, stand no chance with our fussy Pasha. He always moves in great state, accompanied by a large retinue of officers, guards, and *chibook* (pipe) bearers!!

There are two divans, or government courts, in the town of Bayroot. The one is the Pasha's divan, the residence of the Pasha's suite, and serves only as a political agency of the Porte. The other divan is called a *mejlis*, or a sitting-place, which in this case means where justice is administered, and might resemble the court of justice before which our Saviour was tried, and where were assembled Caiaphas, the high priest, the scribes, and elders. Indeed, the more I think of this *mejlis*, headed by its Cadi and Mufti, the high-priests and magistrates of Islamism, and the others of the council, who are generally the representatives of the various churches, am I reminded of the court which tried the Messiah eighteen hundred years ago, which was similarly composed of "high-priests, scribes, and elders," or, in the words of another verse, "chief priests, elders, and all the council." The fact impresses itself upon my mind that the whole government of Syria now resembles much that at the time of Christ. The Sultan has taken the place of the Cæsars; Turkey the place of Rome; the Pasha replaces a Herod; the Mutsellim a Pontius Pilate; and the *mejlis* takes the place of the court before which our Saviour was tried. It is actually the same, but with

this exception, that Jews, who were then the heads of it, if not composing its whole body, are now, if not *positively* excluded from it, only retained as under-clerks or money-lenders. And the same intrigues still go on as ever. *False witnesses* and *bribery* are the order of the day; and he that can bribe most gains his suit. The poor, consequently, unless they can fall back upon the protection of a foreign consul, generally go to the wall. This is what is called the *people's court*. It is true, that there is an appeal from it to the higher one at Constantinople; but unless the parties are rich, few go that length for fear of losing more.

Bayroot is not lighted at night, but in order to supply this deficiency, every man walking in the street after dark is obliged to be his own lamp-post; if seen walking without a lantern in his hand, he is taken up and put into jail for the night, and released next morning on his giving a good account of himself and paying a fine of *seven piastres and a half*, or about fifteen pence British money.

Until this war called them away, the country had a goodly number of soldiers. Their duty is to live as well as the government affords them, and to take their turn in standing at the gateways, unless in the case of an insurrection, when they are called out. Speaking of the gateways, I am reminded to say, that all cities of importance in the East are walled round. The gates of a town are open at sunrise, and shut at sunset. In some places where the town has suburbs, the gates are kept open till a certain hour of the night.

Also, in the collection of her revenues, Turkey follows the Egyptian and Roman policy. The revenues consist in the custom duties levied, as also in the farming of

the land, or, in other words, the land-rent. This last system is a great evil; and, as in the days of Egyptian and Roman rule, so now does it tend to impoverish and depopulate the country, as I will try to show in succeeding pages. Besides, these the government levies a head-tax from all her subjects, and, till lately, an extra tribute-money from the Christians. This last, however, I believe, has been recently abolished. The reason for its former extortion was in the Christian's being ineligible to the conscription: not fighting the Sultan's battles, it was considered right that he should pay extra, or in plain words *for being tolerated in Mahomedan countries*. Of course, I am understood as speaking of the government hitherto. I am aware that new laws are now being framed; and one of them is, that the Christian should be received into the army; but that is only for the moment, and hence, therefore, I must be allowed to speak of Turkey as it has hitherto been rather than of what she might be; the first we know, the latter we must wait till the future has revealed it properly. "No time," says the *Times* newspaper, has there ever been "when a fortnight would give so little right of pronouncing dogmatically on the East as at present. The tourist may find his book contradicted before it has reached its second edition; the politician may dread that in another twelvemonth his too faithfully reported words will be quoted triumphantly by an opponent who, though perhaps equally ignorant, was too wise to be prophetic." Hence, I should like to wait and see the new laws pass into effect—the Christian, a soldier and an officer in the Turkish army, holding civil rank, his words respected *all over* the Turkish empire, his testimony in the interior as good as the Mahomedan's—ere I give them to the

world as *bonâ fide* facts. Laws can be easily framed; but it is not such an easy thing with Turkey to carry them out; she has a fierce Islamism to contend with. And here I will say, that Turkey and Mahomedanism are daily becoming two distinct things. I doubt not that Sultan Abd-ul-Mejid and the better part of his cabinet mean well to their subjects; but what between the meanness of pashas who are easily bribed — a corrupt court which will not redress the wrong—a weak government which cannot promise the traveller safety in its dominions, and Mahomedan fanaticism—the most difficult to deal with—the benevolent intentions of the government, if she has any, are frustrated. Hence it is that I agree with an author of reputed veracity (Dr. Olin), who, speaking of the natives as “a fine and spirited race of men, industrious, and having the right elements for becoming, under better auspices, a civilised intellectual nation,” adds most justly and correctly, “I believe, however, it will be found impracticable to raise any people to a respectable, social, and moral state under a Turkish, or Egyptian, or any other Mahomedan government. The *inherent vices* of the religious system enter, and from their *unavoidable* connection *must* enter, so deeply into the political administration, that any reform in government, or improvement in the people beyond temporary alleviations of evils too pressing to be endured, cannot reasonably be expected.”

Return we to the *tribute money*. Here also Turkish and Roman rules assimilate; one is reminded of the Pharisees questioning our Saviour, “Whether it was lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar or not?” The system seems always to have been galling to an intelligent mind. To oppose the levying of this tribute, Judas the

Gaulonite raised an insurrection of the Jews, asserting that it was not lawful to pay tribute to a foreigner, *that it was a token of servitude*, and that the Jews were not allowed to acknowledge any for their master who did not worship the Lord. They boasted of being a free nation, and of never having been in bondage to any man. These sentiments were extensively promulgated; but all their efforts were of no avail in restraining or mitigating the exactions of their conquerors. Thus we see Turkey is another Rome, with the exception that Rome raised up and Turkey pulls down; so that what might be right with the one will not only be questionable but wrong in the other. We look in vain for Turkish improvement; we look in vain for her schools; we search but find none of her literary institutions; aye, indeed, gaze over all Syria, and you find not the least of the encouragement given in days of old to men of ability and talent. In many parts of the Turkish empire the Christian is still degraded, and his testimony in a court of justice is not valid against a Mahomedan; while a Mahomedan's word, be he ever so low, is allowed to hang him: indeed, till very recently such was the case in Bayroot and other civilised cities of the Turkish empire.

One word about the conscription, or those soldiers which the government levies to swell her army, and of which the Christian, by reason of the tribute-money he has paid, has been hitherto exempt. Until this war broke out, the levying of the conscripts fell upon the Mahomedans and kindred sects, Druzes, Metwalis, etc. The reason of the Christian's ineligibility for the army is from no liberal views; but because the Mahomedans will not trust the Christians in fighting their battles for them, especially against their co-religionists. The way the

conscripits are levied is this: every town has to give up a certain number of young men between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five; I believe a tenth of such young persons are required. For instance, Bayroot has a thousand of these young men, she is therefore required to give one hundred of them; these are not chosen but balloted. A hundred black slips of paper are thrown into a bag with nine hundred white ones: each young man puts his hand into the bag and draws a slip: the drawers of the black cards are taken for soldiers. The young men to whose lot it falls must either go or substitute themselves by other men, which is often done. I know one young man who substituted himself by paying the substitute about eighty pounds sterling. The system of conscription is very unpopular in Syria, and every one shirks it that can. The Druzes of Mount Lebanon would sooner fight the government than fight for it. So unpopular is the system, that many men maim themselves in order to be rendered unfit for the army. Some put out one eye so that it may be said they cannot take good aim; others cut their fingers in order not to be able to pull the trigger; and others pull out their teeth in order not to be able to bite the cartridge, and so on. But this maiming system is practised more in Egypt, where almost every second person you meet has only one eye!

Besides the two Courts of Justices, already mentioned, Bayroot boasts a *Board of Trade* under the superintendence of the mercantile community, where they are allowed to investigate such cases as immediately connect themselves with commerce, and their sentence thereupon is, I believe, considered valid.

Opposite to the seraglio is a Mahomedan mosque.

Most of the mosques were originally Christian churches. The finest mosque they have in Syria is what was once the Church of St. John in Damascus. They, therefore, have all the appearance of a church. These mosques are endowed with landed property, which brings in an adequate income for repairs, the support of sheiks and imams, Mahomedan priests and teachers; and for distribution of alms on Friday to the poor. Here let me say a word on Mahomedan benevolence. Really it is too good a virtue to be allowed to pass unnoticed. The Mahomedans are exceedingly charitable; and, unless their religious prejudices are excited and their fanaticism called out, they are very kind-hearted. Not only do they distribute money and food to the poor on Friday at the doors of the mosques, but many of the Mahomedan merchants keep open stores on that day to all the poor; that is, the merchant orders one or two hundred loaves of bread and a large can of helawé, a sort of sweet much used by the natives, and which they eat with their bread. Nor are the Christian beggars exempt from that charity on account of their creed. No! let it be said, to the everlasting credit of the Mahomedans, that none are refused who choose to come and partake of the bounty offered. But what is more singular is, that most of the beggars who resort to these stores for charity are Maronite Christians—a sect in Syria notorious for the begging propensities of its members. They are a shame to the Christian community of Syria. Nor let it be supposed that it is out of want they beg. O no! a great many of them are as well off as they can possibly be, but they are a mean-hearted set. They have a regular season for begging, when they leave their homes in Kesrwan, the northern range of Lebanon—don the clothes of poverty,

and come to live upon other people. See them, clergy and laity, going about the streets of Bayroot, begging with extended hands of Christians and Mahomedans. They have become a regular nuisance; and I hope a law will soon be passed to keep them at home. The Maronites are altogether the *meanest* sect we have in Syria. But what is worse, is that, unless in rare exceptions, they are, perhaps, the most uncharitable and inhospitable race in the world.

An anecdote is related of them. Once of a summer's day, as a Bayroot merchant was making his way into one of their villages, and ignorant as to where he can find lodgings, behold a respectable looking man, well clad, accosts him, and invites him to stay at his house; the merchant gladly complies, as a minute ago he was wondering whither to go for lodgings. He entered a well-furnished lodging house, apparently possessed of all the comforts which the district can furnish—the wife and the children were, if anything, sumptuously clad. The dinner hour came, and a grand entertainment it was. The Bayroot merchant slept comfortably, and next morning, after thanking his host for his hospitality, started on his way. His host accompanied him a little part of the way, and as he was making his last farewell behold, to the astonishment of the Bayroot merchant, his host made known himself to his guest as a certain beggar who paid him an annual visit, and to whom he had been in the custom of giving a loaf of bread, some *helawé*, and a ten *para* piece. The reader can now easily conceive the surprise of the merchant in finding that his annual visitor, with torn clothes and dishevelled hair, was so well off!

It was now near breakfast time, and I had to guide

Mitchell to the hotel. Now within the city our road lay through the bazaars, and an interesting sight it is—a hedly-medly of Greeks, Jews, Turks, and peasantry, with their diversified garbs and peculiar characteristics, throng the streets. The markets are well-provided, and on the whole, a scene of bustle and thrift meets the eye everywhere; and, after wending our way through two or three streets, where we made sundry purchases, among which were two gold pieces which bore the name of Philip and Alexander and which had lately been dug out in a garden near Sidon, we returned to the hotel.

The story of these coins is this: whilst a few workmen were digging in a garden near Sidon, their spades hit on something hard; they dug, and found three leaden boxes (some say jars), which, on opening, they discovered to be full of the gold pieces of which my friend Mitchell had bought two, each of which was nearly as large as an American eagle, and of pure gold. The price my friend paid for them was thirty shillings sterling, apiece. The labourers at once determined to divide the gold between themselves, and say nothing more about it. A woman, however, saw them, and went and told the Governor, who at once had them arrested. He now used various efforts to extort all he could from them, and succeeded in obtaining a large portion of the coins already mentioned, though on what grounds he did so I am sure I cannot tell. Report, however, says that, with all his artifices, the Governor extorted only about the third of the coins! Be it so or not, the fact of this discovery is interesting, and more so from the antiquity of the coins. Some bore the name of Philip and others of Alexander.

During the day I accompanied a native friend to the Custom-house, where I wanted to clear some things which

on leaving England I had sent direct by a screw-steamer from Liverpool. Having seen the things in the warehouse, I now ascended a ricketty staircase to the office in order to do so. Here I met hosts of Turks and *chibook* bearers hurrying in and out. I made known my wants to a grave-looking Armenian who stood on the top of the staircase. Without saying a word he led me into a small room to the left. Here I saw another, if any thing, graver than the first, engaged in smoking his pipe and counting his beads. There he sat like a statue, and save the intervals when he lifted his head to puff the smoke of his pipe in the face of the bystanders, he stirred not.

"Ya, Effendi!" spoke one, with a bundle of papers in his hand.

"Ya, Effendi!" again muttered another, hoping to wake him from his apathy. No; they must wait till he can conveniently transact their affairs. My companion made the usual *salâam* and stood with them. Now, I must confess that this did not at all come up to my ideas of dispatch and business; but seeing that I would not be able to alter things I had to take my chance with all the rest. A tight pair of boots I had on hurt my feet, and I could but ill stand. There were no chairs in the place, and save the bit of *divan* where sat the melancholy spectre of an Armenian Custom-house Director, I saw no place where I could sit. This was provoking.

"Ya, Effendi!" groaned a bystander, and now he deigned a reply through the smoke of his pipe. "What was it? Is it business?"

"*Yawash oglan! Yawash!*—Take it easy boys; take it easy," was all he said; and, sure enough, he was taking it easy. Abstracted, lost, he seemed either to be dead in love or belonged not to this world. I could not stand

it any longer; the crowd was every moment getting greater and greater, and when should I be off? But, ah, it was my boots that made me take the desperate step which cleared me. Putting on a bold face, I slowly pushed my way till I reached the divan, and then as quietly sat me down. He stared at me as much as to say, "Do you know what you are about?" It was now my turn to use nonchalance, and I acted it to perfection. He puffed his pipe in my face (this is no affront in the East) and looked hard at me. I sneezed, and in the most self-possessed manner told him my errand; he gazed at me once more to be sure that my audacity was not a dream, then puffed his pipe, and grunted out the word "*Beki*"—well. I at first thought that this was equivalent to leaving me there till he was ready. But no; he called a guard and told him that there was no occasion for me to open my things here, but that he may accompany me to my rooms and there inspect them. And so I was off.

This is not the way Armenians do business; but here in Syria every understrapper in office thinks himself some "great shell of a swell," and makes every one wait his convenience: it is so from the Pasha to the Cavass. Allowing me to pass off without opening my things is no uncommon occurrence in Turkey; your word that you have nothing on which to pay duty is generally enough. They, however, send a porter with you, not exactly that he should inspect your things at home, as the order goes, but that he may take a backsheesh.

But the amusing part of the business is, that this Custom-house man is not a Government officer, nor for the time being is the Custom-house a Government concern. The fact is this—Turkey lets out her Custom-

houses to private speculators, and they take their chance, which they take fine care is, or shall be made, a good one. The reason of this I learnt was because Turkey had no confidence in her officers. But more of this in another chapter.

Meanwhile, permit me to close this by speaking of Abaih, a missionary station on Mount Lebanon. I have referred to it more than once already, and as the traveller may have nothing better to do at Bayroot, and whilst his dragoman may be preparing for his long tour in Syria, I advise him to fill up the time by taking a run up there. The village is well situated on the slopes of Lebanon, and commands a beautiful view of the Mediterranean for many a mile. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Bird reside in it and take charge of the seminary, as also officiate in the native Protestant Church organised there. The place is exceedingly healthy, and the district good and tolerably secure.

The way leading up to it is beautiful; it first perambulates the plains of Bayroot, and then ascends the slopes of Lebanon, at the base of which the traveller passes through Kefr Sheema, where the American Missionaries support a native school. On his right, he leaves a Maronite Convent perched on the top of a hill, and then ascending up a sandy declivity, where a grove of pine trees shelters him from the beams of the sun, he reaches a small spot called *Ain Ksoor*. Here the lover of the beautiful and the romantic can, by a clear spring—cold and crystal-like—and under the shade of a venerable tree, enjoy a pleasant luncheon; nor only a luncheon, but the murmuring of the water as it bubbles and then falls into the ravine beneath; the whistling of the soft breezes as they fan his brow and rustle in the leaves above him;

the calm and beautiful view before him; the green verdure which surrounds him; and the warbling of a hundred birds, all conspire to tempt him to take a siesta.

The road now winds along a hill, leaving overhead the village of Shemlan, where a silk factory is established, owned by a Scotch firm. After a slight ascent, the village of Anianoob is gained; while further on, by a very bad piece of road, appropriately called *Daraj*, or ladder, the traveller reaches the village of Aniab. Leaving this last, he now proceeds to the end of the ridge, where he sees two roads; the one leading to the right takes him to Abaih; the other to the left, after a couple of hours' more riding, brings him to Defr el Kamar the capital of the Mountains and Bteddeen, the seat of the late Emir Bsheer—the mention of whose name was once enough to keep the whole of Mount Lebanon in abeyance.

Go, if you have time, to Bteddeen; the buildings and their beauty shew his taste and resources; the dirt and the filth which now meet your eye in every corner, please put to the debit of the Turkish troops who are quartered there; the contrast calls up your ire; a tear fills your eye; wipe it not, it mourns fallen grandeur.

And where you now stand has ever been the seat of civil discord. Could the stones of yonder village speak, they will tell you of the many sanguinary engagements which have plunged this region into the direst woe. Druzes and Christians have deluged this part of Lebanon with blood—their own blood. And as you listen to the narrative of your guide, as he tells you, “There, *Ya Sanyoor*, the Druzes overcame the Christians,” or the vice versa, as he recounts to you the bloody deeds en-

acted by each, or speaks of the mountain chieftain, you are reminded of the ancient clans of "Bonnie Scotia" and their fierce struggles. And one asks, Is it possible that men after God's own image should turn into fierce blood-hounds, to destroy each other—to slay and be slain? Is it possible that these glens so green and lovely—those water-brooks, so crystal-like, witnessed their conflict, and saw how one dipped his hand into the blood of another? Oh! could it have been in some desert nook—upon some sultry plain, where everything is dry, parched and brown, yea, as dry and as black as their own hearts—one might understand their rage; but here it is inexplicable; one might suppose that the beauty of the scene around would have arrested the destroying arm! Humanity shudders at a review of the desolation and hideous wrath which has occurred here. You wait to hear no more, but, mounting your horse, you turn your face towards Bayroot. Farewell, ye scenes of strife! Farewell, for ever! May the stillness of your night never again resound with the war-cry! May the fierceness and wrath of man never again profane the most beautiful of scenery on the face of God's earth! Farewell!

CHAPTER IV.

Arrangements for a Tour in Syria—Dragoman—Contract—Sundry Hints of Advice—a Trip to the Cedars *viâ* Tripoli—Legend of St. George and the Dragon—Lebanon—The Druzes—The Maronites—Nunneries—Hindeea—A Word to Englishmen—Mount Lebanon an Asylum—Government of Mount Lebanon—System of *Divide and Conquer*—Israel—Nahr el Kelb—Zook—Antoura—Plantation—Djoooni—Nahr Ibrahim—Djebail—Way to the Cedars by Dooma—Batroon—Msailha—Amioon—Tripoli—An Adventure—The *Mina*—The Town—Beauty of Tripoli—Gardens—Pick-nicks—Old Associations—The Fort—Scenery—Melawia—The Consuls—Signor Yanni—Missionary Labour—En Route to the Cedars—Zgarta—Ehden Its Pretensions—Scenery—Bsharré—Grandeur—Cedars—On the Highway to Baalbeck.

BAYROOT is decidedly the place of all the East where the traveller should procure his dragoman and an outfit for the trip through Syria. The couriers chosen at Malta, Constantinople, or Smyrna, good as they may be for those places, do not possess the knowledge of a native, hence, I urge it upon the traveller not to make choice of a dragoman till he has reached Bayroot. Here he will find many who can be well recommended, and who know every inch of the country. As it fell to my province to choose a dragoman for our party, I annex herewith a copy of the contract which I made with him, and which will show the traveller how much he may expect for the remuneration which he pays him.

“CONSULATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

“*Bayroot, 26th Dec., 1854.*

“Agreement between Thomas S. Mitchell, Gregory M. Wortabet, William Appleton, jun., Charles H. Appleton, Charles Thorndike, and Augustus T. Perkins, gentlemen travellers, of the one part, and Michael Hainé, dragoman of Bayroot, of the other.

“The said Michael Hainé agrees to serve the said parties of the first part as dragoman for the journey from Bayroot to Baalbeck, Damascus, and thence to Jerusalem, and to cross the Desert to Cairo, if the parties of the first part shall see fit.

“The direction of the route, the places to visit, the excursions to be made, the length of each day’s travel, the times of starting and stopping, the places of stopping and meals, shall be entirely under the control and direction of the parties of the first part.

“The said Michael Hainé agrees to provide a sufficient number of horses, mules, dromedaries and camels, all to be good and safe for the carriage of the said travellers, their courier, and their baggage, according as the same are necessary and usual; and also to provide a suitable number of good and commodious tents, with all the requisites, fixtures and furniture for the same, together with beds or mattresses, bedsteads and bed-clothes, table linen for changes to ensure cleanliness and comfort; and also to provide a sufficient supply of well prepared and suitable nourishment, viz., breakfast, lunch, dinner every day, and tea or coffee in the morning and evening, with milk if it can be had; also, meats, fowls, vegetables, fruits, etc. During the stay of the party in Jerusalem and Damascus, all the bills at the hotels shall be paid and discharged by the said Michael Hainé. The

said parties of the first part to have the right to select the hotels.

“ The courier to be included in this agreement without additional charge.

“ The said Michael will provide all the nourishment in such variety as the nature of the journey will admit, such as is customary and proper to provide for gentlemen; and also to provide a good cook, proper attendance, and an ample sufficiency of water for the said party and their courier. And the said Michael Hainé agrees to pay all and every expense attending this journey, including the hire of horses, mules and camels, together with all backsheesh or presents usually given to sheikhs, camel-drivers, guides, guards, or other persons.

“ All this the said Michael Hainé agrees to do and perform for the sum of *eighty piastres per day from each of the said six persons*, amounting on the whole to the sum of four hundred and eighty piastres per day of the Grand Signore in full, counting from the day of departure from Bayroot till the said party shall terminate their journey either at Jerusalem, or Cairo, or at Jaffa, as the said parties of the first part may determine. It is also agreed to pay the said Michael Hainé the sum of three thousand piastres, at the time of signing these presents, on account of this contract.

“ It is expressly understood and agreed that the said Michael Hainé shall provide all that is necessary for the comforts and safety of the party, and shall defray all expenses of the journey (wines and liquors excepted, as also the backsheesh to the chief of the Arabs at the Dead Sea and Jordan, which shall not exceed the sum usually paid) so that no demand shall be made upon the said party of the first part for the payment of guards or

guides; nor for any payment of monies on any pretext whatsoever beyond the sum of eighty piastres each per day.

“Should any disagreement between the said parties arise out of this contract, it is agreed to refer the same to the American consul to be selected by the said parties of the first part. His decision to be final.

“All the dinners for the whole party to be as follows: one dish of soup; one of fowls or game; one of mutton or beef; one of vegetables, and good and suitable dessert. All the tea, coffee, butter, milk, etc., to be of the best kind.

“It is also agreed, that if one or more of the said persons shall separate from and leave the said party, then the sum or sums per day payable by such person or persons shall cease from the day he or they may leave, and the rest of the party shall each continue to pay the said sum of eighty piastres per day until the termination of this contract.

“In witness whereof the said parties have hereunto set their signatures this 26th day of December, 1854.

“(Signed) THOS. S. MITCHELL.

“GREGORY M. WORTABET.

“CHARLES H. APPLETON.

“WILLIAM APPLETON, JUN.

“CHARLES THORNDIKE.

“AUGUSTUS T. PERKINS.

“(Signed) MICHAEL HAINÉ.

“Witness,

“(Signed) H. WOOD,
U. S. Consul, Bayroot.”

I would here further add, that a verbal agreement was entered into with Michael, that in case we did not cross

the Desert to Cairo, we were to pay him two pounds sterling for the carriage of the tents, which at this season of the year we would not require in our tour through Syria and Palestine, Michael promising to engage rooms for us at the stopping places, which would be warmer and pleasanter. A gratuity was promised to Michael at the end of the trip, as is always customary on parting with your dragoman. It is an expression of your satisfaction with his services. The larger the party is, the cheaper they can travel. We were six, and paid eighty piastres each, or, at the exchange of the day, something less than fourteen shillings British money per diem—everything (save wines) included. A courier of the Messrs. Appleton, whom they had brought with them from Paris, was to be considered free of any charge. A gentleman travelling alone can hardly expect to travel under one pound a day unless he engages everything for himself, which will be a great bother, and in the end may cost him more; and, what is worse, unless he is a native or knows the language, he will find himself completely, and continually, at the mercy of his dragoman, or muleteer. The contract had better be drawn out at the consulate, to which the traveller belongs, or at his banker's office.

To the traveller who desires comfort I would advise the purchase of a horse for the trip. He can get a decent one for about ten pounds, which he can again sell at the end of the journey; and if he sees it cared for, he need not lose much by it. I did so, and on parting with my horse, after using him four months, I gained by him; but this must be known, that I sold him at Easter time in Jerusalem, when horses and mules fetch the best price. By adopting this plan, the tourist will not only

avoid riding strange horses, the gait of each of which he has to get accustomed to, but he will also have the satisfaction of riding his own horse. If the traveller makes a contract with the dragoman as we did, namely, to give so much per day, he providing everything, then it is an easy matter to arrange with him to deduct so much daily for the hire of his horse. The traveller would do well also if he ordered a second-hand English saddle; he need not take it out with him, but have it shipped by one of the Liverpool screw steamers for Bayroot to the care of his bankers, where he will find it all right when he arrives; and if he takes care of it he can sell it, and, if not realise a profit upon it, at any rate hardly lose anything by his adventure. And one thing more, I would recommend the traveller to take in his pocket change in the *half-piastre pieces* of the country for the value of a pound. They come in often very conveniently. The traveller using wines had better procure his stock at Bayroot. In engaging a dragoman, I would advise the traveller to get his banker to recommend him one. There are two at Bayroot whom I know and can safely recommend, Michael Hainé and Ibrahim Amatoory, both of whom can speak several languages, and are adepts at their profession.

Perhaps it will be as well to add, for the benefit of the tourist, a *pro forma* receipt of money which we gave to Michael, so that he might know how we did business. These receipts were always put on the back of the contract, which is drawn in duplicate, and a copy retained by each of the contracting parties. Here is a copy of a receipt.

“Received at Bayroot on the 26th of December, 1854,

of Messrs. Mitchell, Wortabet, the two brothers Appleton, Thorndike, and Perkins, each the sum of five hundred piastres, making together the sum of three thousand piastres, on account of the foregoing contract.

“(Signed) MICHAEL HAINÉ.”

We again gave him money at Baalbeck and Damascus; and in fact so long as we were in his debt we never refused him, reserving always enough in our hands to keep up our mastery over him.

The reader will observe that our plan did not take in the Cedars of Lebanon, for the reason that we could not pass over the summit of Lebanon at this inclement season of the year, nor did we wish to return to Bayroot; so if the traveller is here at this time unless he wishes to follow the last named plan, he had better visit them from Tripoli, if he can procure the necessary guides. As I had seen them in former years, I did not care to visit them again this winter; but for the benefit of the traveller, I give him an account of the tour, and in doing so, will take Tripoli in, as the traveller in all likelihood may visit them from that locality. If he is at Bayroot, and does not care to go to Tripoli, the traveller may break off from the Tripoli road at Djebail, and proceed to Dooma and Bsherrai, and thence to the Cedars; but of this I will notify him in due time. And now supposing the traveller to be ready, we will start.

About a mile from Bayroot we come upon a small building where, tradition says, St. George (the patron of England and half a dozen countries besides) killed the Dragon. It is a small structure, underneath which are the remains of a cistern, which is now dried up.

The legend goes on to say, that in olden times there used to be a great scarcity of water in Bayroot, occa-

sioned by a huge uncouth monster of a dragon, who came annually and stopped up all the fountains, or drank their waters, I know not which; the tradition is not very explicit on this point. To appease him, the natives at last agreed to offer him a virgin girl every year, that he might devour as an offering, and leave them their water. There was no helping it; every family offered up a daughter as their turn came. At last, it was the turn of the king to offer his daughter. He had only one, and she was his pet, the sunshine of his heart. Smothering the feelings of the father, he, nevertheless, for the good of the place, proceeded to offer her to the dragon. He took her to this building, left her there, and went his way, never more hoping to see his child. On being left alone, the poor girl began to cry; and, whilst she was weeping, St. George, riding on a magnificent charger, passed by the spot, and seeing her alone, weeping, asked her, "Daughter, why are you here alone, and what mean your tears?" She told him the whole story, and besought him to interpose in her behalf. With extended arms and streaming eyes, she cried out, "O St. George, save me!" Compassion filled the saint's heart, and he determined not only to save her, but to rid Bayroot also of this nuisance. Jumping off his horse he asked her to let him stay and guard her; she assented with delight. Whether the dragon knew that St. George was guarding the girl or not tradition does not say; but one thing it informs us, he was tardy of coming this time. St. George being wearied, having travelled a long distance that day, felt sleepy, and requested the king's daughter to let him rest his head on her lap while he slept till the dragon should make his appearance, to which she made no objection. As he slept

the dragon came, and the girl, trembling with fear, began to cry. One of her tears dropping on the face of the saint, woke him up, and seeing the dragon, he immediately jumped on his horse, and gave him battle, which ended in the death of the dragon, the return of the maiden to her disconsolate father, and the deliverance of the town of Bayroot from its fearful annual tribute. A small white streak is shown on the wall, which, tradition further says, are the soapsuds which dropped from the hands of the saint as he washed himself after the fight. The custom in Syria in washing is not to dip the hands in a basin as they now do in the West, but one person pours the water on the hands of another. Unless in the case of an invalid, the operation of washing hands is generally done in the open air, requiring no basin underneath. Having washed his hands, the saint mounted the girl behind him, a custom still prevalent in Syria, and took her to her broken-hearted parent, whose joy was so great on seeing her again, that he offered her at once to her deliverer in marriage, a match which, however much it pleased the young lady, was respectfully declined by the saint. In honour of the event, the building, as also the bay in front of it, where ships seek shelter in winter, have received his name. Such is the legend of St. George and the Dragon as I have often heard it in Syria.

A mile further on, we crossed a small stream, known by the name of Nahr Bayroot, i.e. river of Bayroot. It is spanned by a substantial bridge. Another mile brings us out from amid a host of gardens, and we find ourselves on the sands of Untelyas, a small sandy beach which derives its name from the Prophet Elijah. The road is now by the sea-shore. High on our right

towers Lebanon in all its grandeur and magnificence, and no where is it so magnificent as in this part. Here we are on a line with the division of the Druze and Maronite countries; the former occupying the southern portion of Lebanon, and the latter its northern ridges. This demarcation is only nominal, as there are a great many Christians living in the country of the Druzes; few Druzes, however, live in the Kesrawan, or the Maronite country.

A few words about the two races who people this mountain may not be uninteresting here. Of the Druzes I can say that they are a brave people, but exceedingly cunning and crafty; of their religion little is known, and I am inclined to doubt if they know it themselves—sure I am of one thing, that the majority of them do not. They are divided into two classes: those who are supposed to know the tenets of their creed, are called *Akkals*, or wise men; they are by far the minority; and the *Djehhals*, or ignorant men, who absolutely know nothing of their religion, attend no place of worship, but bow their heads before the *Akkals* in the depth of their ignorance. They have a sort of high priest who lives at Baâkleen, a village not far from Deyr El Kamar, and to his will all the *Akkals* bow. Now these *Akkals* may be of either sex, and may be termed the priests and priestesses of the Druzes, though what it is they teach the people I cannot well conceive, since none but the initiated are allowed admission to the *Khaloué*, a small edifice plain in its appearance, exceedingly simple, being nothing more than a room, with nothing of note to characterize it, save that it is detached from the village and erected on an eminence. Here the *Akkals* meet on stated occasions, but what they do there has never as yet been truly

known. It is supposed that they spend the time in talking about politics. One feature of the *Akkals* is to dress with great simplicity—they must not wear any articles of gold or silk. Swearing or any abusive language they must not be addicted to, but on all occasions must deport themselves as becomes teachers of religion. So much has been known of their creed, that they believe in the Unity of God and the transmigration of souls. They acknowledge that *Hakim* (the sixth caliph who ruled in Cairo, and who was a monster in human form) was the incarnation of God, and the most perfect manifestation of the Deity; but their creed must be a most complicated one even to themselves: hence it is that there are so few who pretend to have a shadowy outline of it at best. After all the inquiries I have made about them, and from all the information I could gather on this head, I am inclined to believe that the dictates of conscience stand them for code of morals as to what is right and what is wrong. In regard to their future expectations I never have been able to come to a definite conclusion; as I said before, they believe in the transmigration of souls, though what becomes of those souls they do not pretend to know, as Hamza, another of their great men, and who also set himself up as the incarnation of universal Intelligence, in his creed either forgot or wilfully omitted all notice of a future state of existence.

Turning from their dark and unintelligible system of belief we find in them, though not the most numerous body who inhabit the Lebanon, yet it is acknowledged on all hands, that they are its most warlike and courageous inhabitants. They are hardy, industrious, and much given to hospitality, but exceedingly reserved and un-

communicative—one scarcely hears them laugh, and to look at them the traveller would guess he has found the centre of gravity. They are very clannish, and devoted to the interests of their clan, and to strengthen its ties they invariably marry among themselves so as to connect the whole of their body in one family tie. A man can marry only one wife at a time, but he is allowed to divorce her; his simply saying to her “Go to your father’s house,” and does not add, “and come back,” is considered a divorce. They have, or had once, great confidence in the English. Should this be encouraged, it may one day end in the conversion of the whole Druze community from the dark tenets of their mysterious faith to the more intelligible form of a pure Christianity. There have been Missionaries resident among them, but I do not believe that much, if anything, has been done, save the education of a few boys; still, however, we can trust for a better day to dawn on the Druzes of Mount Lebanon.

The Maronites now claim my attention. They are by far the most numerous body in Mount Lebanon, but they are by no means its most interesting class. The reader has had enough of them in the last chapter. They are a mean race, but, living in the strongholds of Lebanon, they have, nevertheless, maintained a sort of independence, and exhibited an amount of courage and bravery scarcely to be expected from them. Of their creed, I will say more in a future chapter under the head of the “Romish Church;” sufficient is it for me to say that their creed and ritual partake both of the Greek and Latin Churches. They are, however, *considered* as Roman Catholics, and Rome treats them as such; but to this point also I beg to refer the reader to a future chapter where I hope to expose the policy of Rome. Like the

Druzes, the people are very ignorant and pay great deference to their priests: meet a priest where he will the man is sure to run and kiss his hand. Indeed, it is extraordinary the influence the priests (and they are mostly very ignorant) exercise over the minds of the masses. In all things social and political they have an incredible hold over the people. They are *de facto* their legislators and administrators.

Nor are they ignorant only, but the Maronite is both superstitious and credulous; he delights in the absurd legends manufactured by the monks and nuns of his sect. The whole of this part of Lebanon is covered with their convents and nunneries which they look upon as houses of God. You would say that it was high time their eyes were opened after the system of iniquity, pursued by the "holy" Hindeea, was exposed to the public; but no, there they are as they were eighty years ago, and the word of a monk or a nun is as good as gospel to them.

This "Holy Hindeea" began her career as a young nun, and then forced herself into great notoriety by the severity of her penances, and an extraordinary piety which she displayed. She now set to work and built a nunnery for herself, towards the erection of which the people cheerfully contributed. Twenty years of her life had been spent in this way when a suspicion was suddenly excited by the disappearance of many of the nuns, who, it was reported, had been, during their stay there, the victims of improper practices, and finally met their death by unfair means. An unhappy merchant of Sidon, who had placed two of his daughters at the establishment, disturbed by these reports visited the place and made inquiries. On his presenting himself at the door of the nunnery he asked to see his daughters, but he was refused,

on the plea that they were ill—unable to walk, whilst the rules of the establishment forbade his putting his foot therein. He entreated, but in vain. Despairing of seeing his daughters, he determined to proceed to Deyr El Kamar, and lay his case before the Emir Yusef, the then Governor-General of the Mountains. The Emir took up the matter heartily and sent an armed force with a bishop to inquire into the truth of the case. The result showed the existence of a system of wickedness and profligacy exceeding in iniquity any thing ever known. Hindeca was seized, imprisoned, and criminated, but she managed to escape to a locality where she exerted a large amount of influence. Here, notwithstanding the disclosures made against her, she nevertheless so continued to work on the minds of the ignorant, credulous, and superstitious Maronites, that they unanimously voted her a being more sinned against than sinning; and she finally died respected and revered, and to this day acknowledged as a saint.

If I may be permitted to pause, I would make one reflection, and it is this. If these nunneries were so good as some suppose, why, ask I, need they be locked against the world with *bars of iron*? Surely, if they are so, it would be the best policy to open them, that the world may see their goodness, and glorify their Heavenly Father. If they are the salt of the earth why should it lose their savor? If it is a city on a hill, how can it be hid? Do men light a candle and put it under a bushel? or, rather, do they not put it on a candlestick, that it may give light unto all that are in the house? Are we not told, that we are to let our light so shine before men that they may see our good works and glorify our Father in heaven? But how can we

see its good when that nunnery is closed up? How can the salt therein savor the earth when it is not allowed to mix with the earth? How can the light therein hid, illuminate the world?

The fact is, there must be something wrong in a system which cannot bear the light of day. Speak of its being the light of the world, it cannot bear the light of the world to bear upon it! It is all dark within, and like a Mahomedan harem, who knows what occurs there? I do not speak to ignorant Maronites now, but to Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen, who pretend to intelligence and freedom, and them I ask what mean those *iron bars*? What wrong have these poor deluded girls done, that they should be immured in these "cold prisons?" Do you ask what prisons? I say such a one as Miss Talbot was so fortunate as to escape from; such a one as the "Holy Hindeea" presided over! O, say not that this thing can never occur in this land; *the system does*; and believe me the process follows exactly the same. I say not, learn by our experience and for ever blot out such establishments from your land—that would be a mercy to many pining there now, who would gladly return to their paternal home—but I ask you to do what is easy for you to do, and what is compatible with your honour and freedom. Open all those nunneries—let the broad light of day fall upon them. If they are good it will soon be known; if evil, dark and foul be the deeds done there, then they will be exposed, and there will be an end of them.

It has often struck me as being a wonderful fact, that this intelligent nation—a race boasting so much and so justly of their free institutions—of the words "*I am an Englishman*," which mean to me a great deal—could

tolerate such establishments in their midst—establishments of the working of which they know nothing about, into which many of their fair daughters are cajoled! Does yonder Englishman, I have often said, understand the word *freedom*, when an innocent girl is thus locked up! locked up to what? God alone knows! It would be a mercy to say to a cold and dreary grave compared to what she may suffer within! “*Oh no, this is impossible!*” I hear some of my readers say; then, I ask them, what occasion then is there for those *iron bars*? Why should those iron gates lock them from the world. Is that the way their salt is going to savour the earth? Are these the means Christianity is using to illuminate the world? But I leave you now to your own thoughts; the shrieks of thousands of girls of your own land, as lovely and as fair as those moving before you, call upon you now for deliverance. Oh, haste to them; extend your hand, say the word, and they are at once the happy denizens of a thousand abodes in this your father land. This is a Protestant country, and surely in asking that these nunneries be opened to the light of day, you ask nothing extraordinary; no tyrannical law is it that you plead; you simply desire freedom to thousands of your fellow-countrywomen. You do not keep them from going there, but in opening these nunneries you reserve to yourself the right of watching over them, investigating their grievances, and redressing their wrongs. And surely this is not much *for an Englishman* to ask.

As we are on the subject of Mount Lebanon, the reader will be interested to know how it is governed.

Till of late years, Mount Lebanon has always been to Syria what England is to the world—a home to the oppressed. A disgraced governor, an insulted Christian,

a frightened Frank, have always found a safe asylum in a mountaineer's home. One could relate many instances where such a protection was afforded, even to the detriment of the protector, but it is unnecessary to detail upon a subject so well known, the more so as that asylum is no longer. Turkey has, at last, succeeded in conquering it, and in despoiling it of that high privilege. And how did Turkey do that? Was it by might? No: *divide and conquer* was her motto. She set the petty chiefs one against the other, and by this way succeeded not only in annihilating them, but also in getting the ascendancy over them. Never would Turkey have possessed Mount Lebanon if the late Emir Besheer Shehab had not been taken away.

But he is gone! The story is told! Mount Lebanon the asylum of ages now mourns its past grandeur. The Druze warrior and the Maronite prince have lost their sway, and have become servile—servile to an effeminate race. The Turkish soldier glorying in his filth, now struts in the streets of Deyr El Kamar, the capital of the mountains, like a peacock, or lazily smokes his pipe in the palace of Bteddeen.

But to its government. Mount Lebanon now falls within the jurisdiction of the pashalik of Bayroot. Up till recently, so complete was the political union of the inhabitants of the Lebanon, that notwithstanding all the differences between them, they submitted to be governed by one head. Lately, however, through the intrigues of a Turkish cabinet, the two great races living in Lebanon have become the victims of civil brawls; Turkey interfered; and now government is divided between the Druzes and the Maronites, which will perpetuate a rivalry among them, the object of which

is to keep them under the ascendancy and control of Turkey.

Two native princes are now invested with the authority of the government of Lebanon, whilst a Turkish seraskier, or commander-in-chief, resides at Bteddeen with a large force of Turkish troops, ready to dash at them if any become too strong. Well may the traveller now exclaim "Ichabod! Ichabod! the glory is departed." Each of the princes is of a different sect, and governs a portion of Mount Lebanon (not necessarily all of one sect, though a major portion of them may be). The Emir Ameen Ruslan is the *Druze prince*, and lives in Shwaifat, a village a few miles south-east of Bayroot. (This prince now pretends to be a Moslem, though originally he was a Druze). The Emir Haidar is the *Christian prince*, and lives in Bukfaiya, a village just overhead (considering that we are on the sands of *Untelyas*, on the way to Tripoli), a few miles east of Bayroot.

These princes are dignified with the title of *Kiammakam*, a word which signifies in its literal sense *standing in the position of another*, or representatives of the government. Each of them has a Divan, or Court of Justice, composed of twelve persons, two being of each sect with the exception of the Metwalis, who, on account of the fewness of their number, are represented by one person only. The Jews are not represented. The twelve persons composing the body of the divans are thus chosen:—two Druzes, two of the Greek Orthodox Church, two Greek Catholics, two Maronites, one Metwali, and one scribe, who may be chosen of any of the above sects. Their salary is six hundred piastres each per month, or something more than sixty pounds annually. They are obliged to meet four days in

the week to transact the business of their respective regions; over these divans the Kiammakams preside. In their turn also these Kiammakams are under the surveillance of the pasha, who has a seraskier and a large number of troops at his call. A very significant fact!

These Kiammakams are paid annually two thousand purses, of which nine hundred purses are paid to the Emir Ameen Ruslan, the Druze prince, and eleven hundred purses to the Emir Haidar, the Christian prince; each purse contains five hundred piastres, or something more than four pounds sterling.

And speaking of Israel, I would say one word. The Jews are looked upon in the East as an inferior class, and treated as such. The name of a Jew is looked upon with horror and the utmost contempt. Hear a Mahomedan [tell you *that he would sooner be a dog than a Jew!* How singular it is that the name of a Jew brings with it such horrible associations to the minds of many of their fellow creatures, *Pagans as well as Christians*. Truly, indeed, have the prophecies been fulfilled on Israel: an outcast and a wanderer behold him wherever he goes: With the brand of Cain on his forehead, he is known wherever he is seen, and held in contempt the moment he is known. Poor Israel! the chosen of God! what a fearful example thou art before other nations! The land of thy fathers knows thee not; a stranger thou art in strange lands—a servant unto thy brothers—a bye-word unto all nations—a mockery unto all creeds, Pagan as well as Christian—Oh, Israel, thou beloved once of the Lord, how hast thou fallen!!!

Return we now to our tour. The reader will remember that we are on our way to the Cedars, *viâ* Tripoli.

Galloping over the sandy beach of Untelyas, we now ascend the craggy promontory of Nahr El Kelb, and in two hours after leaving Bayroot cross that river, the Lyceus of the ancients. The road leading to it is exceedingly craggy, being nothing less than a staircase cut in the rock. Immediately before fording the river (the bridge having fallen in), you see some cuneiform inscriptions, thought by some to be of the Assyrian, and others of the Medo-Assyrian type, with some human figures scooped in the rock. Its present name is derived from a rock in the river resembling a dog, and hence the natives call it Nahr El Kelb, or the Dog River. The ravine through which the river forces its way is exceedingly romantic and grand. Higher up, there is a natural bridge well worth visiting.

Our road now leads us through a most fertile and well cultivated piece of land, abounding in plantations of sugar-cane, oranges, grapes, melons, cucumbers, etc. High on the right is visible the village of Zook, famous for its embroidery and needle-work, as also for its *arak*, a liquor resembling gin, extracted from the vine and mixed with *anise-seed*, and of which the natives are very fond. Hard by, is the Roman Catholic College of Antura, where the French and Italian languages are taught by Latin monks. It is a boarding-school, but of no great pretensions.

Leaving this pleasant locality, we now descend into the bay of Djooni; ride through the small village of that name, which is nothing more than a granary; canter on the sea-kissed beach; ascend another craggy hill, though not so bad as Nahr El Kelb; cross *Nahr Ibrahim*, a majestic stream, spanned by a fine bridge; and after galloping through fertile fields, we reach Djebail in little

better than five hours after leaving Nahr El Kelb. This is an old and dilapidated town, the Byblos of the ancients. A wall which surrounds it testifies to its once being well fortified. Riding through a Mahomedan cemetery, we make the best of our way towards Batroon, a sister town of Djebail, which we reach at close of day. On the way hither we pass a road breaking off to the right, which will lead the traveller, through a tedious, craggy, but romantic country, to the Cedars. On his way he passes through Dooma, a Maronite village, where the American missionaries stationed at Tripoli, have been in the habit of spending their summer. Speaking of this, I would remark that the missionaries at Bayroot, Tripoli, and Sidon, retire in summer to the cooler regions of Mount Lebanon, the heat on the coast being such as to render it rather oppressive, if not unhealthy. The missionaries at Damascus retire to Bludan, a village, of which more afterwards.

Leaving Batroon at an early hour next morning, we now, for the first time, leave the sea coast, and striking into the interior, we ascend a ridge, near the top of which is a Saracenic fort, commanding the road, and overlooking a beautiful glen. Hence we descend into the Msailha, a craggy defile, which has ever been the rendezvous of robbers. Emerging from it, we canter through plantations of melons and cucumbers, and in about four hours from the time we mount our horses in the morning we reach the village of Amioon, pleasantly situated on the sea coast, and abounding in gardens of orange, peach and apricot. We are once more close to the sea, but not skirting its beach. Three hours after leaving Amioon, the traveller reaches Tripoli.

Never shall I forget an adventure which I had a few

years ago, a short distance from this city. I was then on my way from Bayroot to it. Do you see yonder hillocks of sand on your left as you enter Tripoli? They are not half an hour's ride from the town, yet it took another friend and myself, once, no less than eight hours to accomplish the distance. The traveller has now been brought to Tripoli in something like two days; the distance altogether being about eighteen hours. My friend and myself, on that memorable occasion, determined to accomplish it in one day. We rode our own horses, and were unencumbered with baggage. It was a July day, and though we were somewhat detained in our early start, yet nevertheless we had reached Djebail, stopped to luncheon, and were making our way out of the cemetery already referred to, when the Muezzin called the faithful to mid-day prayer. Before the sun had set, we had passed Amioon and were on the high way to reach Tripoli in an hour's time; but, ah! that hour, long shall I remember its duration. In Syria we have a very short twilight, in fact, nothing worthy the name; the darkest part of a Syrian night is between the setting of the sun and the rising of the moon. It was at this time that we reached the hillocks of sand. We had previously missed our path, and now found ourselves floundering upon them. They were composed of loose drifting sand, which engulfed horse and rider to the waist. Here we buffeted for about two hours; the moon, to our misfortune, did not show her smiling face that night till eleven o'clock, by which time we were on the seaside, not far from the Mina or harbor, of which more anon. Finding that we could no longer make our way to Tripoli over those hillocks, we determined to make our way to the sea and there follow the coast, knowing it will inevitably lead us

to the Mina; this we did, and the moon just rose up to save us from precipitating ourselves into a stream of quicksand. How we managed, I cannot tell; but this one thing I remember, that it was nearly four o'clock in the morning before we knocked at the door of my brother's house, who was then for a time residing in Tripoli as assistant missionary.

I have mentioned the *Mina* or harbour. Tripoli proper is about two miles from the sea; there is a division, however, of it on the sea shore, called the Mina, where the merchants have their offices, whilst they reside in town. Both portions, however, are surrounded by walls, at the gates of which little smart donkeys may be seen, for the accommodation of the people going to and fro between them. The fare is half a piastre, or an English penny, and for this trifle you have a donkey ride amid luxuriant gardens for about two miles; this is decidedly cheap.

The greatest attraction of Tripoli is the beauty of its females; they take the palm for good features, graceful forms and light figures, over all the other portions of Syria. Another attraction of Tripoli is its suburbs, which are very beautiful, being composed of many well-watered gardens—the water being drawn in small rivulets from the *Kadesha*, a river which runs through, and divides the city. In these gardens, the orange, the citron, the apple, the pomegranate, the apricot, the peach, and many other fruits grow in abundance; whilst the rose and the jessamine bloom luxuriantly, shedding a fragrance of choicest perfume on all around. To these gardens resort the inhabitants for evening pastime, and well do they enjoy them. I have often done so; and the recollections of those innocent diversions still linger in my

memory, and occupy a pleasing position in the catalogue of similar recreations which it has been my fortune to enjoy. Time may pass, but long shall I remember the pic-nics we used to have in those gardens, when the graceful ladies of Tripoli presided over boards spread under the canopy of a shadowing apricot, whose ripe luscious fruit fell upon us as the slightest breezes shook its boughs; on the banks of a small tiny stream whose ripples conjure imaginations of fancy and of hope; by hedges, whose fragrant breezes spoke of the rose, the jessamine, and the myrtle; in familiar intercourse with dear friends, whose jocund laugh and joyful countenances still linger on the ear, and dwell on the memory. Sweet! O sweet! were those times, the days of childhood, when care hung loose, and the battle of life was still buried in the future.

Having mentioned these attractions of Tripoli, I think I have said all that could be said of it, unless we except a view from the terrace of the *fort* which overhangs it; that is, indeed, beautiful, and is well worth visiting the fort to see. The view towards the river is exceedingly sweet and peaceful. On a terrace immediately above the river is a small *wely*, called the *Melawia*, where the Tripolitans often resort for pastime.

The traveller landing here will meet with a cordial welcome from his consul, who is a native agent. The English and American consular agents are very gentlemanly men; indeed, their families comprise the wealth and aristocracy of the place. The American will rejoice in his consul, and I promise him a pleasant stay in the house of Signor Yanni. Two American Missionaries reside here. Their first convert was their consul, who is an intelligent young man of an inquiring cast of mind.

I need not here recur to the opposition which he met with from his bishop, the clergy, his family, or friends; at one time all turned upon him, but he fearlessly avowed his change of sentiments, and over-rode the storm.

Tripoli is the nearest town from which the traveller can reach the Cedars; indeed, in this season of the year, the traveller desiring of visiting that famous grove should land here and visit them ere proceeding to Bayroot; the only difficulty in your way is that you cannot get dragoons here, nor any outfit for your journey; hence it is that I have thought best to detail to you a narrative of the journey from Bayroot hither.

All being now ready, we bid our friendly hosts a sweet farewell, and then betake us to the cedars. Shortly after leaving Tripoli we gain the table land above it, from which a beautiful view is had; the town, the fort, the Kadesha as it divides the city, and meanders through gardens of loveliest luxuriance; the harbor, and the sea with countless sails, and one or two steamers dotting its bosom, all lie before you. The road hence leads us southward over a plain, and in five hours after leaving Tripoli we arrive at the village of Zgarta. A slight ascent further on brings us to as lovely a spot as one can imagine; this is Ehden—said to be the *Paradise of Eden*. I will not stop to discuss its merits. Sufficient is it for me to say that it is lovely; but whether enough to warrant the supposition that this is the veritable paradise from which our great progenitors were expelled is quite another thing. The country hereabouts abounds in antediluvian legends; the tombs of Abel and Seth, and (just subsequent to the Deluge) of Noah are shown on the way to Damascus, but to them I shall recur in due course of time. Ehden was the summer residence of Peter Abbott,

Esq., late British consul at Bayroot. The American Missionaries stationed at Tripoli tried to make this place their summer residence; but the bigotry of the Maronites rose virulently, and hardly had the Missionaries arrived there one summer's afternoon when they had to retire before pelting stones, and an angry mob — something like an Irish Roman Catholic rabble when excited by their priests.

The scenery by the way now becomes romantic and grand, becoming more so every moment till the tourist has reached Bsharrai, when it reaches the climax of grandeur, wildness, luxuriance, and beauty. Thousands of feet above him towers Sunnin (the summit of Lebanon), hoary with snow; crags and terraces, as endless as they are numerous, encompass him; thousands of feet beneath him lies a deep ravine, in whose bottom the Kadesha meanders, now appearing, winds among beautiful meadows luxuriant with verdure, and now hid from view by yonder projecting crag. On the opposite side of the valley rises another bold ridge, the counterpart of the one on which he stands; gaps here and there arrest his attention; the village of Bsharrai nestles at his feet; its inhabitants surround him in all their gay costumes and Oriental air; and, to crown all, not far from this, among peaks of mountains, isolated by itself, is the gloomy convent of Canobin, where the pious Asaad Esh Shidiak was martyred. Three quarters of an hour hence you reach the Cedars.

Here we are, therefore, at that grove of which it is said Solomon cut wood for the finishing of the temple at Jerusalem. Certainly more must have existed in those days; now, save this grove, there are no cedars in Syria. Some of the trees in it are very old; one

measured at the base twenty-four feet in circumference. According to the accounts of various writers who visited them during the last few centuries, we find the number of such large trees decreasing. Belon, who visited them in 1550, tells us that he counted twenty-eight. Ranwolf, who visited them twenty-four years later, tells us that he only saw twenty-six, two of which were decayed from old age. De la Ronge in 1668 found them only to be twenty. Maundrell in 1696 found them reduced to sixteen; and Dr. Pococke, who visited them in 1745, tells us that they were only fifteen; whilst Lamartine, in 1832, counts no more than seven; and thus these old trees are annually decreasing: a grove of younger ones, however is taking their place. There is a small church here where the Christians of the neighbouring villages assemble once a year, in the month of June, for prayer. The cedar-tree is called *Arz* by the natives, and is a widely spreading tree, generally from fifty to eighty feet high, and when standing singly, often covering a space with its branches, the diameter of which is much greater than the height. The horizontal branches, when the tree is exposed on all sides, are very large in proportion to the trunk, being disposed in distinct layers or stages; and the distance to which they extend diminishes as they approach the top, where they form a pyramidal head, broad in proportion to its height.

In summer, when the weather is fine, the traveller who wishes to continue his tour to Baalbeck and Damascus, has to ascend to the summit of Lebanon, and then descend to the plain of the Bkâa. The ascent and descent of Lebanon are almost perpendicular, and consequently the ride is fearful; one slip, and horse and rider go with vengeance. Accidents, however, seldom

occur, on account of the sure-footedness of the animals; yet, nevertheless, I foretell the traveller that he will hail with delight his arrival at Ainette, a small spring on the opposite side; and still more so when he reaches Deyr-el-Ahmar, in the commencement of the plain. The traveller is now three hours or less from Baalbeck; the road leading to it now becomes a plain. The view from the summit of Lebanon is sublime; any description, however extravagant, will be tame. North, south, east, and west, present different attractions, which will go a great way towards compensating him for the fatigues of the ascent. Leaving now the traveller in the plains of Baalbeck, I hasten back to join my party, and hope at some future day to meet him here, and conduct him to Damascus, and further South.

Meanwhile, *au revoir!*

CHAPTER V.

Monday, 27th December, 1854 — Farewells — Wells — Scripture Allusions — Water Carriers — Prickly Pear — Demetri Cata — Our Course — Ascent of Mount Lebanon — Our Party — View — A bad Ascent — Our Stopping-place — First Impressions — “Wait, Master !” — The Cook and his Horse — Transformation of the Place — Our Dinner — Lebanon Wine — Grapes — Accommodation — The Khan — Druze Women and the Horn — Excitement of Syrian Travelling — Rain — Climate — Mount Lebanon — Its Advantages — Its Destiny — En route to Bhamdoon — Bad Road — Vineyards — Grape Disease — Terraces — Fertility — Bhamdoon — Salams of the People — Mr. Benton — En route — Fossils and Sea-shells — The Mdairij — View from above Hamana — Mist — Luncheon — Mule Train — The Bekâa — Hosh — Maalaka — Zahlé — View and Scenery — Noah’s Tomb — Its Peculiarities — Females at the Fountain — Position in Life of the People — Dr. Olin’s Testimony — Our Cook — Excitement — Illness of Thorndike — First View of Baalbeck — A small Temple — Arrival at Baalbeck.

AT last Michael told us that everything was ready, and we could start in a couple of hours hence; so, accompanied by Mitchell, I went out to make a few parting visits, leaving our friends to precede us when ready, assured that, as I knew the road, we could catch them up ere they had gone far.

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At twelve o’clock we sat down to our last meal in Bayroot—it was a luncheon prepared for us at the house

of a kind friend—and once more that good old word “Good-bye” being uttered, we mounted our horses and returned to town. At the door of the hotel we met Demetri Cara, the landlord, who informed us that our friends had gone; so, without dismounting, we turned the heads of our horses, and, accompanied by Demetri who would see us a short distance on our way, we hastened out of town in a southerly direction. Our road now lay in a narrow path lined with gardens, hedged with the prickly pear, from the corners of which we could see the white flat-roofed house covered with the green foliage of the mulberry tree. A Mahomedan cemetery we passed on our left shortly after leaving town. A string of coffee-shops lined the path, where hundreds of people were taking it easily, smoking their nargeelés and sipping their coffee. We passed two or three wells which will remind the reader of similar constructions mentioned in the Scriptures. They are circular in design, and built throughout of solid masonry. The custom is still, as of old, to draw water out of a well by lowering a rope, attached to the end of which is either a bucket called “dallow,” or an earthenware jar. Some of the wells have an iron chain, or a rope with a bucket at the end attached to them, so that any person can draw water if he wants it; other wells have not this appendage, consequently, the people have to bring their own means of raising it. This might have been the case at Jacob’s well, and at once gives the key to the remark of the woman of Samaria, “Thou hast nothing to draw with, and the well is deep.” The water is carried to the different houses on the backs of donkeys. We saw many of them at the various wells. Each donkey had a pannier laid across his back which had room for two jars on

each side, making a load of four jars. As it does not frequently happen that a family possess a donkey on which to fetch their water; there are people who make it their business to supply each house, with water on the same terms as the gas company furnishes gas to many abodes in England. The price of a load of water varies from half a piastre to a piastre, or from one to two pence.

I have mentioned the prickly pear on more than one occasion; it is a native plant and grows spontaneously. The natives hedge all their walls with it; and as it grows very thick, it makes an admirable barrier against intrusion . . . and very cheap, for they have only to cut a few small pieces and stick them on their wall, and in a couple of months they have got a formidable hedge. Nor only does it serve as a barrier; but the fruit thereof is considered a very great luxury, and many a family make their breakfast of it.

A quarter of an hour's ride brought us to the forest of pines planted by the famous Fakhre-ed-deen, a man whose visit to Italy made him more a lover of the beautiful than the useful. Here we had a sight of our friends, just a-head of us, forming, to use a common expression, a royal cavalcade. We soon got up to them, and at the head of the forest we left the baggage to go a-head, whilst we (now the six of us) with two servants and Demetri halted at a coffee-shop. Here we remained only a few minutes, long enough to enjoy a nargeel  and a cup of coffee, whilst we bade Demetri farewell, for here he was to leave us and return to the care of his hotel. . . . Three cheers were given, and then mounting our horses we cantered across the fields in a south-westerly direction. At first it was pleasant enough, as

our road lay smooth and we could gallop over it. For an hour we chased each other in lanes bounded by gardens of the everlasting mulberry, and at the foot of the mountain we passed a grove of date trees.

We now began the ascent of Lebanon, that mountain of which it has been truly said, that "it bears winter on its head; spring plays on its shoulders; autumn rests on its bosom; while summer lies sleeping at its feet." Here we caught up with the mules carrying the baggage, and as our party with "all their requisites, furniture, etc.," are here assembled, I will introduce them to the reader in proper order.

We comprised SIXTEEN strong; viz. *six* gentlemen; *four* servants; *five* muleteers and *one* boy — using *ten* riding-horses; *nine* mules for the baggage (out of which two carried tents, which were to be used in the desert if we went to Cairo), and *two* donkeys for the muleteers, making in all TWENTY-ONE animals.

We formed two distinct cavalcades, to which we had appropriate names; one we called the *travellers' party*, and the other the *baggage train*. The reason of this division the reader will know hereafter.

The *travellers' party* was composed of Michael, chief dragoman and factotum, who rode a-head and led the way; Mitchell, who, by unanimous consent, was promoted *captain of the band*, rode next, and was followed by the five of us, whilst François, courier of the Brothers Appleton, brought the rear. The *baggage train* was composed of Ahmed, the shadow of Michael, who acted as *assistant everything*, who rode a-head; then came the baggage, whilst Giovanni, the cook, brought up the rear.

I scarcely know any party travelling in Syria who began their tour more favourably than we; nothing was

forgotten that could add to our comfort or pleasure. We sported cheerful faces, and carried light hearts. Our spirits were high; we cracked jokes and laughed, cantered and galloped, then stopped and looked back at the train of mules who were more slowly coming up the hill, with Ahmed at their head luxuriating in his pipe, which reminded us of our chibooks and cigar-cases. Never were a party of travellers in higher spirits than we were on this day. We made old Lebanon echo to our hearty laugh, whilst our voices rose above its many hills and resounded from its countless dales. Shouting, joking, merriment, wit, and glee were the orders of the day. And we augured high hopes for the future; a tour thus favourably commenced, how could it but end well, thought we. We calculated on the saying, that "a thing well begun was half ended," but never was a truer saying more bitterly overcast. In a little more than a fortnight death had entered this joyful circle, and robbed it of one dearly loved by all; sickness, too, laid its heavy hand upon many of us, and this party, so well got up, and so favourably circumstanced, presented in less than three weeks a miserable appearance: but we will not anticipate the evil.

In about two hours we reached *Khan el Jamhoor*, or inn of the people, before which was a pool of water surrounded by numerous terraces of fig-trees, which, though now leafless, reminding one of the "barren fig-tree," in our Saviour's miracle, groan with fruit—the most luscious—and add to the beauty of the landscape, which, taken from here, is by no means mean; a bold background is formed by the high towering Lebanon, whose apparent crags, but which are in reality astonishingly fertile terraces; its gaps and ravines; its high-

lands and peaks; its forests; its murmuring streams of water which gush from every hill, and fall in pretty cascades to the plains beneath, swelling yonder rivulet as it pours itself under the dignified name of *river* into St. George's bay; villages dotting its bosom; isolated convents looking as dire as black night; the luxuriance of everything around, from diversified subjects of romantic wildness, picturesque beauty and sweet scenery, seldom seen anywhere, and to which no artist, however able, can do justice to its many lineaments.

A tour in Syria is full of romance; no railway whizzes by you; no carriage heavily rolls in dreary measure; no fine hotel meets you at every station, where you can find every thing you want from the "Boots" to the "*Jack*." No! here every thing is different, and savours of romance made more romantic; the horse; the loaded mule; the dragoman, the courier, the cook; the patient donkey; the philosophic muleteer; the grand scenery; the absence of roads, and, all alike, tell you, "*Now, Sir, be as savagely independent as you please*;" add to this the excitement of such a journey, and the associations of the land wherein you are sojourning, and you have at once made a tour in Syria the most enviable of any.

We stood and enjoyed the scene while Michael pushed a-head in order to prepare lodgings for us for the night; Mitchell and I followed him, and the rest came after us. Our road for about twenty minutes was on the ridge of a declivity, resembling very much a camel's back, but soon we began to ascend a steep and craggy piece of road. High and unseemly rocks bounded our right and left, much to the detriment of our feet, which hit against them most unmercifully; indeed, one of the party, a tall fellow, concluded that it was best for him to make the

ascent on foot, and so he did, presenting with his gun held backward over his shoulder, a warlike appearance. Mitchell and I gained the ascent first, and looking down could see the hats of our companions as they emerged from behind rocks and crags; at one time we could see them as if they were marching backwards, but they were only following the windings of the path, which, here let it be said, is only a water-course—the bed of a mountain torrent—and thus instead of Turkey we had to thank Heaven for a road; for were it not for this water-course, I do not see how we could have got to the top. And once up, we looked down on our companions. *Heigh ho!* we shouted to them; they looked up, and seeing us, wondered how we ever got there; then pointing to the road, they exclaimed, "*This is no joke!*" Dear reader, it is no joke! so steep, so craggy is that ascent, that before we had reached Khan el Kohalli poor Perkins had slipped off his horse, much to the amusement of the party.

But our horses did bravely; astonishing their riders. They climbed up the mountains like goats, balancing themselves on precipices where you would be nervous to stand; yet up they went, and craggy and fearful as the road is, they never made a tumble or a false step. This reminds me to say that my experience has taught me that the Syrian horse is surer footed than either the European or American; and the only way I have been able to account for it has been in the way the horses of the different countries are shod. It would not do to shoe horses in Syria as they do in the West; the condition of the roads being such as requires the horses' foot to be shod all under, not only in a ring round the hoof as I have seen elsewhere: in that case, the many stones in

the road will soon cut the hoof of the horse to pieces, and before one day's travel is over, he may have been rendered useless for the future. The only difficulty we found with our horses was, that they were small; and as we had three tall fellows in our party, they found it hard to keep their feet from knocking on the rocks and crags.

At five o'clock we reached *Khan Meer Mahmood*, where we found Michael had just arrived. It stands at the head of a host of vineyards. The first view of the *Khan* repulsed us. Smoke was issuing from every corner.

"Michael," said I, nearly blinded; "You do not mean to say that we are going to sleep here to-night?"

"Yes, master!" said Michael.

"But this is fearful," rejoined I.

"Wait and see, Master," he coolly replied.

Well I waited; our other companions had not yet arrived. Michael hired three rooms—dirty, filthy, small, and full of smoke—two of which he said were to be appropriated to the "Masters" as he called us. Poor Mitchell looked aghast. "This is a second edition of my night at Ephesus," he said.

"And is this the sort of accommodation we are to have for the future?" whispered I to Michael.

"Wait and see, Master!" was again his provoking reply.

I did wait; not however without an inward groan,—a deep sigh for the comforts of the Queen's Hotel, Glasgow, or the Astor House, New York—Michael leaving us to our thoughts as we accommodated ourselves on a rickety bench to await the arrival of our party whom we were to welcome to the *Lebanon House* as we termed the *Khan*, he took two small lights—lamps of the country—whose

small wicks gave feeble light, and swept the two rooms destined for the "masters." He then put out all the fires around the rooms, so that the smoke also disappeared; spread them with mats, and had a large fire made in the servants' room, and by the time the remainder of the travellers' party had arrived, the rooms with their feeble light were beginning to look a little more tolerable; but still there was vast room for improvement, which we did not fail to hint to Michael, who only answered, "*Wait, Master.*" We sat down gazing on each other, saying "*ne'er a word.*"

"We shall die to-night!" said Perkins.

"We can't stand the like!" added Thorndike.

"O we shall soon get accustomed to it," said Mitchell; and here he entertained us with a long story of his trip to Ephesus.

"This is really horrible!" said the younger Appleton.

Half an hour afterwards the *baggage-train* arrived, but where was the cook? We sought him, but could not find him! we strained our eyes but he was nowhere to be seen! What, had he fallen down a craggy precipice and injured himself, or had a rock fallen upon him and killed him? All thoughts for ourselves were now absorbed in anxiety for the cook. Meanwhile the mules were unloaded, and the khan became for a moment a scene of indescribable confusion, packages rolling, muleteers unpacking, mules running away, horses neighing, and I know not what not. At this moment appeared our cook with a bridle in his hand and a large saddle-bag on his shoulder! What means it? We gazed at him for a solution of the mystery; he returned our inquiring gaze, but in silence.

"What is the matter," thundered Michael; "where is your horse?"

"DEAD!" answered the cook, "he lies beneath yonder crag!" pointing to the spot where his horse had expired from old age and fatigue.

Here was a dilemma to begin with; but as it could not be helped, Michael at once dispatched a messenger to Bayroot for another horse whilst the baggage was being disposed of. In were dragged two packages which had been slung across the back of a mule, and out of them came six camp bedsteads, which were separated and placed in the rooms of the "Masters." It was now arranged that Mitchell, the elder Appleton and myself, were to occupy one room, whilst Perkins, Thorndike and the younger Appleton occupied the other, so nothing of our duty remained save to determine the positions of the bedsteads, and leave the rest to Michael. Next came a load of beds which were accordingly distributed and laid out. Each person had allotted to him a bedstead, bed, two sheets, a pillow with a white case, a blanket and a coverlit, and to each bed was added a towel, which we always secured under our pillows. Then came a package of carpets which were spread over the mats. Two portable tables of large dimensions were now brought in, one of which was at once graced with a neat cover and a couple of decent candlesticks, outshining the two little *serajés* (lamps) which the khan had previously afforded us. The other table was also decorated with a white table-cloth, which reminded us that we were to dine soon. After this came a host of camp stools, which were scattered in the rooms, and finally a large *kanoon* (a brass machine for the fire) was brought in, around which some of us gathered our stools, whilst others crowded around the reading table, for the purpose of reading or taking notes. The place began now to

assume a comfortable air, and, with the exception of the uncouthness of the rough stones which projected from the wall which did not annoy us, we really had no occasion to grumble. So we all thought, and from apparent discontent an hour ago, we were now actually congratulating ourselves on our comfortable lodgings, and applauding Michael's skill, which seemed to know no end. We were now called to the next room, where we found basins with hot and cold water. We made our ablutions and returned to find the dinner on the table. Michael is decidedly an honest caterer! On referring to the contract, the reader will observe that I stipulated for a good bill of fare, considering that we were going to rough it out, and I am here exceedingly pleased to say, that Michael exceeded himself. The bill of fare for this day's dinner run thus:—macaroni soup, roast mutton, roast chickens, beefsteak, potatoes, cabbages, cauliflower, cheese, and finally, a dessert of four or five kinds of fruits. The cruet-stand was in good order, and the pickles were prime. Add to this, our stock of wine (which was at our own cost) of foreign and native manufacture, and I assure you, reader, that our dinner at the khan was not to be slighted. And here let me say that we never fared worse. Indeed, as regards lodgings, this khan, comfortable as we all now thought it, and willing to get the same every evening, I am glad to say was the worst lodging we were obliged to put up at, anywhere in our journeyings in Syria. I mention all this that the intending traveller to the East may know what to expect for the money he lays out.

There is only one kind of wine manufactured in this country, and known by the name of Lebanon wine, or *vin d'oro*; it is a light kind, and is intoxicating in its

nature. I make this remark, because I have often been asked in my wanderings whether it has that peculiarity or not; and not a few there are whom I have heard assert that the wines [of Syria are not intoxicating! I have already spoken of the arak, a kind of spirit, also manufactured in this country, and which the natives use in visits of ceremony and on festivals; on those occasions it is handed round in small *finjans* or wine cups. Both are extracted from the juice of the grape. In the manufacture of arak, anise-seed is used. Considering this is a grape-growing country, the reader will be astonished to learn that little wine is comparatively made in it, and of that little, not much is used by the natives, for here let me tell the reader that the Syrians are by no means partial to liquors of any kind. Drunkenness, hitherto, has been at a very low ebb in the country. May it ever continue to be so, and may the curse of intemperance never alight upon a land so fair.

The vineyards, which rise in terraces one above the other till they reach nearly to the summit of Lebanon, abound in the most luscious grapes imaginable, of which we have different kinds: one called the walnut, takes its name from its size, being as large as that fruit; another is the long grape; and another is small and round. There are other kinds beside, which it would be unnecessary to mention. The English hot-house grape, good as it is, does not bear comparison with our Syrian grapes. The quantity grown is enormous. Did the Syrians know how to make wine, Syria would soon become the wine mart of the whole world. What are not used as grapes, the natives dry into raisins, and the process is thus: the grapes are gathered in September, washed in a composition of lye, water, and oil, after which they are

spread on a mat to dry, and there they remain for about a fortnight in the open sun, sprinkled once or twice every few days with this composition; they are then gathered and put into sacks of hair-cloth, and sold as raisins. Some grapes are made into a sort of treacle, called *Dibs*, whilst the refuse thereof is made into wine and arak.

After dinner, we gathered round the reading table, whilst Michael, Ahmed and François cleared the other; and we had hardly finished the smoking of our *chibooks*, when the tea was announced. A strange luxury here! I question whether this khan has seen so much civilisation in it since its erection. We drank our tea and turned to our reading table, whilst some lounged on the beds. About ten o'clock we retired. Thus was spent our first night of travel in Syria, in a khan on Mount Lebanon; an idea which greatly amused us, *viz.* the khan before and after we occupied it. We applauded Michael's skill, and learnt the significance of the reply, "Wait, masters." After this, we never troubled him about accommodations: if he has produced comfort here, surely, argued we, he can produce it anywhere else; and if things prove no worse, we are likely to have a pleasant tour through Syria.

A word about these khans. In Mount Lebanon they are more like houses than anything else, and you can hardly conceive the difference by which to tell one from the other. They abound in every city, and to them the stranger repairs. Generally speaking, they are a quadrangular building, of two or three stories high—the basement story is used as stables, but when the khan is crowded, the horses are turned out into the court, and the people are put in their place. It was so in olden

times; and it is not unlikely, that in a similar building the Saviour of mankind was born. These khans are private property; this one is owned by the Emir Mahmood, of Aalai, a village immediately above it. As I have said, it resembles a private house, the only difference is, that the khan is not enclosed, but open; being composed of three or four rooms in a row, with a covered lawn before them, and a stable in front; the masonry is far from being good, as the wind whistles through its every portion, and in rainy weather the terrace leaks, but in that case the natives have a round stone, called Mahdlé, which they roll over the terrace, and thus close the seams through which the water makes its way.

On first arriving at the khan, we saw four Druze women on the hill above us; they all wore the *tantoor*, or horn, which meant that they were married. This head dress of the horn is peculiar to Mount Lebanon, and is a sign that its wearer is a married woman. No girl wears a horn. These horns are nearly a yard long and about four or five inches in circumference at the base, gradually becoming smaller, till at the top it is not half as big. It rises up from above the forehead, and it is so tied that it holds fast; the veil, which goes over it, falls down to cover the fastenings and the face. The women of Mount Lebanon, in veiling themselves before man, leave one eye uncovered, by which to see. These horns are generally made of silver.

At four o'clock next morning (Thursday, 28th December, 1854), Michael came into our room and woke us up. We naturally asked him about the weather, as, shortly after our arrival the preceding night, it began to rain fearfully, which made us rather anxious about our next day's journey, the more so as we heard a continual

gurgling of water during the night. Michael, however, soon dispelled our fears, by assuring us that we had no cause for apprehension, as we were likely to have a fine day of it; and as for the gurgling water which frightened us, it was only a mountain stream, whose course ran beside our khan.

The rain of Syria is unlike that of Europe or America, which falls in thin drops; that of Syria may be called a *pelting* rain. It falls down thick, fast, and with vengeance, washing away soil, carrying away trees by the roots, breaking hedges, and in a short time converts the dry bed of a torrent into something like a respectable-looking river. Hence it is, that in Syria you see so many winter torrents which in summer are perfectly dry. This necessarily renders the tops of the mountains barren and dreary, since the soil being washed off, nothing but the crags are left. To remedy this evil, the peasantry cut up the sides of the mountains into terraces, raising one above the other, each of them being well hedged with stones, so that the soil washed off from one terrace only improves the one beneath it, and so on. The villagers are, however, always on the watch to keep their terraces in order.

The climate is good, and, unless in the marshy lands of Alexandretta, or the hot plains of the interior, no diseases of any particular kind prevail. Mount Lebanon is exceedingly healthy. To it invalids from the far East and far West have repaired, and found its balmy atmosphere and bracing air most beneficial to their broken constitutions. I would advise consumptive people, or others of kindred complaints requiring a warm climate, to try Mount Lebanon for a summer. Nor only those with broken constitutions, but also others with broken

incomes can repair thither with advantage, enjoying not only the benefits which nature has bestowed on this "goodly mountain," but also the advantage of cheap living. Here the traveller will find that the creatures of life are very cheap. The best mutton or beef is sold for about threepence a pound. Vegetables and fruits are abundant; for a penny or two you can purchase more than you require for a day (that is, supposing you don't grow your own stock): for another penny or two you can have an ample quantity of fresh milk every day. Fowls are sold from sixpence to a shilling the pair. Turkeys, geese, and ducks are equally cheap. The only uncomfortable thing about Mount Lebanon at present is its poor houses; this, however, is not without its remedy, as there are plenty of masons in the country who will soon put one in order for you, or build you a new one on a short notice. The sportsman requires no license here; and I assure him that game is not very scarce on this mountain; herds of deer are occasionally to be met with, and many a wild boar revels in the thickets, forests, and marshes. To the lover of the beautiful and the picturesque, Lebanon presents endless themes for an artist's pencil. Everywhere its romantic grandeur and wild beauty; its sweet glens and gurgling streams, combined with the balmiest of atmospheres, invites the wanderer *to a pic-nic*, and all this *almost for nothing*.

Speak of a *watering-place* at home, where on this earth can you find a better watering-place than Lebanon? Are you in search of a cool and bracing atmosphere? Behold it in Lebanon. Dost thou seek the lovely and the sweet? See it here. Does your soul delight in the grand and in the romantic? Feast your eyes on the many

features of this mount. Are you anything of a poet? Then sit you down by yonder murmuring brook and invoke your muse. Lovest thou to gaze on the sea? Behold the billows of the rolling Mediterranean, that classic sea of Phœnician fame. Dost thou prefer the solitude of nature to the charms of *a cold and hollow-hearted society*? Then go and wander in yonder glen. O I love to think of Lebanon; its wildness and beauty; its cold and crystal-like waters; its glens and ravines; its vineyards and groves of fig and pine trees; its springs and brooks; and its many advantages. I love to hear the voice of mirth resounding from its villages, and echoing through its hills and dales. I love to see gathering on its springs the beautiful and the lovely. And will this never be? Shall Mount Lebanon—this natural site for the most fashionable and the most advantageous of all watering-places—be for ever forgotten? Ah! what is it I see in the distance like the first peep of a dawning star? Am I dreaming, or is it real, that there is a day of glory still in store for Mount Lebanon? I think I see the time, and that ere long, when its attractions will be better known, and its lovely glens and green pastures appreciated. In one word, the time is not far distant when Lebanon will be the fashionable watering-place between India and England. Here on this Mount friends long separated will yet meet—the mother will clasp to her bosom her long absent boy; and here the civilian and soldier brothers may greet each other after a long separation. Such is my private opinion of the destiny of Lebanon. Time will show how far it is correct.

Slowly we got out of our beds: Michael had by this time the cover of the reading-table off, and on it were

several tin basins filled with the finest and coldest of water. In these we performed our morning ablutions (the towels we always secured again under our pillows). In order to guard against confusion it was hereby resolved that every one should put something in his bed in order to recognize it again. Hardly had we finished dressing when the first meal of the day was announced, and we sat down to a good breakfast: the coffee was excellent, so was the beefsteak, the mutton chops, the ham and eggs, and the broiled chickens—all were good, and we enjoyed them. It is true, we had no “news of the day” to speak of—no morning papers to discuss, yet I assure the reader we kept up a most animated conversation, speaking of how we spent the night, and a thousand little things connected with our tour.

François waited upon us, whilst Michael, Ahmed, Giovanni and the muleteers, were engaged in packing every thing; and before we had finished our breakfast, the bedsteads, beds, and carpet-bags were on the backs of the mules. We gazed sorrowfully on the scene of devastation before us, as tables, stools, and carpets were cleared one after the other. The poor khan must have sung a mournful dirge that morning, as Michael despoiled it of the honours of the Lebanon-house, and restored it to its primitive smoky and dirty condition!

At seven o'clock we were in the saddles—the cook included, who this morning appeared mounted on a grey charger (if the term may be allowed to refer to a hackney broken-winded animal) which had arrived during the course of the morning from Bayroot. The baggage-train had preceded us; but we soon overtook the mules in the ascent above. Now we began to decide on our stopping place for the night; this we soon settled; and, directing

the muleteers to halt there in case they reached it before us, we determined to go round by Bhamdoon—a village where some of the Bayroot Missionaries spend their summer, and where in winter one is kept stationed.

Our plan for travelling now was to give the mules nine hours' work a day, or thereabouts—a distance which our horses could be made to accomplish in about six or seven hours (depending much on the kind of road we had to ride on) and allowing us a little grace at the beginning and end of the day's journey, as also an hour for luncheon, besides affording us time to visit any ruins or sights which we might wish to look at, though out of our immediate course. This plan was finally decided upon, after a deal of *pros* and *cons*. Objections were started to it at first, on the plea that the distance of a day's journey was short, and that we could make longer distances; but this was overruled on the score of the shortness of a winter's day. Indeed, apart from that, I question whether long distances on the long run would be any saving of time. The mules could not stand more than nine hours' travelling a day on a long journey; and what, if by urging them onwards one should break down in a place where we could not get it substituted? What then? The delay for sending to get another, would detain us more than the economy either of time or money which we should have made at the sacrifice of comfort. Besides, let me tell you, that you will soon find six or seven hours in the saddle daily no idle task. We put it to the vote, and the above plan was adopted.

Travelling in Syria is reckoned by hours; you ask a man how far is such a place, and he tells you it is "three hours off;" this, you may conclude, to be about eight miles. The pace which the mules travel hardly exceeds

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two to two and a half miles an hour; seldom more, unless it is in the plains; so that each day's journey we made, varied from seventeen to twenty miles, according to the road.

In being so lengthy and minute, I beg to apologize to the reader; and if he has not already wearily cast me aside, I promise to reform. My object in entering into all these little particulars, is to initiate the intending tourist in the art of Syrian travelling; and now, having given an idea of how we managed things every morning and evening, I beckon you to follow on.

At Khan El Hussain we parted with our muleteers, who continued on the Damascus road, while we descended into a deep ravine in order to make our way to Bhamdoon which stood on the other ridge opposite to us. We could see it clearly, and the tourist will think that yonder village ought to be reached in a quarter of an hour; and so it may, were it not for that deep ravine intervening which will make the distance exceed an hour. The descent was very difficult—even frightful; but more so when we came to ascend the opposite ridge, which was particularly steep and craggy, rendering the ascent very dangerous. It would have amused a stander-by to have seen us climbing up, clinging to the manes of our horses: we cut poor figures. Our road as usual lay in the bed of a mountain torrent, through which, at this time, a stream was forcing its way. On both sides of us were vineyards.

A grape disease has of late years stricken the vineyards of Syria—something like the potato disease of Ireland. Bunches of grapes, struck down by disease, lay withered at the foot of the master of the manor. I trust, however, that next year's crop will repay him for the loss of his

vintage during the last two or three. I can hardly conceive a sight more tempting and luscious to look at than these vineyards laden with fine grapes. And what a scene of fertility does Lebanon present! A stranger gazing on the scene would hardly believe that anything could grow amid these rocks. Such is Lebanon, that goodly mountain!

At half-past eight we reached Bhamdoon. The villagers crowded the terraces to look at our cavalcade, as sadly mounted we made our way into the village. They saluted us with the well-known Oriental salaam, "*Allah Makum, Fain raiheen*," God be with you, Where are you going? We requested to be led to the house of Mr. Benton, the American missionary, which they cheerfully did, and in a few minutes more we were sitting by an American stove, *oppressively heated*, warming our feet.

Mr. Benton has been in this country about eight years, including a visit to his fatherland on account of his health. He was at first associated in the work with Mr. Ford, at Aleppo, but since his return from the United States he has been stationed here. He reports progress both here and in the adjoining villages, as also a universal desire for education among the people.

At Bhamdoon we remained an hour, and then, mounting our horses, we made the best of our way across the ridge towards the Damascus road. Mr. Benton accompanied us part of the way and shewed us a hill, where we picked some fossils and sea-shells! Here we parted with him, and continued our way. In about an hour we reached the Mraijat, a very bad road, succeeded by a worse, called Mdarij, or ladder, a very appropriate name. This part of the road is in winter blocked up with snow, so that it often times becomes impassable.

Frequently has the postman, carrying the mails between Bayroot and Damascus, stuck here for several days unable to make his way. Many a mule and muleteer have found their last resting-place in its snows. Hence, we had a fine view of Hammama and the scenery around it. It formed a beautiful landscape, several hundreds of feet beneath us, bounded by high towering mountains, whose bleak heads met the clouds; a beautiful cascade rushed down the mountain, and was lost to view in the ravine beneath. In descending the pass of the Mdarij, we were overtaken by a mist, which made it both unpleasant and cold; we wrapped our cloaks around us and pushed on. It soon cleared, however, and to our joy the plains of the Bkaâ, with Anti-Libanus in the back ground, came in full view.

Here we again caught up with our baggage, but allowed them to pass on whilst we stopped at *Khan Moorad*, and discussed a luncheon of cold chickens and roast mutton, cheese and oranges, which Michael carried in a carpet bag, he always had under him. Whilst eating, a caravan of loaded mules from Damascus, bound to Bayroot, passed us. We counted upwards of a hundred animals in mules, donkeys and horses—the mules predominating, we called it the *mule train*. This caravan resembles in many respects that one of old into which Joseph was sold; but of this more in a future chapter. My friends were vastly amused at seeing females riding astride of a *jelal*—a Syrian pack-saddle. It is a flat canvass cushion, covering the whole back of the animal. One female was perched between two boxes, which were strapped on both sides of the mule. These *jelals* have the reputation of being very easy saddles, and are greatly used by the natives in long journeys.

Hence we descended into the plains of the Baak, which divide Lebanon from Anti-Lebanon. It is a beautiful, rich, and well-watered plain, and has been computed by various authors at ninety miles long, running north and south, by eleven miles in breadth, nearly equal all the way. At the foot of Lebanon we saw a ruined fort, and under its shadow a small village, surrounded by a picture of fertility. This plain is the Cœlo-Syria of the ancients.

Our course lay to the north, hence we departed from the Damascus road which strikes across the plain, and enters *Wady el Kurn*, a craggy and dangerous pass in Anti-Lebanon, much resorted to by robbers. By skirting the base of Lebanon in a northerly direction, we arrived at half-past four at the small village of *Hosh*, where we had determined to stop for the night. Half an hour later the baggage arrived.

Michael hired for us a house which contained two rooms, and which, however slightly constructed, compared well with the houses of the peasantry in Europe, and was certainly superior to the dark, dirty, and crowded log-cabins of Ireland, where the man, the pig and the cow, may be seen huddled together. The family reserved one room of the house for their use. They were simple-minded, decent-looking people, apparently comfortable and well clad; and looking at them, I was reminded of the judicious remark of Dr. Olin in describing the condition of the inhabitants of Syria. He says, "their situation with regard to the physical means of comfort and subsistence is in many respects favourable, and under a tolerable government would be almost unequalled. As it is, the Syrian peasant and his family fare much better than the labouring classes of Europe. The mildness of the climate, the abundance of land and its fertility, with

the free and luxuriant pasturage that covers the mountains and the plains, render it nearly impossible that the peasant should not be well supplied with bread, fruit, meat and milk. The people almost always appear well clothed."

Thursday.—Hosh as well as Maalaka are only offshoots of the large village of Zahli. We were up at four, breakfasted between five and six, and at seven o'clock we were again in the saddle. At Maalaka we left the baggage to go ahead, whilst we turned up to take a look at Zahli. There it is. Its situation is lovely and romantic, occupying the slopes of two hills, which are divided by a river whose banks are enlivened by tall and majestic poplars. As a village in Lebanon, it ranks only second to Deyr el Kamar; its inhabitants, who are mostly of the Greek faith are brave, hospitable, warm-hearted and industrious; and in the civil wars which have often convulsed Lebanon, we see them more or less engaged in turning the fortunes of the day favorably to the Christian cause. A Greek bishop resides here; there is also a Greek Roman Catholic convent; the monks of which are remarkable for their gentlemanly bearing, as also for their hospitality and good wines.

Having taken a farewell look of the pretty village before us, we now turned our steps to the tomb of Noah which is situated in Maalaka. A mosque has risen up over the grave of the great patriarch. I do not remember the exact measurement of the tomb, though I have seen it mentioned somewhere; but it strikes me that if this is his sepulchre, Noah must have been a very tall man, for it certainly seemed to me at a random guess to be about a hundred feet in length. The old

man who shewed it to us told me that this was his length as far as the knees, the rest being bent downwards. Over the grave is a green cloth; the favourite colour of the Mahomedans; and is visited not only by Moslems, but also by Christians; indeed the Maronites have no end of legends connected with it. They believe the grave to be invested with miraculous healing power. If there is an invalid in the family he is at once brought hither and laid upon it. Should he not be cured, it is then understood that Noah does not want to have anything to do with him, and dying, his situation in the next world is very questionable. Should he survive his visit to the grave, his cure is at once attributed to the healing powers of the Patriarch. In case the invalid cannot be carried, his friends bring some of his clothes and put them on the grave for the same purpose; and others, in order not to catch a certain disease in their lifetime leave a relic behind them, which they think secures them against that malady. Our Cicerone showed us a window, where we saw a host of rags, threads and ribbons left there by several parties for that purpose: I was further told that the Maronites pay an annual visit to this tomb.

In regaining the high road to Baalbeck, we passed by a fountain, where we saw several females drawing water. They did not hide their faces on seeing us, but looked kindly and sweetly upon us, and gave us the usual salutation, "*Allah makum!*" God be with you; which we returned, but not half so sweetly. Their features were well formed; brunettes in complexion; robust, fresh, healthy in appearance, and remarkably well developed. Some of them were tall, and exceedingly graceful; their dress was simple and chaste. As soon

as their jars were filled, they carried them home on their shoulders. In Egypt, the females carry the jars on their heads; not so, however, in Syria. In carrying the jar on her shoulder, the female supports it by her hand, to guard it against falling. Immediately near the fountain there was a trough for the animals to drink from, and *à propos* of this, at this moment, a herd of buffaloes and cows were rushing down to drink. I approached one of the girls, and asked her to give me a drink of water; she immediately did so, saying, as she offered me her jar, "*Tikram ya khooi*," Welcome, brother. Nothing, in my opinion, can exceed the simplicity and unsophisticated good-heartedness of these girls. Such a scene brings to mind most powerfully the interview of our Saviour with the woman of Samaria at the well, and Rebecca and the damsels coming to draw water when met by Abraham's steward; nor less did the herds now drinking remind me of Laban's cattle, whom Jacob to quench their thirst, drove oft times to a fountain like this.

The reader will observe that in giving me her jar of water, the girl called me "brother." This is the custom of the land; you address her as sister, and she addresses you as brother.

On leaving the fountain, we were astonished at seeing a-head of us something resembling a European lady on horseback. After a little more scrutinizing the object a-head, we concluded it must be one, though why traveling alone we could not tell. Oh, could she be the English lady who married lately a Bedouin chief? It must be: there was none other who would travel thus in the land. We at once arranged our collars, and took off our mufflers, determined to make a good impression,

and rode off to the object which was slowly going a-head of us. We had hardly reached the supposed lady, who, hearing the steps of many horses behind, turned round, and seeing us, exclaimed, "Avanti! avanti!" We reined in our horses, prepared to doff our caps, when, lo and behold, the lady of our imagination was transformed to Giovanni, our cook. He had tarried behind to buy some fowls and other provisions, and was now catching up with the party when we overtook him. His straw hat and white clothes fluttering in the wind had deceived us. We looked askance at each other, and those of us who had most prepared themselves to carry the lady's heart by storm, looked awfully queer.

Now about this *lady*. Having mentioned her, I will say, that respect to those who were once connected with her, who treated her as a daughter, and those who in after years cherished her as a wife, forbids me mentioning names; but this I will say, that an English lady of noble descent, whilst travelling between Bagdad and Damascus, a couple of years ago, fell in love with and married a Bedouin—not a chief, as is the rumour, but one who was dispatched by his chief to escort her. She has a house in Damascus, but spends most of her time among his tribe with him. Every effort was made to dissuade her from taking the step, but in vain; she married him. Such is the brief Syrian career of the English woman, who by accident of birth is dignified with the title of *lady*.

Shortly afterwards, we passed through a small village; and now our bosoms were fired with excitement to catch the first glimpse of Baalbeck's towering columns. Mitchell and I pushed ahead, galloping over fields of rich fertility. Our excitement, what from galloping, a

bracing air which whistled past us, and the anticipation of seeing Baalbeck was so great, that we did not notice our leaving the right road: on we galloped without stopping to gaze back on our companions, whom we thought were following hard upon us. We were now far on our way towards Anti-Libanus before we reined in our horses and looked back. Great was our amazement, on straining our eyes for miles in the direction we had come, to see no signs of our party. We now remarked, that the path in which we were galloping could not be the well-beaten track to Baalbeck. On sweeping the horizon with our eyes, we discovered them wending their way at the foot of Lebanon. The distance between us was four miles; and, as it was a plain, we turned the heads of our horses and galloped diagonally across to them, and in less than half an hour we were up with them again. They had seen us diverge from the road, and had fired their guns to warn us of our mistake; but so great was our excitement that we did not hear the volley of muskets and pistols sent after us.

On joining our party we found poor Thorndike ailing. His head pained him; his neck was stiff; his joints seemed out of order; in fact, he thought himself ill altogether, and we were all very anxious on his account, the more so, as his health was delicate. We thought it was only the effects of riding on the Arab saddle, to which he was unaccustomed; so Mitchell jumped off and gave him his horse which had an English saddle, and I gave mine to Perkins who also looked uneasy. Mitchell and I were the only two who rode on European saddles. I had ordered mine from Liverpool before leaving England, and advise all travellers who would make the tour of Syria, to do likewise. At this moment Michael,

who rode ahead, shouted out the now doubly welcome name of Baalbeck. We looked up, and sure enough there was BAALBECK! Had we not been anxious about Thorndike, who every moment was getting worse, we would have dashed up to it in a mad gallop. As it was, our enthusiasm was somewhat sobered, and we rode on quietly, satisfied with gazing at its columns from a distance.

Half an hour before we reached the majestic ruins, we passed a small temple, evidently put up and used as a Mahomedan mosque. It is a circular building, supported by eight columns of Egyptian granite. We did not stop to look at it, but pushed on. At one o'clock, precisely, we reached Baalbeck; and, under the shadow of the ruins, we spread our shawls for poor Thorndike, and made him lie upon them whilst Michael gave us our luncheon. He then went in search of lodgings for us, which he soon succeeded in finding in the house of a Greek family. By this time, the baggage mules had arrived, and we all moved there.

We now determined to stay in Baalbeck over the morrow till Thorndike should have rested, as we all attributed his indisposition to fatigue. Then it occurred to us that the day after would be Sunday, so we concluded to remain in Baalbeck till Monday. This being decided upon, and our things being put out, we gave ourselves up to a three days' survey of the ruins and their vicinity. And now, farewell, dear reader, for the present.

CHAPTER VI.

BAALBECK TO DAMASCUS.

Friday, 29th December, 1854.—Baalbeck—Its Architecture—Its Ruins.—A Country View—A Moonlight View of the Ruins—A Native School—The Contrast—An Ancient Cemetery—A Carriage-road—The Solitary Pillar—Ahmet's Idea of it—A Bedouin—Arabian Horses—The Muezzin—Mohamedanism on Prayer—A Mosque—Perhaps an Ancient Bath—Ras el Ain—Perilous Experiments to decipher the Inscriptions on the Walls of Baalbeck—The Quarry—The large Stone—Original Resources—P. . and the Fleas—A Turkish Wedding—Baalbeck—Evils of the Farming System—Thoughts on the old Year—Syria—Departure—Mill—Ploughs—Clear Sky—Bad Road—*Akraibé*, kind Villagers—Bad Road and beautiful Ravine—An Eagle—Tomb of Seth—Beautiful Scenery—Arrival at Seriaga—A Shooting Expedition—Rather unfortunate—M. . and the Villagers—Sick People—Necessity of more Medical Men—Beautiful Valley—Zebdani Bludan—British Consul's Summer Residence—Wady Souk Barada—Its Antiquities—Mr. Wood and his Influence—Tomb of Abel—Antediluvian Remains—Ancient Abila—The Fair—Attack by the Saracens—The River Barada—Last Day's Ride to Damascus—The Fijé—A cold Ride—Fierce Wind—First View of Damascus—Entrance to Damascus—Streets—Shops—Sales—Scene—Arrival at our House.

“O BAALBECK! Queen of ruins!” Here we are beneath its shadow. Much has already been written about it; and diverse have been the opinions of authors as to its origin. Many have identified it with the Baal-gad of the Scriptures, whilst others, zealous for assigning its

origin to Solomon, have supposed it to be Baal Hamon; and there are others who argue that it does not reach back to the Solomonic age. I do not intend entering upon the arena of controversy as to its origin, nor do I intend wearying the reader with an account of all its measurements or statuary; suffice it to say, that the tradition in vogue among the natives is, that *it was begun by Solomon*. The intelligent tourist, however, will observe, that if begun by that monarch, of which, in my opinion, there is ample evidence in the masonry, which resembled greatly that of his temple at Jerusalem, it was never finished by him. Whether so or not, must remain for the present as matter of opinion, seeing so many able authors have differed on this subject; but it certainly is one of different eras of architecture. Three are observed very distinctly; viz., one which has been supposed to belong to the Solomonic age, and is composed of gigantic hewn stones in the face of the platform or basement, on which the temple stands, three of which, forming an upper course about twenty feet from the ground, measure no less than *one hundred and ninety feet in length*, being severally of the enormous dimensions of *sixty-three* and *sixty-four* feet in length, by *twelve* in breadth and thickness! In the quarry, which I visited, and of which more anon, I saw a stone still larger than these, measuring about *sixty-nine* feet long, by almost *fourteen*, in thickness and depth. It lies in the quarry all but finished. The second era of the architecture of Baalbeck is decidedly Roman, and to which is supposed to belong the two temples, which some have assigned to Antoninus Pius, from two inscriptions on the eastern wall. These temples present some fine, if not actually the finest specimens of Corinthian architecture in existence, and impress

the traveller with a wonderful grandeur and majesty. The third era is Saracenic.

There were evidently two temples; one larger and one smaller—the latter, however, is the best preserved—both were dedicated to the Sun, and were called Heliopolis: I do not wish to enter upon these statistics to any extent, as, after all the historical notices on this subject, are so scanty, and the opinions of the authors varied and different. Its origin also appears to be lost in the most remote antiquity.

Now to the ruins: the first idea that suggests itself to the traveller as he finds himself in the confusion of large stones, cornices, and shafts of broken columns, through which he has to pick his path, in order to get to the temples, is one of grandeur. Nor does this idea diminish as he gains the first landing, and fronts the six columns standing before him in unique beauty: or the others, which surround the lesser temple; or the exquisite corridor—all of which impress him with awe as well as beauty. The effect of the whole ruin is imposing, and the traveller gazes and gazes in silence. We enter the corridor, which is covered by a fine entablature, and make our way through heaps of defaced fragments of statuary to the opposite side, where we front the Saracenic part of the building. The entrance to the temple of the Sun being walled up, we squeeze ourselves through a small hole up to it; and now we are in: the first object that strikes us is a large eagle with outspread wings, occupying two-thirds of the stone-work above the porch, but the stone on which it is cut, and which is the main block in the doorway, has sunk down some feet. The eagle holds in his beak two festoons, of which the other ends are held by two *genii*. In his claw is the

caduceus. Light pilasters with double capitals, range on each side of the temple, and between them are niches intended for the statues. Three elegant double columns finish the rich sculpture of both ends. Neither this nor the larger temple seem to have been roofed.

In regard to the defacing of the statuary, I am inclined to think it the incendiary work of Mahomedans, who have an aversion to all statues of any kind. Some have thought the destruction to be the work of Christians, who consecrated the place to Divine worship, and consequently destroyed all that they thought was idolatrous.

From this, we passed to the larger temple; and here, again, we stood dumbstruck before the six columns which rear their heads to heaven, and which seem conscious of their magnet-like influence. The richness of the work, and the boldness thereof, are of infinite grandeur and majesty. We wandered about the building for hours; and the more we looked on the ruins, the more they grew on us, and the more were we inclined to seek out the originator of the work, and the purpose there; the more so, as we know that Baalbeck has never been the seat of a monarch. Then, why this expense? Why these magnificent structures so far from their capitals? Surely this could not have been supplied by private or municipal liberality?

We now descended by a hole in the north-eastern wall, and found ourselves on the margin of a stream, the Leitani or Leontes of the ancients, which falls into the Mediterranean not far from Tyre, watering, in its course, the plains of the Bkaâ, and other valleys of less note. From here we could see the two inscriptions mentioned by Dawkins and Wood, which bear the name of Antoninus.

Pius, perhaps the projector, as has been supposed, of the two Roman temples; and which, if so, must have been erected somewhere during the second century of the Christian era. We were now led into a subterranean passage, where we saw two statues, one of which I thought was Hercules and the other Diana. Immediately outside, and forming the first and second tiers, we saw some monster stones with bevelled edges. These, doubtless, belonged to the first era of the structure of Baalbeck, and show us, at once, the gigantic size of the original plan. If this can be the work of Solomon, then we can begin to have a faint idea of the grandeur of the temple at Jerusalem. These stones are of themselves a wonder; and the architect of the nineteenth century stands awe-struck before them. How were they brought here — how put in their places — and how adjusted with such nicety? are questions which at once present themselves to the mind.

We now walked round the building, which certainly occupies as large a space of ground as the Athenian Acropolis, and contented ourselves with a general view. Having made our way through fields of turnips, we returned home by a small temple which is now used as a Christian chapel—a few columns adorn it, and figures are carved in bold relief on each side. Emerging from it, we found ourselves before a “tannor,” a country oven—it is a circular building, if building it may be called, three feet deep and about eight feet in circumference, dug in the ground; the sides are smooth; in the centre the fire is placed, which is to heat the sides; while, on the sides, the bread, in large round cakes, is stuck till it is rendered fit for eating. Here we saw a group of three women baking, who kindly offered us some of the bread.

M—— took a sketch of the oven and the women, at which they were greatly pleased. They smiled upon us kindly, and betrayed no fear. These “tannors” are peculiar to Mount Lebanon and other villages in Syria, as also the large thin cakes of bread which they bake, resembling brown paper; it is, however, good in taste, and by no means ugly in appearance. The towns have regularly built up ovens, where they bake small round cakes, which taste very well, inasmuch as the wheat of Syria is good. Both kinds are preferable, in my opinion, to the English or American bread, especially as they keep longer without crumbling, which the author found was the case with the bread of those countries. In some villages, we saw them baking cakes of Indian corn, which also grows plenteously in the country.

M—— having finished his sketch, we now returned home, where we found the dinner ready, and which, after washing our hands, we discussed with zest. Travelling and the open air give very good appetites, at least, so we found it, to the cost of Michael, who always said, “Eat away, masters—glad to see you eat so well—a good sign that you enjoy good health.”

Immediately after tea, I went out in company with the younger A., to take a moonlight view of the ruins; unfortunately it was a cloudy night, and the moon was not visible; but nothing daunted, we went, and were well repaid with the view. No traveller ought to miss seeing the ruins at night. I deem the view by far the grandest when seen then. The columns look so massive, and the fallen fragments, clothed with the sombre mantle of night, swell in grandeur; and it is then that the traveller can say, “What a splendid ruin!” When the moon

shines upon the ruins, as it did on the succeeding night, the view becomes enchantingly magnificent. We wandered amid these noble relics of the past, enjoying a real mental feast. We could see the snow-capped Lebanon in the distance, which contrasted strangely with its dark and sombre sides, or the blue plains beneath. Oh, Baalbeck, queen of ruins, thou art, indeed, glorious! It has been asserted by writers that the Acropolis of Athens is a finer work than that of Baalbeck. I question the assertion; but, allowing that the Acropolis, as a whole, may have more artistic merit, it still lacks the magnificence, grandeur and majesty which pervade these ruins. I have visited both, and certainly am inclined to give my favour to the latter. I have been told by those who visited Palmyra, that there is nothing there to compare with the architecture or imposing grandeur of Baalbeck. Speaking of this fact, Burekhardt, who visited both places, says, "The entire view of the ruins of Palmyra, when seen at a certain distance, is infinitely more striking than that of Baalbeck, but there is not any one spot in the ruins of Tadmor so imposing as the interior view of the temple of Baalbeck." He adds also, that "The architecture of Baalbeck is richer than that of Tadmoor." Just what I would say of the Acropolis of Athens; beautiful as it may be, and complete as a whole, yet it does not bear comparison with the magnificence and grandeur here seen. It pleases, and it may even fascinate the beholder; but it fails to inspire that awe which steals over you when gazing on this queen of ruins.

Saturday, 30th December, 1854.

I was awakened this morning by loud noises in the yard;

and, on going out, found that our host was a school-master, and one of the rooms in his house was used as a school. In it I saw about twenty boys, who were learning to read the Psalter of David. A Greek priest was sitting in their midst, which made me think that he was the superintendent, and that the school was established by the Greek church. This idea was afterwards confirmed by the teacher. The boys were reading out as loudly as ever they could, no one studying quietly; in fact, each was trying to out-bawl the rest, and a scene of confusion was the result. The teacher sat demurely cross-legged, with a switch near him, which he did not fail to bring down on the backs of those whose voices he could not hear. Every now and then the priest quickly ejaculated, "*Orow*," i.e. *read*, or, in other words, "*Study, boys*." And such is a fair sample of the native schools in Syria. The Mahomedans are likewise taught to read their Koran; and both races consider this sufficient education.

This led my thoughts into a new strain—the contrast was very great. I thought of the days of Baalbeck's glory, when those stones were hewn and those columns reared, and the present day, when the natives of Baalbeck live in ignorance; and to the query, "How were those stones put here or there?" a shrug of the shoulder is all the answer. But the contrast becomes deeper and more painful, that here, in the sight of these ruins, within view of the quarry from which those large stones were cut, and under the shadow of these columns, to find so much ignorance and degradation—an education which does not go beyond reading the Psalter or the Koran, or learning to sign one's name! It is, indeed, sad.

Immediately after breakfast, M—, P—, and I ordered our horses for a ride to the single column standing on the plain. Taking Ahmet with us, we first proceeded to Haret-el-Shawarni, bearing a little north-east from the ruins. On the way, we passed by the old city wall, which is now in ruins, and which now testifies to the grandeur of the city of Baalbeck in former days, but by no means enough to justify yonder splendid structure. In about five minutes after leaving our lodgings, we reached the spot designated by the above mentioned name. This we found to be nothing more than a cemetery. Here we found a host of caverns containing mausoleums, some of them having no less than ten and in each mausoleum some seven or eight tombs. These caverns are numerous, but are now buried under the ground. A man told us, that if we were to dig anywhere in this district, even as far as the mountain, pointing to the foot of Libanus, we should find similar caves. Some small mausoleums were separated from the rest, and had a door, opened apparently by a panel rock, slid from the top, the grooves for which are still apparent. There was one which attracted our attention, being ornamented with a couple of defaced statues, which I supposed were meant for Diana.

Now to those caves. We entered a few of them, as also the mausoleums, in each of which we found several neatly-cut sepulchres, varying in number from two to seven, and even more. Whilst gazing on them, it struck me that each of these caves must have belonged to one great family, where each of its members had a mausoleum to bury the dead of his own household. Their appearance certainly suggested the idea; and, right or wrong, I give it to the reader.

We also saw sundry tombs over ground. These, we were told, were of recent date, and belonged to Mahomedans and Jews. They were separate from each other, and were distinguished by the positions in which the dead lay. The Mahomedan lay north and south, with his face towards Mecca, whilst the Jew lay east and west.

Immediately beyond, we passed a neatly cut road for carriages; we could see the grooves cut for the track of the wheels. Our road now lay across open fields, which bespoke the utmost fertility; all the country hereabouts seemed under good cultivation. In about an hour we reached the single column already referred to, and which, for want of a name, we called "Inauguration pillar;" supposing that it was meant to inaugurate some great event, or commemorate some battle. It was composed of four steps, one pedestal, fifteen circular blocks, on the fifth of which was a defaced inscription, and two cornices. Whilst looking at it, Ahmed asked me, if I thought there was any gold underneath; and to which I replied, that I did not know, but supposed there was none. I explained to him, that I thought it was erected to commemorate some event in by-gone days. This was necessary; otherwise, avarice might tempt the natives to pull down these structures—all that is left, with the exception of its clear sky and shining sun, of the glory of Syria. Indeed, if the traveller will be careful to observe, he will find that avarice has already been at work in undermining the columns fronting the temple of the sun, in quest of hidden treasures. It is, therefore, of the utmost necessity for the tourist to undeceive the people on this point.

At this moment, a Bedouin passed by, riding on a small

colt, perhaps not so much as two years old; and this reminds me, to state the reason why our horses are so small in size; it is because they are broken early, before they have attained to the age of maturity. Seeing us gazing on this column, and possessed with the same idea which floated a minute ago in the mind of Ahmed, he came and stood by us, nor did he leave till we had gone away. This man, dressed in the habiliments of his race, which simply consisted of an *abba*, or mantle, made of wool or camel's hair, with broad stripes, and tied about his waist with a cord of the same material twisted; his head covered with a *keffié*, or kerchief, folded triangularly and thrown over the neck and shoulders, and bound to the head by a band of twisted wool or camel's hair, presented M — with a good subject for a sketch, which he accordingly took.

Satisfied with our day's excursion, we now galloped to Baalbeck, which we reached in time to hear the Muezzin crying the afternoon call to prayer. Prayer, fasting and alms, are the religious duties of a Mussulman; who is encouraged to hope that prayer will carry him half way to God, fasting will bring him to the door of the palace, and alms will gain him admittance. According to the tradition of the nocturnal journey, the prophet Mahomet, in his personal conference with the Deity, was commanded to impose on his disciples the daily obligation of fifty prayers. By the advice of Moses, he applied for an alleviation of this intolerable burthen; the number was gradually reduced to five, without any dispensation of business, pleasure, time, or place; the Muezzin therefore calls the faithful at day-break, noon, afternoon, sunset, and the first watch of the night.

Ahmed now asked us to go and visit a beautiful fountain, at the foot of the hill, about twenty minutes ride from Baalbeck. This, at once, we agreed to, and he led the way, we following. In a few minutes, we passed the Mahomedan mosque, where a host of columns of Egyptian granite are to be found. This added much to the wonder which already filled our minds. Greece and Egypt have alike contributed their quota to beautify this place, and yet, *why this place?* is a natural inquiry. From what I could see of the mosque, I should take it for an ancient bath; and I am glad to find that this opinion is corroborated by others. Here we saw the faithful at their ablutions, before commencing their devotions. Cleanliness, with the Mahomedan, is the key of prayer; the frequent lustration of the hands, the face and the body, which were practised of old by the Arabs, are solemnly enjoined by the Koran. The attitudes of prayer, with the Mahomedans, are alternately sitting, standing and prostrate; their prayers are poured forth in short and earnest ejaculations, with their eyes turned towards Mecca. It is not necessary that the Mahomedan should pray in a mosque; all spots, for the service of God, are equally pure with him; and the traveller will see the devout Mahomedan at prayer in the street as well as in the fields. But I refrain from further particulars at present.

We now rode out to the fountain, and were well repaid by its beautiful crystal water, of which we drank; it springs from under a rock, and I was told that its main source, was at a village called Nabek some hours distant. Here I saw an old Saracenic inscription, which I could hardly make out; but I deciphered the words "Zahry El Saiedy, A. H. 707," apparently,

after the Crusaders evacuated the country. I am not sure that I deciphered the date correctly, owing to its being submerged in water; but I am inclined to think that I am correct. Here, also, was a mosque; and this reminds me to add, that the Mahomedans are fond of building their mosques in the vicinity of fountains.

At half-past three, we returned home, passing by the bazaars which seemed well supplied for the place. We saw a man selling English calicoes, another Scotch zebras; the shops are low, and hardly raised above the level of the streets. On regaining the house, we found that it wanted two hours of dinner-time, so we proposed taking a ladder and deciphering the inscriptions on the north-eastern wall. We did so, but found one ladder far too short, so we sent François with a native to bring another; this soon came, and, after tying them together, we found they but barely reached the stone on which was the inscription. As we could do no better, I mounted up the steps, but they were so rickety, that it was resolved I should go up no farther, but descend at once; I, however, after a great deal of what the world calls palpitation of the heart, managed to get to the top, but was ill repaid for my trouble, as I was too close upon the inscription to be able to decipher it; so I came down, and we determined to try the next one, above which was a window from which I could be let down: so, ordering some ropes, we went up there and I was let down. Neither would this do, as it brought my breast against the inscription, and besides the cord round my waist hurt me exceedingly, so I called out to P—— who had me pulled up. By this time our desire to read the inscription for ourselves had increased in proportion to

the trouble we had taken, and we determined to get at it any how. We at last concluded, that as the description was close at hand, I had better be let down head foremost, and, whilst they held me from the window lest I should slip, I would blacken the letters while some one stood by to provide me with ink. At the same time P——, with an opera-glass, would try to decipher the letters from below. This we did, and finally succeeded in blacking the letters, but as to the reading of the inscription that was quite another thing—we could not make much out of it, so we gave it up—I, however, saw the inscription afterwards in Damascus, in the splendid work of Messrs. Wood and Dawkins. Never shall I forget how queer I felt when I was let down head foremost; I was glad to finish my task and be up again. Poor P—— was quite fidgety about me, and his short but earnest ejaculations for me to take care of myself still ring in my ears. To do him justice, he relieved me once at my task, but not for long, as he soon got tired and withdrew. I would not desist, however, seeing I had gone so far, until I had blackened the whole. Would that I could equally say, that I had been able to read the inscription; parts of it we deciphered, but nothing that would make the whole intelligible.

Later in the day we paid a visit to the Quarry; it is about five minutes' walk from the ruins. Here we saw the large stone already referred to, and which measures sixty-nine feet by fourteen; it lies nearly finished. We could see the marks of the chisel, as it followed the seam of the rock; and here I would say that almost all the rocks in this vicinity, as also in Syria, are of limestone. Another stone we also saw standing upright, which had

been hewn in twain, but was left unfinished as it is still joined at the bottom.

But what ideas of grandeur—and what amount of labour bestowed on each stone—and what enormous expences must have been incurred on each, not to say anything of the whole building! First of all, they had to dig and remove the earth from round the rock, in order to see that it was sound; then they had to determine whether it would do; then they had to cut it, and then hew it even; and all this was to be done with the chisel. This being finished, they then had to carry it to the building! The more I looked at this stone, the more was I confirmed of the truth of the local tradition that this was the work of Solomon; few monarchs possess such resources as to enable them to raise such structures; and even if they had few would be willing to expend so much on a place so far from their capitals.

And gazing on this stone, I felt transported in mind to the time when these hills were crowded with engineers and masons; when the sound of the hammer was heard; and when men were going to and fro like to an army. Surely Baalbeck must have seen very exciting times!

Sunday, 31st December, 1855.

Poor P— woke up this morning—I beg his pardon for leaving the impression that he slept; the fact is, he presented himself to us full of red pimples, which we were told were the bites of fleas; a miserable picture he seemed indeed, and we were all sorry for him.

About twelve o'clock we heard that something extraordinary was going on in the bath—we went there—and lo, and behold—it was a Mahomedan wedding. The bridegroom was now brought to be washed; and whilst

he was inside undergoing that operation, the outer court was full of people: on one side sat the Cadi and various others, who seemed to be the aristocracy of Baalbeck. Long pipes and bubbling nargeelés were in constant demand for this party, who sat demurely gazing on the rest: on the other platforms sat their retainers, or others of the villagers. In the middle of the court there were some men dancing, whilst others were singing for them. As they danced, they would go round and stop before one of the great men, who taking the hint, drops in the hand of the dancer a piece of money; this he holds up and shouts *Khalaf Allah Alaih*, or "May God reward him . . . Mr. So-and-so, ten piastres," . . and thus they go on from one to the other.

Being Sunday, I did not stay to see any more of the proceedings, which were quite familiar to me; but, throwing some half piastres among the singers and dancers, we retraced our way home. In the afternoon we were told that the people were playing the *Djereed*, the tournament of the middle ages, which is still played in the East; one horseman chasing another and throwing a javelin at him, which they call the Djereed; this the other man parries and then turns upon him, and the attacker becomes attacked in turn. It is not an uncommon thing for them to hurt each other. In the evening they met at the house of the bridegroom, and filled the place with their noise.

And now one word on the present condition of Baalbeck, as a village, and we are done. It is pleasantly situated on the lowest declivity of Anti-Libanus, at the opening of the Bkâa; it numbers about two thousand inhabitants; a few years ago it numbered six thousand, and previous to that more; but it is sharing the fate of

other places under the Turkish rule; and here is one of the evils which arise from letting out the revenues of the land to private speculators. They mortgage the land; this falls heavily upon the poor farmer; for not only are the taxes heavy enough, but he has to pay an interest of twenty-five or thirty per cent. over and above the government tax. In default of his not paying up at the end of the year, interest is demanded on both principal and interest; and thus it goes on till the farm becomes so burdened as to oblige him to give it up to the speculator, who, in the course of three or four years, makes a hundred per cent., whilst the poor farmer is driven away from his home. This is the history of many a village in Syria; and it accounts for the depopulation of the country. Villages have been abandoned; and where was once a happy settlement, resounding with voices of mirth, nothing now is heard but the hooting of the owl, or the rustling of the leaves. From this circumstance much of the beautiful land of Syria is left uncultivated. Where once fertility abounded a scene of waste presents itself to the eye of the astonished traveller. I refrain from further remarks on Baalbeck; and for one moment turn to consider the evening to which, in God's providence, our lives have been extended, an evening which at once closes fifty-four, and ushers us into fifty-five.

After tea, M—— and I went to the ruins, and rambled among the fallen fragments and standing columns. It was a glorious sight to gaze at those six Corinthian pillars with their shadows underneath, the effect of a bright moon which shone in the firmament above. And here, among these ruins, the relics of the past, I sat down to give one thought to this eventful season. It was already late; time was rapidly bearing me on its wings,

and the hour was nigh at hand which was to dissolve one year and introduce another; a fitting place were these ruins for such a solemn strain—the journey of life—a journey from the cradle to the grave. Here, in the midst of tottering columns, I bade the old year an eternal farewell. The past never returns. Its voice is silent, and will speak but once hereafter. Heaven grant that it may not condemn us! Twelve months ago I beheld the opening of this year in the fair clime of Georgia, U.S., amid the pleasant society of Savannah. Twelve months after, I see its close in the valleys of Syria, amid the ruins of Baalbeck. Life, indeed, is a journey. I look back on the past, and find it mixed with pleasure and pain; and now, as I review the past year, I am reminded of its sorrows and joys, its afflictions and blessings, its tears and smiles. And then the thought occurs, how have I improved its opportunities, performed its duties, employed its privileges, and fulfilled its obligations.

One more year is gone—a milestone on the great highway from time to eternity. We are entered upon the history of another year, and we know not what joys or sorrows it may bring. May it be, indeed, full of happiness, both temporal and spiritual—a joy-giving year. Farewell, FIFTY-FOUR; welcome FIFTY-FIVE.

And from this, I turned to think of Syria in her present illiterate and degraded condition. How changed will be the scene when civilization and art will unfold the true powers and glory of the Syrian mind, displaying to its astonished vision the lights of science; when the Cross will be elevated above images and superstitions, and the people point from their windows to the Star in the East, and offer, instead of human sacrifices to un-

known gods, the incense of grateful hearts to the supreme Ruler of the universe for His goodness and mercies. How changed the scene when cultivated plains and noble cities, with their proud spires and columns, are substituted for wild woods and clusters of mud houses; when delicious fruits blush in fragrant beauty in cultivated orchards and gardens; when golden harvests wave in fields—

“Where pathless woods no grateful opening knew ;”

when the government affords security for life and property, and treats the Christian, the Mahomedan, the Jew, and the Druze on an equal footing; when ports are whitened with the sails of commerce, and industry fills the land with plenty; when justice substitutes despotic will, and order arises from a heap of confusion, securing to each man the blessing of wise laws, good government, social protection, and happiness!

About one, we returned home, and found some of our companions still up. The cook was preparing the luncheon of the day; this he always cooked over night, and put in Michael's saddle-bags, as has already been noticed. T— was better, and we determined to start at the usual hour; so telling Michael that, we hurried to our beds, and had our first sleep in the year 1855.

Monday, 1st January, 1855.

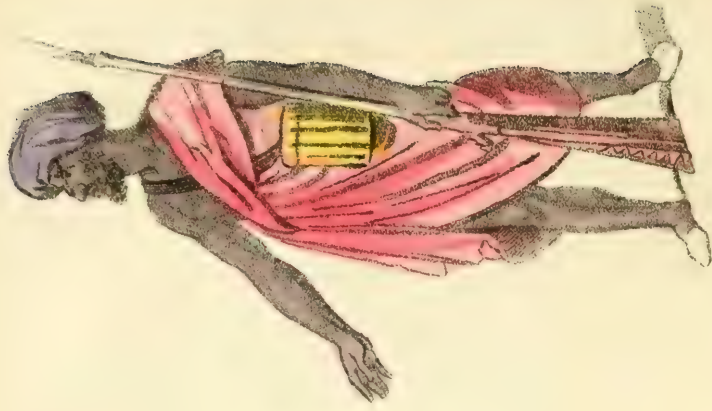
At eight o'clock this morning we were in the saddle, bound to Damascus. Our course lay south, over the ridges of Anti-Libanus. On reaching the end of the village we saw a heavy mist lying on the ground; and even the ruins, which were close at hand, were enveloped in it, and hardly visible. Here we passed a grinding-mill,

which resembled much the description given of them in the Scriptures. It was a small building, driven by water-power. There are others driven by horse-power; and there are others called "wind-mills;" whilst there are others, smaller than those, turned by hand, mostly by women. All these sorts of mills may be often met with in Syria; they contain two circular stones, two feet in diameter and half a foot thick, lying one above the other. On the top of the *rider*, which is the upper stone, there is a hole, through which the corn is introduced. The upper stone is then made to turn by means of any of the powers already referred to; and the friction on the lower stone grinds the corn, and sends it out fine at the edges.

By the time we had reached the first declivity, which is immediately above the quarry, the mist was being quickly dispelled before the morning sun. It had now reached the foot of Lebanon, and the rich plains of the Bkâa lay open before our view. Here and there we could discern the peasantry engaged at their plough, which was drawn by two oxen, while a man, who put his might to the plough, that it might make deeper furrows, was lashing them with a long rod from behind.

From the top of the first hill on which our road lay, we turned to take a last view of the ruins. There, they rose before us, in all the glory of a morning sun, and the columns, as they sent their shadows into the fields of turnips beneath, seemed to bid us good-bye as they have done to many a traveller before us, who had visited them. Silently we turned the heads of our horses and resumed our journey: it was a cold and frosty morning, but that occasioned us no concern, as we were well wrapped; the sky was clear, the air was balmy, and our only

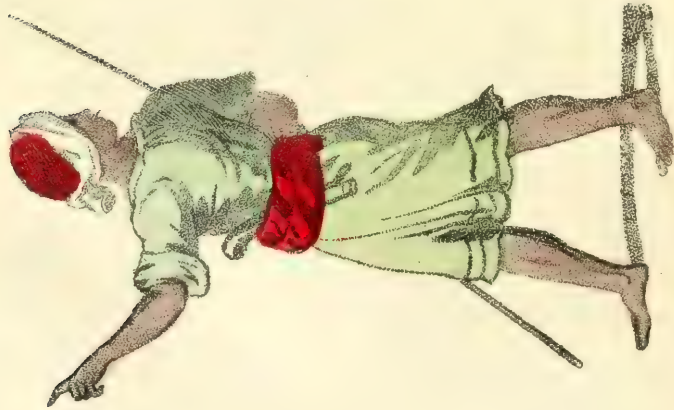
BEDOUIN ARAB



NATIVE OF CAIRO



ROSETTAN



trouble was the road, which was exceedingly bad; being on the side of a ridge. At eleven o'clock we stopped at a large fountain, which was circular and walled round like a well. Here we partook of some luncheon, while the women of the village kindly went down and filled our tumblers with water.

Our road now lay on another ridge, then descended slightly and entered on the slope of another. The path was very narrow, scarcely a foot in breadth, whilst the mountain slid down almost perpendicularly to the depth of a thousand feet or more below us; then rose up with equal steepness on the other side. It was a fearful piece of road, and one used only by horsemen; our mules did not attempt it, but went a round-about way. Beneath was a beautiful and luxuriant ravine, through which the river Seriaga made its way, amid poplars and other trees. The luxuriance of the valley contrasted strangely with the bold rocks which every now and then projected over it from either side. We were glad when we were told that the fearful part of the way was over. In descending to the ravine we saw an eagle, who on its appearance immediately flew and soared above us; sometimes he would seem as if coming down upon us, and at others he would rise so high as hardly to be visible.

At one o'clock we crossed the river Seriaga, a little north of which is shown the tomb of Seth, and is called *Nebi Sheit*. We did not go up to it, but continued on our way in a most luxuriant valley, where mulberry trees grew in abundance, and poplars overhung the stream which watered them.

At half-past one we reached the miserable but well situated village of Seriaga. Here we stopped for the night—a house was taken and cleaned as usual, and the

baggage arrived about three o'clock. In the meantime, M—and I, accompanied by François, went out to see if we could shoot any birds. We wandered some time among the trees and on the edges of the hills, but found nothing to recompense us for our trouble; and with the exception of a few small birds, we shot nothing. On reaching the borders of the village, M— saw two fowls which he supposed were partridges, so he fired and killed them both; and now a scene of crying and confusion ensued; we were surrounded by at least twenty women, who screamed and jabbered in all the intonations of the human voice—the upshot of the whole matter was, that they wanted the value of the fowls—five piastres—less than an English shilling, which we immediately gave them. François carried them home, and we made a good dinner of them.'

On reaching home we were greatly pained by the sight of many sick people, who, supposing us to be doctors, came to ask our advice; they kissed the ground before us, and begged for medicine:—it was in vain we told them we were no doctors; they still pressed upon us, and kissed our hands and feet. We were melted by the sight of such misery, and regretted that none of us knew enough of the healing art to be of any service to them. We told them so, and yet they would not go; one woman alternately wept and prayed that we would see what was the matter with her son. She told us she would give us every thing she had if we would but cure him. On which we replied, that we would have gladly done so, if we knew how, and that, for nothing; in fact, wherever we went, we were taken for medical men; it was with difficulty that we could make the people believe that we were not. Pious doc-

tors can be of great use to the country; not only in alleviating the misery of the people, but also in reaching their souls. Our Saviour did so: He went about healing the sick, and feeding the poor, whilst at the same time He was "about His Father's business." The art of medicine gives the missionary a greater access, and as he wins the confidence of the people, an effectual way is opened to him for rendering spiritual good. There are very few medical men in the country, and those few have their hands full of business.

Here, also, we saw women baking at the *tannor*; but this time it was cakes of Indian corn; they offered us some, which we ate, at which they were pleased, and gave us some more: kind people!

Tuesday, 2nd January, 1855.

We left Seriaga at eight o'clock. Our road continued in the bed of the valley, through which we partially came yesterday. In about half an hour we crossed a ridge, and descended into another, as rich and as beautiful. At ten o'clock we reached Zebdani, a large village. On the hill above it, is Bludan, the summer residence of the British consul. The country hereabouts is not only pretty, but full of fruits; apples grow here in abundance. Our road hence lay in a valley, along the Barada; at the end of which we took a cold luncheon—a cold luncheon it was, for the wind blew unmercifully, and we were glad when we found ourselves once more on our horses.

At twelve o'clock we entered a wild ravine, bold in its projecting rocks, craggy in its road, and in which the Barada madly leapt in beautiful cascades; the ridge, overtopping our left, was full of mausoleums, neatly cut

out in the rocks, in the vicinity of which a herd of goats were grazing. At a quarter past one we crossed the Barada by a bridge, and soon afterwards entered Souk Wady Barada, which we made our head quarters for the night.

Whilst Michael was hunting lodgings, and awaiting the baggage, we went down to the Sheikh's house, to take a view of the ravine beneath, as also of the towering crags on the other side. Immediately at the door of the Sheikh's house, we saw a small ruin, but not much of any consequence. The village, which takes its name from a fair which was once held here, slopes prettily towards the ravine. This village, a couple of years ago, was quite abandoned, on account of the mortgage system; but now "it has been entered under the protection of the English consul at Damascus," so the people said, and now it is doing better. The Sheikh was killed recently, in his own house; and it is said, at a time when Mr. Consul Wood was visiting him. The murderers were found out, but either from the cupidity of the government, or for some other reason, they were never brought to justice, though Mr. Wood exerted his influence in that direction. The more that one looks on the policy of Turkey, he sees a miserable and contemptible government—one in which the foreign consul of any of the least potentates of Europe has as much say or sway as the Pasha! Only fancy, a whole village enrolling themselves under the protection of the British consul! Turkey, however, does not lose by that; on the contrary, she rather likes it; for, by throwing the management of the people on the consul, she gets her revenues—and *that is all she cares about in the question*—without much trouble to herself. Mr. Wood, apparently, exerts great influence

here; for wherever we went the people flocked around us, taking us for English, and saying, "We belong to you."

The country here is quite Antediluvian. On the hill the natives pretend to show the tourist the tomb of Abel. Like that of Noah's it is very long, measuring about thirty yards. The natives firmly believe that Eden is the present village of Ehden, a couple of hours' ride from the Cedars, and hence, they make it out that Cain killed Abel here, and that Seth and Noah were buried in the vicinity.

The place, however, was known to the ancients as the tetrarchate of Abilene; of which Abila was the capital, and which is supposed to have been built on the hill.

The name of the place, "*Souk Wady Barada*," which means "the market or fair of the valley of the Barada," reminds us of an attack which it sustained from the Saracens under Abdalla, the son of Jaâfar, who hearing that the produce and manufacture of the country were annually collected in the fair of Abila; that the cell of a devout hermit was visited at the same time by a multitude of pilgrims, and that this time the fair would be ennobled by the nuptials of the daughter of the Governor of Tripoli; he repaired with five hundred horsemen to despoil what he calls the infidels. As he approached the fair of Abila, he was astonished by the report of a mighty concourse of Jews and Christians, Armenians and Greeks, of natives of Syria, and of strangers of Egypt, to the number of ten thousand, besides a guard of five thousand horse, that attended the person of the bride. "The Saracens," said Gibbon, from whom I am gleaning this account, "paused, and Abdalla said, 'For my own part, I *dare not* go back; our foes

are many, our danger is great, but our reward is splendid and secure, either in this life or in the life to come. Let every man, according to his inclination, advance or retire.' Not a Mussulman deserted his standard. 'Lead the way,' said Abdalla to his Christian guide, 'and you shall see what the companions of the Prophet can perform.' They charged in five squadrons; but after the first advantage of the surprise, they were encompassed, and almost overwhelmed by the multitude of their enemies. About the hour of sunset, when their weapons dropped from their hands, and when they panted on the verge of eternity, they discovered an approaching cloud of dust, with the welcome sound of the '*tekbir*,' the war-cry of the Mahomedan, and which is '*Allah Akbar*,' God is greater; and they soon perceived the standard of Kaled, who flew to their relief with the utmost speed of his cavalry. The Christians were broken by his attack, and slaughtered in their flight as far as the river of Tripoli. They left behind them the various riches of the fair; the merchandise that was exposed for sale, the money that was brought for purchase, the gay decorations of the nuptials, and the Governor's daughter, with forty of her female attendants. The fruits, provision, and furniture, the money, plate, and jewels were diligently laden on the backs of horses, asses, and mules, and the robbers returned in triumph to Damascus.

The river Barada is the Chrysorrhoas, or the golden stream of the ancient geographers, and issues from a cleft in the Anti-Lebanon mountains, and divides itself into three smaller courses; the principal one of which goes direct into the city of Damascus, and supplies it with water, whilst the other two branches irrigate the rising land on both sides of the city. The branches of the

river once more join, and after running a short distance it loses itself in Bahr el Marj, or Lake of the meadow— It is either the Abana or the Pharpar. There are authors who have supposed it to be the one, and others have contended that it is the other, whilst there are those who think that the Barada is both. Another river comes up from the south called the "*Auja*," or Crooked river, which some suppose might be the Pharpar, mentioned in 2 Kings v. 12, and of which Naaman the captain of the host of the king of Syria, thus spoke exultingly, "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?"

Wednesday, 3rd Jan., 1855.

T— passed a bad night, which made us rather anxious about him, and we concluded to send him along with Ahmed, who was going early to Damascus by the shortest road, in order to secure lodgings for us. There is a hotel in Damascus; but on account of the fewness of travellers at this season of the year, it is hardly kept up, so we desired Michael, whose table was first-rate, to secure for us private lodgings; and for this reason Ahmed was despatched to town as early as five o'clock, and with him we sent T—, whilst we intended going by a circuitous route, in order to visit El Fijeh, which some have supposed to be the source of the Pharpar.

So far we had been favoured with beautiful weather, dry and comfortable; but this morning it blew so heavy that I thought the house would fall down. Nevertheless, we started at nine o'clock under a drizzling shower, which, however, soon subsided; but the wind—O the wind of that day!—I shall never forget it; it blew in our face and almost carried us off our saddles. Poor P— was the

first to feel its effects in a bad headache. I felt it too, and so did every one; but we struggled against it, and made the best of our cloaks and wrappers.

Leaving the Damascus road, we struck off to the left, and made our way through a beautiful valley, wherein lay the two villages of Judaidé and Husainieh, enriched by the heavy drapery of trees which environed them. In about one hour and a half after leaving our lodgings, we reached El Fijeh, a beautiful fountain, over which is built a small temple, now in ruins. The water springs from under a rock, and after traversing about one hundred yards, joins the Barada, and forms part of it ever afterwards. Some have supposed this to be the source of the Pharpar; it is, indeed, a beautiful fountain. We descended, and had a drink of its cold and limpid waters.

I can hardly describe the fierce wind which prevailed that day, or the cold ride which we had on the ridges of the mountains till we reached Dummar. Whatever may have been the scenery on the way, I am sure we had no eyes to look at it; our concern was our hapless selves. I have travelled thousands of weary miles by land and by water, and seen many a storm; but I declare that I never witnessed such a hurricane; and yet the weather was dry, and the atmosphere clear.

At one o'clock we reached Dummar, where we stopped to luncheon. The khan, where we took our meal, is pleasantly situated on the banks of a stream; but we sought our inner chamber, to shelter us from the wind, and though the room was full of smoke, yet we preferred that to being anywhere within reach of that piercing blast. We all felt that this day's journey was too much for us; it was such a day as will never be erased from

my memory; and mournful indeed was its result on our party, as the sequel will show.

We remained here an hour, and then mounted our horses; and after an hour's cold and dreary ride we reached the summit of the last ridge that separated us from Damascus, and from which it is said that Mahomet had his view of the city when he exclaimed, *that the ravishing beauty of the scene below was so much like paradise, that he would not tempt his frailty by entering it, lest he should lose the paradise of the next world.*

Here through a chasm of the rock the view of Damascus broke on us; and had the day been propitious, we doubtless should have enjoyed the scene before us. I have been to Damascus five times, and though I remember well the impression made on my mind in previous views, yet, in consideration of the unhappy results of this day's journey, I beg to be excused from entering on any details: sufficient to say, that we gazed on a beautiful panorama of field and city, with the waters of the Barada glittering through its luxuriant banks. The town of Damascus lies in a fertile plain, and is built long and narrow, in the midst of fertility and luxuriance, where the apricot, the citron, and the orange, besides various other fruits, grow in abundance; and where, in the harvest season, fields of wheat and corn wave in ocean-like splendour.

We descended the ridge in silence, wrapped up to the eyes, which prevented our speaking did we even dare to open our mouths; the hurricane blew over the vast plain beneath us, and in acknowledging its force the trees humbly bent their heads. It was a fearfully splendid view; the sight of that extensive landscape as it was rocked to and fro by the aerial element which

prevailed. Our poor horses too felt it very badly, as their manes tossed up in every way; and as for us, wrapped as we were, the wind pierced through our cloaks, and squeezed its way to our bodies; filled our mouths, blanched our cheeks, benumbed our hands, and rattled an Æolian harp in our ears. O that day! Glad indeed were we, therefore, when we reached the foot of the descent, and began to wind our way amid walled-up gardens towards the city. We could hear it rustling among the leaves overhead like the rushing of many waters; happily we were sheltered, and for the first time dared open our mouths to speak to each other; but where was our party? Some of them were still far behind; and those of us who were ahead, took shelter under the wall of a ruined mosque, and awaited them. They came: poor P— looked fearful. We pushed on, and in about half an hour found ourselves in a broad, straight, well-paved European-like street, which we were told was made by the late Ibrahim Pasha. It is the only street worthy the name which I have yet seen in the East. On our right, we left an unfinished hospital, which was begun also by him, and remains in *statuo quo*. I understand the Turkish government intends finishing it for the use of its invalid troops.

We now entered the city in a sad condition, mounted on sadder-looking animals. Time was, and not long ago, when no Christian dared enter the city on horseback, nor even a Frank appear in European costume; such a course would then have been summarily visited with the utmost of Mahomedan revenge, which would have risked the life of the traveller. Hence it was obligatory on travellers who intended visiting Damascus, not much more than a quarter of a century ago,

to adopt the oriental costume—wrap their head with a black turban—a sign of inferiority—and walk on foot to the city. British influence, however, was the first to break through this barbarous custom, and Mr. Consul-General Farren, it is said, was the first European who entered the city on horseback;—he was well armed, and John-Bull-like, determined to fight his way through or die in the attempt. He succeeded—and since that day Europeans and Christians have been permitted to do likewise, to the suppressed but not smothered jealousy of the Mahomedans, who in Damascus are fanatics, and await the first opportunity to unfold their revenge and exhibit their malevolence towards the poor Christians, who live in constant dread of their Mahomedan neighbours. And what is the fault of the Christians? Have they wronged them? No: their only fault is, because they are Christians, and do not acknowledge Mahomet as the prophet of God. This state of things is no fiction. In the middle of this nineteenth century it actually exists; indeed the last year would have proved a treacherous one to the Christians of Syria, if God in His infinite love had not warded off the blow. I refer to the time when news of the war between Turkey and Russia reached Syria; the Mahomedans resolved *en masse* to kill all the Christians, and they would have done so, had they not heard that England and France, two Christian, but to them infidel powers, had leagued themselves with Turkey to check the aggression of the czar; and (but this was kept to themselves) had they not feared the vengeance of those powers, whom they knew to possess many a Cœur de Lion, whilst they no longer boast of one Saladin. This was it which checked them from imitating the example of what

they call their pious brethren of Aleppo, whose massacre of the Christians, the ravishing of their wives, the plundering of their houses, and burning of their churches in 1850, caused such a great excitement in Christendom. And such is Mahomedanism—such is its spirit in the nineteenth century! But in Damascus this spirit is peculiarly nourished: and in this respect it stands pre-eminent among Moslem towns, much to the danger of the Christians who live in it. The reason of this, is, because the Mahomedans consider Damascus a holy city—even “the gate of Mecca;” because a great caravan proceeds from here to Mecca annually.

Here we met Solomon, a Hebrew guide, who was sent by Ahmed to guide us to our lodgings. He is a useful man, that Solomon, as his book of testimonials testifies, and as our experience afterwards proved. He is decidedly the man for Damascus, and would be a better guide to this Oriental city if he only walked a little faster; but this must not be expected from a man of his age and size. He led the way, and we followed amid narrow streets and back lanes, which were well covered by kiosks, projecting angularly and triangularly and in all shapes into the void overhead, and some of which had inscriptions on them, such as these *La Ilah illa Allah*, there is no God but God! *Sabhan El Khullak*, wonderful is the Creator! and so on. These inscriptions are very common, and are to be met with frequently inscribed on the walls of houses, baths, and shops. Here we saw women enveloped with the eizar, or white covering common to the females of Syria, going to and fro; bearded old sheikhs, with round turbans, gowns and long jibbehs, holding in their hands canes, with which they seemed to be pelting the ground more than to lean

upon them, passed us, and as they did so, we could hear them mutter *Ya Allah*, Oh God! *La Ilah illa Hoo*, there is no God but He! *Ya rudda El Walden*, Oh the blessing of parents! and such like ejaculations very common among them. Here and there we saw a Christian, as if skulking along—poor people! they have been so long oppressed that they dare not raise their heads.

We now entered the bazaars, long covered lanes, lined with small shops, where the produce of the East and the West mingle in confusion worse confounded. One street that we passed was called *Sook El Bazrikan*, or the street of the traders. Here was a handsome supply of dry goods; manufactures of England, France, America, Switzerland, and I suppose a large variety besides from as many other countries. On the parapet of the shop, which is raised a little better than a foot from the ground, sits the merchant cross-legged, lazily smoking his *nargeelé*, and playing with his beads; he is the picture of gravity. A customer comes who wants to purchase a *mendeel*, Swiss handkerchief. He reaches one to him, speaking never a word, but resuming the smoking of his *nargeelé*, which he had only laid down to reach the handkerchief. The choice is made; and now for the price; the customer wants to know its value. The merchant tells him *Ma fee tikleef bain na*, "There is no ceremony between us," which here means that there will be no difference between us as to the price. But the customer desires to know the price. *Kullo bil ub*, "all is in the pocket," answers the merchant, which means to say, that it makes but very little difference whether the money is in your pocket or mine. This, the customer knows to be all humbug, and is certain the merchant will not let him stir till he has paid the last farthing; so he again asks

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the price he will take for the handkerchief. The merchant offers him the nargeelé, of which he has been smoking, and asks him to get up on the parapet and sit down with him. *Laish Hal ajalé? Tfaddal estreeh—zaman ma shifnak—fain hal gaibe!* Why this haste? Walk up and sit down—it is a long time since we have seen you—where has been this absence. The reader will observe that the plural term is used for the singular, this being the custom in the Arabic language; it is thought more polite to address one in the plural. In writing a letter, the plural is exclusively used. To return to our story. The customer takes a whiff or two of the nargeelé and then returns it to the merchant, who resumes smoking, and presses on his customer to get up and sit down with him. This, the customer declines, but, following the *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*, he continues to inquire after the price of the handkerchief. The merchant now tells him; the price demanded is just double what he wants; this the customer seems perfectly to know, and consequently offers him only a quarter of the amount asked. They bandy words, mixed with many compliments, which end in smoke, and the handkerchief is sold and bought at half the original demand.

I have detailed this affair, simply to illustrate the custom of the East, which, in this day, prevails more or less all over Syria.

Whilst squeezing our way through this street, gazing on the truly Oriental scene before us, unmindful of any thing else, we were all at once wedged in by three or four donkeys loaded with flour. Here we stopped; both of us were in the middle of the street; go back none of us would; so to pass our way through was our only means

of escape; but this was rendered more difficult every minute, for the crowd began to gather on both sides, and in making their way quite obstructed ours. Here was a confusion indeed; and we unwittingly became the observed of all observers. Only fancy our party thus wedged in the streets of Damascus, whilst the eyes of Jews and Turks, Christians and Greeks, were turned upon us. Every one stopped his business and gazed at us; business was suspended. In vain Michael tried to force a way; in vain he shouted, "*Dahrak*" your back, the Arabic term for *mind yourself*; but no one was disposed to move. The crowd every moment increased: there were first of all, the muleteers, dressed with their abbas, and keffies, and blue trowsers; and behind them were men and women of every grade and sect; and, to increase the confusion, a man carrying a large skin of water on his back, whilst in his hand he held two brass cups, which he jingled one against the other, shouting at the same time, "*Booz ya moi*," *cold is the water*, was making his way between them. The scene was perfectly Oriental. Caps and turbans, gowns and caftans, beards and no beards—men, boys, and women—whites and blacks, figured in the *melée*.

We passed on, and entered other streets, which we found bore different names. One was *Sook-el-Attareen*, a sort of half-way druggist and grocer; another was *Sook-el-Khail*, street of the horses, where we saw a number getting shod. In the confusion of shops and streets, we saw many bakers and pastry shops, the fires of their ovens fiercely glaring into the streets. We went one way and then went another; we passed sundry streets and turned as many lanes; and at last, when our patience was nearly exhausted, we stopped before a muddy-look-

ing house, which we were told was our lodging. We tapped at the door, and after answering to the inquiry, "*Meen intoo?*" *Who are you?* we were led into a spacious court, which had no fountain, a singular thing in Damascus; but we did not mind that much, as, sick and weary, we all took to the divans, and laid us down till dinner-time. And thus we made our entry into Damascus.

CHAPTER VII.

Damascus—Its Situation—Its Early Traditions—Lamartine's Statement on its Antediluvian Remains—Its Origin, and Scripture History—Conversion of St. Paul—The Site of his Conversion—The Eastern Gate—The Street called *Straight*—House of Ananias—Interest—The Jewish Sanhedrim, and the present Clergy of the Oriental Churches, contrasted.—Its Invasion by the Saracens—Thomas—The Surrender—Caled's Fierce Spirit—Jonas and Eudocia—The Pursuit and Massacre of the Christians—Eudocia commits Suicide rather than become the Wife of the Apostate Jonas—Tragedy on the same—The concluding historical Notices of Damascus—The present Damascus, and its Trade—Superiority of English Manufactures—Oriental Ideas of John Bull—The Hadj to Mecca—A European Hat—Story of Mr. and Mrs. Potter—Story of a Cephalonite Greek—The Tables turned—British Influence—The Irish Presbyterians and the Reformed Associate Presbyterians of America—Their joint Missions, and Results—Dr. Paulding, and Medical Agency—Schools—Their Necessity—Foreign Testimony ; Branches of Study now taught in the Mission Schools—Our Unfortunate Party—Bath—A Description of One, and its Mode of Operation—Merchants' Khan—Mosque of St. John—Franciscan Monks and Mahomedan Ideas of Justice—Poor Michael—A Visit to Dr. Paulding—Quarters and Gates—A Snow Storm—Our Evening Party—Dress and Ornaments of Oriental Females—Reception—Supper—Meals—The way Time is calculated in Syria—A Syrian Dish—Universal Custom of saying Grace—The washing of Hands—Furniture, and Modes of Sitting—Plans of Syrian Houses—My Friend's House—Salutation—Conversation—The English Post Office—Adjournment to the

Ladies' Saloon—Foreign Testimony of our Syrian Ladies--
Questions asked and answered about Queen Victoria—The
Refreshments—Final Dispersion of the Party.

PERHAPS there is no city in the world which still retains its oriental features so much as Damascus. Every thing in it—its inhabitants, their customs, streets, shops, baths, khans, houses, coffee-shops, gardens, etc., all are purely Eastern. There is very little of the foreign to be met with in it; and it is only during the last few years that a person habited in the Frank costume has been allowed to enter it. Here, therefore, the lover of Orientalism can enjoy it, to his heart's content; nor could he be more pleased with its oriental features and embowered suburbs, than the Saracens were glad to possess it; hence, here they found a paradise compared to the barren valleys of Arabia, and one no longer wonders at their calling it "a pearl, surrounded by emeralds." Nothing can be more beautiful than its position, whether approached from the side of Mount Lebanon, from the Desert to the East, or by the high road to the north from Aleppo and Hamah. For many miles, the city is girdled by fertile fields and gardens, which, being watered by rivers and sparkling streams, give to the vegetation a remarkable freshness and beauty. "One of the most magnificent prospects in the world," says Addison, "burst upon my sight: like the first view of Constantinople, it is unique. We were looking down (from the heights of the Anti-Libanus) from an elevation of a thousand feet, upon a vast plain, bordered in the distance by blue mountains, and occupied by a rich luxuriant forest of the walnut, the fig, the pomegranate, the plum, the apricot, the citron, the locust, the pear and the apple; forming a waving grove of more than fifty miles in circuit; pos-

sessing a vast variety of tint, a peculiar density and luxuriance of foliage, and a wildly picturesque form, from the branches of the loftier trees throwing themselves up above a rich underwood of pomegranates, citrons and oranges, with their yellow, green and brown leaves; and then conceive our sensations, to see gradually rising in the distance, above this vast superficies of rich luxuriant foliage, the swelling leaden domes, the gilded crescents, and the marble minarets of Damascus; while in the centre of all, winding towards the city, ran the main stream of the river Barada."

The history of Damascus is no less interesting; its traditions go back to the first creation of the world, and the natives consider it to be the locality where the Garden of Eden once existed; and a village, already mentioned, called Ehden, not far from the cedars, is asserted by them to be the identical Garden of Eden where the first human pair were placed. This accounts for their antediluvian traditions about the tombs of Seth, Abel, and Noah, being in the vicinity, which I have alluded to in former pages. Without asking the reader to place any more credit on the preceding traditions than he is inclined, there are, independently of these, other matters connected with Damascus, which will ever render it a point of interest and attraction.

Damascus is held by some to be the most ancient city in the world; and Lamartine seems so to think. "Certainly," says this writer, "I should think that no place on earth was better calculated to answer one's ideas of Eden. The vast and fruitful plain, with the seven branches of the blue stream which irrigates it; the majestic frame-work of the mountains; the glittering lakes which reflect the heaven upon the earth; its geo-

graphical situation between the two seas; the perfection of the climate—everything indicates that Damascus has at least been one of the first towns that was ever built by the children of men—one of the natural halts of fugitive humanity in primæval times. It is, in fact, one of those sites pointed out by the hand of God for a city—a site predestined to sustain a capital like Constantinople.”

Of the origin of the city, nothing, however, is certain. The building of it has been ascribed both to Abraham and to his “steward Eliezer of Damascus.” That the city existed as early as the days of Abraham, is clear from the Old Testament; and the way in which it is spoken of there, shows, that even at the time to which they refer, it was not a new nor an unknown place; for Abraham’s steward is characterised as being of Damascus, and the locality of another town is fixed by stating that it “lay on the left hand of Damascus.” So much for its origin. We next hear of Damascus in the days of David, when “the Syrians of Damascus came to succour Hadadezer king of Zobah” against that prince, but were defeated with a loss of twenty-two thousand men, and David garrisoned their country and made them tributary. This subjection, however, was not of long duration, for we find that one Rezon, a servant of Hadadezer, king of Zobah, made himself master of Damascus, and ruling over Syria, “was an adversary to Israel all the days of Solomon.” In the days of Ben-hadad, Damascus was the head of a very powerful empire, since it appears that *thirty and two kings* (doubtless petty chiefs of the country), accompanied him in a campaign which he undertook against Samaria. In that attack, we read that Benhadad insolently demanded of Ahab, king of Samaria, “thy silver, and thy gold, and thy wives also,

and thy children, even the goodliest;" to which the monarch of Israel responded: "I am thine, and all that I have." This Ahab thought would meet the wishes of his enemy, and he would desist from his march against him, but in vain. Benhadad came on; the battle took place and the Syrians were defeated, and their king effected his retreat with difficulty: so much for the boasted strength of Benhadad. From this era, the city was ruled by its own princes, who were incessantly at war with Israel and Judah, until Tiglath-Pileser invaded it at the urgent request of Ahaz, king of Judah, when he killed Rezin its king, and carried its people captives to Kir, and united the Damascene kingdom to his own. From the Assyrians, Damascus was taken by the Babylonians; then it fell under the power of the Persians, who lost it to Alexander the Great, as one consequence of his victory of Issus. Then it made a part of the kingdom of the Seleucidæ, from whom it passed into the hands of the Romans, under the jurisdiction of whom the events recorded in the Acts of the Apostles took place.

And now we come to a most interesting event in the records of Damascus; viz., the conversion of St. Paul in its vicinity: from "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," he became the eloquent pleader for Christianity to Jews and Gentiles. The spot where it is said the future "apostle of the Gentiles" was arrested by a sudden light from heaven, and heard the voice of Him who spake as man never spake, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" is still pointed out near one of the gates. A Christian burial-ground now occupies the site. The street called *Straight* is still shown the traveller. It begins at Bab-el-Sharki, or Eastern Gate—an old Roman gate, composed of three

arches, but now walled-up—where tradition says St. Paul “was let down by the wall in a basket.” I visited the street, but cannot bear testimony as to its being *straight* : it is, however, the straightest and longest in the city, extending east and west. After shewing us these localities, Abraham (our guide) took us to the house of Ananias. We entered by a small door into a small court: here we were met by a woman, who lit a candle, and taking it in her hand led us down stairs into a grotto, which now serves the purpose of a Roman Catholic chapel. In one corner of the grotto we saw a hole, out of which, it is said, St. Paul escaped. I am not, however, willing to give credence to this narrative, as the house is a modern-looking thing, built over a cave, and was quite unknown half-a-century ago.

But however much I doubted the locality, I could not feel less interested. There is a romance about it, if you like, which renders these places, however apocryphal, very interesting; and how could it be otherwise, when this was Damascus, that city where St. Paul, after being converted, was “led by the hand” into it, to the house of a person named Judas, and where he was called upon by Ananias, who being assured that he was “a chosen vessel” to proclaim the unsearchable riches of the gospel “before the Gentiles, and kings, and the children of Israel,” instantly proceeded to visit him. Putting his hands on him, he saluted him with these words: “Brother Saul, the Lord, even Jesus, that appeared unto thee in the way as thou camest, hath sent me that thou mightest receive thy sight, and be filled with the Holy Ghost.” How affecting must have been this interview between the eminent Christian who resided in Damascus, and one who, but for the grace of God,

might have persecuted him even unto death! and where he who was only a few days before at the head of a military company, resolved to pursue with uncompromising zeal his vindictive hostility towards the Christians of Damascus, first preached "Christ in the synagogues, that He is the Son of God," to the utter amazement of the Jews at this wonderful transition from a vile persecutor to as eloquent a pleader for the truths which they abhorred, and for the suppression of which in Damascus the high-priests of Jerusalem had armed with ample authority and sent this same Saul, afterwards the earnest apostle St. Paul.

Here, again, we have the Roman and Turkish rules assimilating. The reader will recollect that the Jewish Sanhedrim had not only the power of seizing and scourging offenders against their law within the bounds of their own country, but, by the connivance and favour of the Romans, they could send into other countries where there were synagogues that acknowledged a dependance on the council of Jerusalem, and apprehend them. This is just precisely the relation in which the patriarchs and bishops of the Oriental churches stand to Turkey, only that the persecutions which were then directly tolerated and pursued, are now allowed and done indirectly.

Again we come to another event of peculiar interest in the history of Damascus—its invasion by the Saracens in A.D. 634. At that time, it was under the authority of one Thomas, said to be a noble Greek, and related to Heraclius. He was a man of undoubted courage, and fought desperately, though at one time he was wounded in the eye; "yet," says Gibbon, "the generous champion of Damascus refused to withdraw to his palace:

his wound was dressed on the rampart; the fight was continued till the evening, and the Syrians rested on their arms." After a lengthy siege the city, surrendered. "The patience and provisions," said Gibbon, "of the Damascenes were exhausted; and the bravest of their chiefs submitted to the hard dictates of necessity. In the occurrence of peace and war, they had been taught to dread the fierceness of Caled, and to revere the mild virtues of Abu Obeidah. At the hour of midnight, one hundred chosen deputies of the clergy and people were introduced to the tent of that commander. He received and dismissed them with courtesy. They returned with a written agreement, on the faith of a companion of Mahomet, that all hostilities should cease; that the voluntary emigrants might depart in safety with as much as they could carry away of their effects; and that the tributary subjects of the Khalif should enjoy their lands and houses, with the use and possession of seven churches. On these terms, the most respectable hostages and the gate nearest to his camp were delivered into his hands: his soldiers imitated the moderation of their chief, and he enjoyed the submissive gratitude of a people whom (so writes the historian Gibbon) he had secured from destruction. But the success of the treaty had relaxed their vigilance, and in the same moment the opposite quarter of the city was betrayed, and taken by assault. A party of a hundred Arabs had opened the eastern gate to a more inexorable foe. 'No quarter!' exclaimed the rapacious and sanguinary Caled; 'No quarter to the enemies of the Lord!' His trumpets sounded, and a torrent of Christian blood was poured down the streets of Damascus. When he reached the church of St. Mary, he was astonished and provoked by the peaceful aspect

of his companions; their swords were in the scabbard, and they were surrounded by a multitude of priests and monks. Abu Obeidah saluted the general: 'God has delivered the city into my hands by way of surrender, and has saved the believers the trouble of fighting.' 'And am I not,' replied the indignant Caled, "am I not the lieutenant of the commander of the faithful? Have I not taken the city by storm? The unbelievers shall perish by the sword. Fall on.' The hungry and cruel Arabs would have obeyed the welcome command; and Damascus would have been lost if the benevolence of Abu Obeidah had not been supported by a decent and dignified firmness. Throwing himself between the trembling citizens and the most eager of the barbarians, he adjured them, by the holy name of God, to respect his promise, to suspend their fury, and to wait the determination of their chiefs. The chiefs retired into the church of St. Mary; and, after a vehement debate, Caled submitted in some measure to the reason and authority of his colleague, who urged the sanctity of a covenant, the advantages as well as the honour which the Moslems would derive from the punctual performance of their word, and the obstinate resistance which they must encounter from the distrust and despair of the rest of the Syrian cities. It was agreed that the sword should be sheathed, that the part of Damascus which had surrendered to Abu Obeidah should be immediately entitled to the benefit of its capitulation, and that the final decision should be referred to the justice and wisdom of the Caliph. A large majority of the people accepted the terms of toleration and tribute. . . . But the valiant Thomas, and the free-born patriots who had fought under his banner, embraced the alternative of poverty and exile. In the

adjacent meadow, a numerous encampment was formed of priests and laymen, of soldiers and citizens, of women and children: they collected with haste and terror their most precious moveables; and abandoned with loud lamentations or silent anguish their native homes, and the pleasant banks of the Pharpar. The inflexible soul of Caled was not touched by the spectacle of their distress: he disputed with the Damascenes the property of a magazine of corn; endeavoured to exclude the garrison from the benefit of the treaty; consented with reluctance that each of the fugitives should arm himself with a sword, or a lance, or a bow; and sternly declared that, after a respite of three days, they might be pursued and treated as the enemies of the Moslems."

And he was as true as his word. Availing himself of the disappointment of a Syrian youth, who had apostatised to the faith of the prophet, he pursued them, came up with them, fell upon and massacred them; and not till then was the spirit of the blood-thirsty Caled appeased. But if the reader will have no objection, I will let the same historian continue his tale.

"The passion of a Syrian youth," continues Gibbon, "completed the ruin of the exiles of Damascus. A nobleman of the city, of the name of Jonas, was betrothed to a wealthy maiden; but the parents delayed the consummation of his nuptials, and their daughter was persuaded to escape with the man whom she had chosen. They corrupted the nightly watchman of the gate Keisan: the lover who led the way was encompassed by a squadron of Arabs; but his exclamation in the Greek tongue, "The bird is taken," admonished his mistress to hasten her return. In the presence of Caled and of death, the unfortunate Jonas professed his belief

in one God and his apostle Mahomet" (such being the price of life at the hands of the Moslems—the Koran, or the sword). When the city was taken, he flew to the monastery where Eudocia had taken refuge; but the lover was forgotten; the apostate was scorned; she preferred her religion to her country; and the justice of Caled, though deaf to mercy, refused to detain by force a male or female inhabitant of Damascus. Four days was the general confined to the city by the obligation of the treaty and the urgent cares of his new conquest. His appetite for blood and rapine would have been extinguished by the hopeless computation of time and distance; but he listened to the importunities of Jonas, who assured him that the weary fugitives might yet be overtaken. At the head of four thousand horse, in the disguise of Christian Arabs, Caled undertook the pursuit. They halted only for the moments of prayer, and the guide had a perfect knowledge of the country. For a long way the footsteps of the Damascenes were plain and conspicuous: they vanished on a sudden; but the Saracens were comforted by the assurance that the caravan had turned aside into the mountains, and must speedily fall into their hands. In traversing the ridges of the Libanus they endured intolerable hardships, and the sinking spirits of the veteran fanatics were supported and cheered by the unconquerable ardour of a lover. From a peasant of the country, they were informed that the emperor had sent orders to the colony of exiles to pursue without delay the road of the sea-coast and of Constantinople, apprehensive, perhaps, that the soldiers and people of Antioch might be discouraged by the sight and the story of their sufferings. The Saracens were conducted through the territories of Gabala and Laodicea at a

cautious distance from the walls of the cities; the rain was incessant, the night was dark, a single mountain separated them from the Roman army, and Caled, ever anxious for the safety of his brethren, whispered an ominous dream in the ear of his companion. With the dawn of day the prospect again cleared, and they saw before them, in a pleasant valley, the tents of the Damascenes. After a short interval of repose and prayer, Caled divided his cavalry into four squadrons They successively rushed on the promiscuous multitude, insufficiently provided with arms, and already vanquished by sorrow and fatigue. Except a captive, who was pardoned and dismissed, the Arabs enjoyed the satisfaction of believing that not a Christian of either sex escaped the edge of their scymitars. The gold and silver of Damascus was scattered over the camp, and a royal wardrobe, of three hundred loads of silk, might clothe an army of naked barbarians. In the tumult of the battle Jonas sought and found the object of his pursuit, but her resentment was inflamed by the last act of his perfidy; and as Eudocia struggled in his hateful embraces, she struck a dagger to her heart."

In a note, in the margin, Gibbon tells us that on the fate of these lovers, whom he names Phocyas and Eudocia, Mr. Hughes, a tragedian, has built the siege of Damascus—a popular tragedy, which possessed, to use his words, the rare merit of blending nature and history, the manners of the times and the feelings of the heart. The foolish delicacy of the players compelled him to soften the guilt of the hero, and the despair of the heroine. Instead of a base renegade, Phocyas serves the Arabs as an honorable ally; instead of prompting their pursuit he flies to the succour of his countrymen; and, after killing

Caled and Derar, is himself mortally wounded, and expires in the presence of Eudocia, who professes her resolution to take the veil at Constantinople.

The remaining history of Damascus can be related in a few words. In A.D. 1148 it came into notice in connexion with the Crusaders. Conrad of Germany, Louis of France, and Baldwin of Jerusalem, three crowned heads, led their troops across Mount Hermon down into the Damascus plain, and besieged the city. They got possession of the gardens, and would, probably, have obtained the city also, but for those same internal divisions which, during so many ages, proved the ruin of the Christians, as they had of the Jews before them. They were compelled to make an ignominious retreat. No-ureddin, son of Zenghi, a powerful Turkish Emir, who resided at Aleppo, made himself master of Damascus, not many years afterwards, and it henceforth became the seat of his dominions. The city was besieged, and taken by Tamerlane, at the commencement of the fourteenth century, who is said to have greatly destroyed it, and put the citizens to the sword. It, however, rose again; and, after experiencing all the disorders of the middle ages, fell before the conquering arms of Selim I., who reduced the whole of Syria, and annexed the country to the Turkish empire, of which it now forms a province. During the French campaign in Egypt and Syria, the pacha of Damascus was defeated by the French cavalry, in 1799, and it was the intention of Buonaparte to have marched to the city, but his plans were overturned by the unsuccessful siege of Acre. In 1832 it surrendered to Mehemet Ali Pasha, Viceroy of Egypt, but was wrested from him in 1840, by force of British arms, and once more given to Turkey.

Damascus seems to have been made much of by all who possessed it. In early days it was called "the head of Syria," and gave its name to a great portion of Syria, and it is so to this day. I was surprised to find, whilst travelling in Egypt some years ago, that all the Syrians, no matter where they came from, were called *Damascenes*, and the whole coast of Syria called *Barr-el-Sham*, the coast of Damascus. The Emperor Julian styled it "the eye of all the East, the sacred and most magnificent Damascus . . . surpassing every city both in the beauty of its temples and the magnitude of its shrines, as well as the timeliness of its seasons, the limpidness of its fountains, the volume of its waters, and the richness of its soil." Of its waters, Naaman, the captain of the host of the King of Syria said, — "Are not Abana and Pharpar better than all the waters of Israel?" The Saracens termed it "the free and the holy Damascus," and the natives call it *Sham Esh-shereef om el Dinya*, the noble Damascus, mother of the world. By others it is called "a pearl surrounded by emeralds." We also read that its inhabitants once exceeded half a million of souls. At present it numbers about 120,000; of whom 14,000 are Christians, or what are called Christians in this country, viz., members of the different Oriental Churches, and 5,000 Jews. Lamartine calculates the number of its inhabitants at about 300,000 to 400,000 souls; but this is, beyond doubt, an error. I was very particular in my inquiries; and, consequently, think that the amount of population which I have mentioned is about the true estimate. It has an extensive trade with the east and west; and the calicoes of Manchester, the hardware of Sheffield, the zebras of Glasgow, the handkerchiefs of Switzerland, and the manufactures of France,

and of the United States, are exposed for sale in its markets. It would surprise the reader to know that as in its influence, so also in its manufactures, England tops the pyramid. An *English* penknife gets the premium over all others of its kind; and the tourist will be amused to hear a shopkeeper tell him "This, sir, is *English* manufacture:" which means to say that he is expected to pay a round sum for it. If anything is saleable in the East, that which bears the impress of England, finds the best and speediest of markets. The reason of it is this: the people in the East have taken the notion—right or wrong I will not here discuss—that everything made in England must be durable, and ought to be called *everlasting*! This character of John Bull is an established fact among Bedouins and townsmen; and hence the shopkeeper has only to say, *that this article is English*, and his customer graciously yields to paying a higher price for it than he would pay in another shop for a similar article of another country's manufacture. He expects it to be good, and goes home prepared to think that it will be so everlastingly durable, that it will be handed down to his posterity as an heir-loom. Let not the reader suppose that I am exaggerating; every one who has visited the East, and knows anything about it, knows that this is the case. Damascus is also famous for her showy silks, which are manufactured here as also in Aleppo, Tripoli, Bayroot, and some parts of Mount Lebanon. This, however, does not form a great item in European exchanges; but is mainly sold in the country, or exported to Egypt or Asia Minor. Other articles of produce here are its dried fruit, galls, nuts, and madder roots, which are exported to Europe. There are no British merchants at present in Damascus. Mr. Robert

Todd, a Scotchman, was the first who established himself in this city; there were others who came after him; but they have all left; and, at present, beyond the Consul and his secretary, who, I hardly believe are native-born Englishmen, and two Irish missionaries, I know of no *bonâ fide* Englishmen resident in the place. Time was when Damascus was the seat of European trade for this country, and Bayroot was only its harbour, and depended upon it for its wants. The tables are now turned; and Damascus now depends upon Bayroot for the supply of her market.

Whatever might be the attractions of Damascus to an Oriental, it is to the European a gloomy place, and lacks the cheerfulness, excitement, and energy of Bayroot—its narrow-covered streets have to him the semblance of graves. I think I am speaking the sentiments of many who visited Damascus, to reside in it; at any rate, I hope I shall be pardoned if I confess that Damascus, with all its external beauty, and internal Orientalism has no charms for me as a residence, and beyond a passing visit of a few days, I would certainly prefer Bayroot, Sidon, or Tripoli to reside in. Its inhabitants, however, make a great deal of it. The Mahomedans call it the “Gate of Mecca,” because a caravan starts from here annually with pilgrims to visit the shrines of the Prophet. At that time, Damascus is the scene of great excitement, a Frank had better be careful of his *hat* then, for it is an object of great horror with the fanatical portion of the Mahomedans.

The Rev. Cuthbert Young tells us, in his “Wayfarer’s Notes,” that not long before his visit, “when the Hadj caravan was leaving for Mecca, with the Governor at its head, an American gentleman, named Potter, and his

lady were pelted with stones for presuming to walk arm-in-arm while they were spectators of the procession of the pilgrims."

One of their old forms of cursing is, "May you wear a hat!" Fuller, a recent English traveller, relates an incident which occurred in Damascus at a time when he was present: "I was one day," said he, "standing in the great khan, when an unfortunate Cephalonite Greek, either ignorant of the custom of the place, or vain of the Frank clothes, which perhaps he had but lately assumed, made his appearance in that attire. A large crowd instantly gathered around him, and the process of stripping was forthwith commenced. His hat, an object to him of peculiar pride, but to the Turks of peculiar aversion, was struck off and kicked contemptuously along the ground; his coat was rent into shreds, and he would have soon been turned adrift in a state of nature, if compassion for my fellow-citizen had not led me to interfere in his behalf. I desired the interpreter to represent to some of the most respectable of the spectators, with several of whom I was acquainted, that I was persuaded he acted from ignorance, and not in defiance of the custom; and as he was under English protection, I hoped they would let him go without further molestation. This appeal was successful. His clothes were unfortunately ruined beyond repair, but we borrowed for him a large "*mashlah*," (a sort of cloak,) which served to cover the little that remained of his Frank costume, tied a handkerchief round his head, and engaged a Turk to guide him, terrified and crest-fallen, to the house of the Greek archbishop, to whom he was addressed." I would here remark, that the tables have also in this case been turned, and the *hat*, though it is still looked

upon with horror and aversion, and still called a "*tunjra*," which means a saucepan, is no longer treated so contemptuously—if it still excites aversion (and what Christian costume does not horrify the pious feeling of a fanatical Mahomedan?) it also commands respect, and is universally feared. The trumpet-toned voice of England, as its thunders told on the walls of Acre and Bayroot, in 1799 and 1840, is but too well remembered, and the Mahomedan has learnt, and is learning, that under the *hat* of a Frank there is a great deal to respect; it is high time the Mahomedans were taught that the Christian powers are not nonentities; if Sidney Smith and Charles Napier are forgotten, their hellish cannonading will be remembered, and speak in trumpet-tones, that the ferocious spirit of Caled must not be practised in this nineteenth century. It is this, and *this only*, which prevents Mahomedanism from drawing the sword, and compelling Christians either to acknowledge the Prophet or to feel its edge. Truly did one of the American missionaries say, in a speech in America, that "if the Christians of the East have been ameliorated in their condition, it is all owing to British influence." Yes: and it only wants England to say the word, and the Christians of the East will sleep sounder—a Mahomedan will then no longer curse the Christian cross with impunity; nor during his fast of Ramadan exhibit his malevolent spirit on the Christian, because he happens to smoke his pipe, a privilege which he will not allow the Christian to use during that month of fasting, and if the Christian wants in that month to dine in his shop, as he usually does, he must do it secretly, so as not to be seen, or go and dine at home—if seen eating or smoking, woe to him. A Christian's word will then be as much respected as a

Mahomedan's, in a court of justice. It is the influence of England which has made the Mahomedans of Beyrout treat their Christian neighbours with more respect than than they have heretofore done, or still do in other places of the East. They have seen an English line of battle ships, with the cross of St. George flying at the main; they have noticed its broadside, nor did they fail to observe its heavy calibred pieces of artillery, and the recollection of its thunder in 1840, is still in their memory, and has done more than a thousand treaties to improve the manners of Mahomedanism.

I have already mentioned the existence here of two Irish missionaries, and this leads me to say that the Presbyterian Board of Ireland have a mission to Damascus. It was commenced about ten or twelve years ago, and has been assisted by the Reformed Associate Presbyterian body of the United States who have sent three missionaries to co-operate with those sent from Ireland. At present, there are in all five missionaries in Damascus; one of whom is a doctor. They have succeeded in organising a native church, which has sixteen native members. They also have a high and a primary school. On sabbath I attended their services twice, and was highly pleased with the reverence and attention with which the natives hear the Word of God. I had been deeply pained, when in Scotland, to see the people when the minister approaches the end of his prayers, sit down before he had concluded, and drown his "Amen"—an Amen to which they ought have responded—in the opening of books and adjusting their seats. Oh, I thought *that* was a barbarous custom! methinks a draft is worth nothing without the signature of the drawer; and what is a prayer worth when the people will not

wait to see it concluded, and heartily join in the Amen to it? It looked like a solemn mockery; hence it was both pleasing and refreshing to turn from this unedifying state of things to the very reverential manner of the Protestant congregation of Syria, where if they don't take off their hats as in the west, nevertheless pull off their shoes as Moses did when he approached holy ground, and sit with the utmost reverence, and listen with the deepest attention! This seemed a pleasing contrast to the Protestant churches of America, where I have seen ladies enter in as if they entered a theatre, leaning on the arm of a young man, while their silks and satins vibrated "*whisk, whisk, whisk,*" till they reached their silk-cushioned pew; and there they lounged and fanned themselves, or eat sugar-plums or ginger-cakes; and if the minister was a little long in his sermon, I have seen them puff and draw an impatient breath, which to a stranger's eye looked very much as if these worshippers came to church simply to *oblige* God.

I am speaking plainly, but I am conscious to myself of no desire to give offence—if what I say does however offend the sensibilities of some, I am sure it cannot be the Christian portion of the community, for surely these must have felt the force of my statement, before now it meets their eyes in black and white; and if what I say be true, they will rejoice with me if I can provoke the indifferent portion of their community to a better state of things.

The hospital which once existed under the superintendence of Dr. Thompson has been given up; but Dr. Paulding, the American missionary, is practising extensively. Medical agency is a great means to smooth down prejudices and recommend true Christianity;

it is a medium which is greatly wanted. I know but very little of Dr. Thompson's operations here, and indeed not much of Dr. Paulding's, my stay being so brief in Damascus, and most of the time I was lying ill, that I had not much opportunity of learning; but I have since then heard he is doing a great work, and has won the confidence of all classes, Christians, Mahomedans, and Jews. I know of no such powerful medium to show to Orientals our beautiful religion, which is *love one to another*, as the presence of a pious medical man (such as Dr. Paulding) at the bedside of a sick person; surely who can withstand such self-denying kindness? That the medical department in the hands of such an excellent man as Dr. Paulding, is a great and powerful auxiliary to missionary labour everywhere, is too much of a truism to require any demonstration; it bears its evidence on its face. Our Saviour was the first medical missionary; wherever He went He healed the sick.

I have now spoken of two powerful mediums, viz., preaching the gospel and medical influence, as great agencies in spreading the knowledge of true Christianity. They are help-mates, and one is necessary to the other; one to win the confidence of the people, and the other to dispense the *word* to such people as are thus won and inclined to hear the message of salvation. These, however, generally speaking, operate on adults. Now, when we consider that a grown tree is more likely to break than bend, we have to thank God for the little that has been done, and to persevere in our efforts. But there is another powerful medium which is exclusively brought to bear on the young, and which, if rightly handled, might, under the blessing of God, be the means of regenerating Syria. I refer to the education of the youths

of this land. I do not mean the schools established by the various sects, where nothing but a corrupted liturgy is taught; but I mean *Christian schools*, where the Bible, "the inheritance of the whole world," is a standard book, and where the youthful mind can drink deep of its pure waters. These schools can only be the offspring of missionary labour, as the other sects do not tolerate the Bible. Now I argue, that if such schools were established all over Syria, especially now that the cry for them is like a hurricane blowing over the land, who can estimate the results from them to the rising generation—a generation growing up in the "admonition and nurture of the Lord"? Or who will doubt the happy results on Syria, socially and morally? I do not wish to prolong this topic; but I cannot help saying, that in the present state of things, this will prove a powerful auxiliary to the ultimate regeneration of this land—an auxiliary which those who love Syria must advance with all their might, if they want to see native evangelists rising in all the eloquence of primitive Christianity to bless the land, north, south, east, and west. Instead of one convert, it is to be hoped, that many who otherwise would not hear the Gospel could be then reached, and the Bible would be a standard book in every family; but this could not be done till the subject of Christian education is more properly understood and efficiently advanced. The work will then be, compared to what it is now, like a bucket to a drop of water; and who will doubt it? The words of Chevalier Bunsen, in his work entitled "*Hippolitus and his Age*," are worthy of notice. He says, "The nations of the present age want not less religion, but more;" they want it "to reform the social relations of life, beginning with the domestic, and culminating in

the political; an honest *bonâ fide* foundation, deep as the human mind, and a structure free and organic as nature. This aim cannot be attained without national efforts, CHRISTIAN EDUCATION, free institutions, and social reforms. Then no zeal will be called Christian which is not hallowed by charity, no faith Christian which will not be sanctioned by reason. Christianity now enlightens only a small portion of the globe; but it cannot be stationary; it will advance, and is already advancing triumphantly over the whole earth, in the name of Christ, and in the light of the Spirit."

Take, for example, Scotland, and hear what Mr. Gladstone said, speaking of Scotsmen and the natural poverty of their country, and the effect of EDUCATION in placing Scotland in a position among nations second to no other. He says: "Three or four hundred years ago they were a nation in the rear of Europe; they are now in the front, in the van!" And why? The reason he gives us for this prodigious and astonishing change, was to be found in the fact, *that for two centuries the people of Scotland had had the ADVANTAGES OF SCHOOLS far beyond any other country, far beyond England; and every labouring man in Scotland has had the means of sending his children to them*: an intelligent reason for such great social and moral results; and Scotland will ever be a living testimony of the blessings of *Christian education*. I have not the time; nor is this the place, to quote Dr. Candlish's statements on this great subject, and its happy results on the rising generations of his country; but I refer the reader to them.

And not less than that of Scotland is the wonderful rise and progress of the United States, which may be attributed to the same source, *viz.*, Christian education, or the

common school system, as they call it, and whose importance has even been felt by the great men of that republic as a vital point in the history of their commonwealth. I have before me the history of the common school system in the state of New York, U. S., and it is interesting. In the great meeting of the State Legislature, after the adoption of the constitution, Governor George Clinton introduced this great subject in his speech as follows: "Perhaps there is scarce anything more worthy of your attention than the encouragement and revival of seminaries of learning, . . . since *piety and virtue are generally the offspring of an enlightened understanding.*" From 1795 to 1802, various measures were adopted, and revenues appropriated, for this object. In 1802 and 1803, Governor Clinton renewedly and energetically recommended the establishment of *common schools*. He says, "The advantages to morals, religion, liberty, and good government, arises from the general diffusion of knowledge." In 1804, Governor Lewis again pressed the subject, by saying that "COMMON SCHOOLS, under the guidance of respectable teachers, should be established in every village." In 1810, Governor Tompkins again called the attention of the legislature to this subject: he said, "I cannot omit this occasion of calling your attention to the means of instruction for the rising generation." And Why? "In order," continues he, "to enable them to perceive and duly estimate their rights; TO INCULCATE CORRECT PRINCIPLES AND HABITS OF MORALITY AND RELIGION; and to render them useful citizens." And hear what the commissioners who were appointed carefully to look into the subject, and report thereupon, said: "Perhaps there will never be presented to the legislature a

subject of more importance than the establishment of COMMON SCHOOLS. Education, as the means of improving the moral and intellectual faculties, is, under all circumstances, a subject of the most imposing consideration. To rescue man from the state of degradation to which he is doomed, unless redeemed by education; to unfold his physical, intellectual, and moral powers; and to fit him for those high destinies which his Creator has prepared for him, cannot fail to excite the most ardent sensibility of the philosopher and the philanthropist."

I could add more testimonies to the blessing of education, both to the youths and their country; but I will content myself, by way of conclusion, and of recommending the subject to the minds of those who love Syria for the sake of her Master, with quoting one more paragraph from a speech made by Horace Mann, while speaking of a *Common School Education*. He said: "So pervading and enduring is the effect of education upon the youthful soul, that it may well be compared to a certain species of writing ink, whose color at first is scarcely perceptible, but which penetrates deeper and grows blacker by age; until, if you consume the scroll over a coal fire, the characters will be legible in the cinders."

It being the vacation with the school at Damascus, I could not see the children; but I have before me a lithographic programme of the last examination of the High School, which embraced these studies, viz.: reading, Arabic grammar, scripture history, geography, arithmetic, and the English language. The school duties commenced by reading a portion of the scriptures, and prayer; and closed in like manner. This, in fact, is the plan on which the Protestant schools are

conducted. The principals are generally the missionaries, who are assisted in teaching the higher branches, by a graduate of the Abaih seminary.

Thursday, 4th January.

Of all the travellers who came to Damascus, I hardly think a more unfortunate party ever visited this city, or saw less of its Orientalism. On the day of our arrival, we all felt unwell; the next day, however, we got up, to breakfast, with the exception of P—; but though we rose, I hardly think any of us were in a better state of health than he. I felt very poorly; and consequently, I made up my mind to leave for Hasbaiya on the morrow, leaving the party to come after me. I consulted M—, who was well and up to-day, as also Dr. Paulding; and their unanimous advice was, that I should lose no time in placing myself under the care of my family: besides which, I wanted to be ready against the arrival of the party at Hasbaiya, to proceed with them to Jerusalem; and as I desired to be with my friends as many days as I possibly could, it was thought, all things considered, that if I was well enough, I had better start next morning; and so it was decided. In the meantime, leaving my companions to call on the missionaries, I went and had a Turkish bath.

Damascus is famous for its baths; but I think there is one in Sidon which is better than those of Damascus. I went, however, to the best, which I entered from one of the bazaars. The door was secured by a canvass hanging, which my guide lifted up, and we were ushered into a small paved court, in the centre of which was a large fountain; on all sides were raised stone platforms, forming divans, for customers to undress them-

selves upon; I betook myself to one, and began to undress, at the same time smoking a *nargeelé*. The vault of the bath was a dome, set in with glass, made of the bottom of bottles; these were of different colours, causing the beams of the sun to fall in rainbow hues on the towels which were hanging on ropes extending from side to side. On one side, by a square desk, sat the master of the bath, smoking; he was a grave old Turk. As is usual, I handed him my watch to keep; my purse I had taken the precaution to leave behind, bringing with me only what I thought was necessary to defray expences. All around me were Turks dressing or undressing; as soon as I was ready, a man brought some towels, two of which he threw on my shoulders, and one he wrapped round my waist; he then handed me a pair of clogs, and consigned me to the custody of two naked wretches, whose only apparel was a towel round the waist.

We entered a small passage, not very clean, nor pleasant in its odour, and were conducted into a small room. This is an intermediate chamber, where the bather is left to perspire. I sat there a few minutes, till I was all in a state of perspiration. I then left this room, which is called the *wustany*, or intermediate, and entered a court much warmer than the last. In each corner of this court was a room, with a canvass curtain, at the door, while between each two rooms was a *léwan*, or intermediate court, slightly raised, which contained a stone scooped out for water, called *jurn*. This lay by the wall, immediately under two spouts, one conducting hot and the other cold water; and thus it was in the four *léwans* of the court. At each of these *jurns* were men washing themselves; some stretched on the ground, covered with

soap, and others washing the soap suds off, with buckets of scalding hot water, which came hissing down from their shaved heads, and rattled down their body. I had told the master of the bath that I wanted a private room; and, consequently, I was led into one of the four rooms, which was like the *léwan* outside, only it was walled up. Here, by the side of a *jurn*, I laid me down, and a one-eyed monster, clean shaved in the head, took a cloth of horse-hair, washed it well, and began to rub my body with it, till he brought all the dirt off in filaments. This finished, he soaped me all over, poured hot water over me, succeeding each bucket with another so rapidly, till in sheer agony, I jumped up, and then left me, to bring the towels, which he soon did.

Half an hour afterwards I was out in the great court, lying on a cushion, wrapped from head to foot in towels, and a young boy wiping me and cracking my joints, whilst I smoked a *nargeelé*, drank a glass of lemonade, and sipped a cup of coffee. After lying down for half an hour, a barber came and shaved me; and then I dressed myself, paid the man something like ten piastres, or about two shillings, and made my exit. On paying him, he handed me my watch. It is generally the custom to leave your watch with the master of the bath; it is considered safer; but it is as well to leave it, and any money you have, behind, in your trunk. These baths are considered great luxuries in the East, and a devout Mahomedan goes to them daily. They are certainly very refreshing; and I enjoyed my bath, though I was fearful of the consequences.

From the bath I proceeded in the direction of *Jam El Amoudy*. On the way I passed by a *khan*, built by one of the pashas; to which my guide, who had a counting-

room in an upper story, led me. It is a square building, composed of two tiers; the ground floor is used for warehouses, while in the upper story is the merchant's office. This is a khan for goods, and not a caravan-serai, where horses, mules and passengers are housed. We ascended to the room of my guide, where I met two or three of our party buying silks of Damascus manufacture. Leaving them here, we continued our walk to the mosque above mentioned, which we soon reached. It is a noble edifice, fronted by a fountain, whose waters are constantly playing. This was once a Christian church, and dedicated to St. John; its architecture, which is of the Grecian order, is said to be most beautiful; but no Christian dare enter it now, not even if he brought a firman from Constantinople, and it would be well for the traveller not to peep into its interior too curiously, as he may very likely share the fate of an Englishman, who was well pounded for attempting to take a sketch of the outside. Hence, my guide took me to the street called Straight, as also Bab El Sharki, the site of St. Paul's conversion; and then brought me home by the house of Ananias and the Franciscan convent, of which an amusing story is related. The street in which the convent stands was in such bad order some years ago, that the monks resolved to repair it at their own expense. The Turkish governor took no notice of the work during its progress; but when it was finished, he demanded on what authority they had dared to improve a street in Damascus, and ordered them instantly to pay thirty thousand piastres, to secure the privilege of walking upon it! The superior was imprisoned until he was ransomed by his brethren!¹

On returning home, I found that almost all our party

¹ "Notes of a Wayfarer," by the Rev. Cuthbert G. Young.

were out, with the exception of poor P——, who lay in bed; I now learnt that the cook had fallen violently ill, and was laid up, so poor Michael had to take his place, but it happened that a jug of boiling water had been spilt on his bare feet, and he was in agonies; so he, too, was laid up; and Ahmed and François had to make the best out of it. Michael, however, engaged another servant to assist in waiting upon us. In the evening, the elder A—— and myself called on Dr. Paulding. We entered his house by a door so low that we knocked our heads against it; this introduced us to a large court, I forget whether there was a fountain in it or not; the generality of the houses in Damascus have. We were ushered into a parlour, well heated by an American stove. Here we saw Dr. and Mrs. Paulding, who, during our stay in Damascus, were extremely kind and attentive to us. In returning home, as it was after eight o'clock, we had to have a lantern. But here was a new feature in the programme; Damascus is divided into quarters, and each quarter has a gate, and as our house was some distance, we had to knock at more than half a dozen gates before we reached our place.

Friday, 5th January.

I awoke this morning seriously ill; this made me anxious to get to my family; so I immediately engaged a man to accompany me. Just as I was ready to start, it began to snow very heavily, and my companions thought it imprudent in me to go then; so, as next day was Saturday, and I should not be able to reach Has-baiya in one day, I determined to stay over till Monday, and in the meantime accept the invitation of a friend to spend the next evening in his house, where some of my acquaintances would meet me. The snow fell down in

thick flakes, and soon everything began to look white. I went up to the top of the house, for the roofs of the houses in the East are flat, and from there had a view of the mountains and the scenery around. The sight was grand. Everything was covered with snow, and, indeed, of all things, I was reminded of a New England winter day.

In the morning I went out with Abraham, and had a better view of the street called Straight, and the house of Ananias; but these have already been mentioned in former pages. On returning home I took to one end of the divan, while M— took the other, and there we lay till dinner-time, both of us feeling unwell; the elder A— complained also to-day, and confined himself to the room.

Saturday, 6th January.

M— to-day took to his bed; I felt better and walked about, but did not leave the room till the evening, when my friend called to take me to dinner. I accompanied him very reluctantly; the snow was still falling thick, but as I promised to go, I could not do otherwise; especially as I knew that some of my former acquaintances, who had not seen me for years, would be there, and would be disappointed if I did not present myself.

Well, I went: after a deal of winding and slipping, we at last stopped before a small low doorway. The exterior appearance of a house in Damascus is by no means an index to its interior; we entered, and were graciously received by the bride of my friend, with all the flowery salams of the East. She was a tall graceful girl of about sixteen years of age, of a fair complexion, black eyes and black hair; she wore a graceful *gimbaz* (gown), which fell lower than

her feet to the clogs; her waist was encircled by a rich Cashmere shawl falling negligently and loosely, over which she wore a black jacket, richly embroidered with gold; whilst her black hair fell floating on her shoulders, to which were attached sundry pieces of gold, giving a peculiar tint to the lustre of her hair. The jacket was short, and came only as far the waist, whilst at the arms it reached no farther than the elbow, so as to give room to the sleeves of the wide *gimbaz* to fall back and shew an arm of peculiar fairness and beauty; on the wrist was clasped a bracelet, which rather deducted from the beauty of that arm. Round her neck she wore an *akd*, a sort of chain, which fell from her neck, and was concealed in her bosom by ample folds of muslin; her feet were encased in white stockings, over which she wore a yellow slipper, edged with tinsels of gold; this she slipped into the clogs, which were about eight inches from the ground. Her head was covered with a small turban, studded with gold and diamonds; immediately over the brow came the *saffeea*, gold pieces generally of the value of twenty piastres, stuck near each other from one ear to the other, which mingle with the hair, and appear like a golden wreath. Over this, directly above her forehead, came the *natoor*, a diamond; there were other diamonds, but I don't know their names. She wore two golden ear-rings, which I think did not add to her charms; and over the whole was slung gracefully a white muslin veil, which admirably set off the *tout ensemble* of the wife of my friend. And now that I have described her costume, I will say once for all, that she wore nothing extraordinary. This is the general dress and ornaments of the females in the East. It is a great mistake, which prevails in England

and America respecting the colour of our ladies, that because we are Asiatics we must be dark. No such thing; our ladies are a mixture of fair complexion and brunettes; the former are to be met with plentifully in Damascus and Tripoli.

We were politely bowed into the sala—the sitting-room, whose furniture was altogether Oriental—the carpets, the divans, the pipes. Here we were received by a few friends, who were also invited; and who knowing me personally, took the liberty of saluting me with a kiss, this being the custom in Syria. I was then seated, and a small *fingan* of *arak* was presented to me, and with it some sweetmeats, of both of which I partook. Then came a glass of sherbet, with rosewater in it; after which a nargeelé was brought, and whilst I was smoking, a cup of coffee, as small as an egg-cup, but good and strong, was presented to me. This completed the whole ceremony of my reception, and with the exception of the kissing, this is the way strangers are generally received in Syria.

Whilst talking, supper was announced, and we marched off to a room in the opposite direction of the court, headed by our host, who played his part admirably well, for he is a lively and cheerful person. Here we met four more ladies, besides our hostess; one was her sister, and the three were wives of the other gentlemen; they bowed gracefully to me, and we sat down to supper. Now this supper was not on a table, nor were there either knives or forks; first of all was spread a towel on the ground, so that the crumbs should not fall upon the carpet; on this was a small *scamla*, or stool, about a foot high, over which was placed a large round copper tray,

holding the various dishes. Round this we squatted on the ground, and helped ourselves to the food, using our fingers in lieu of knives and forks.

The Syrians generally take two meals a-day; their first meal, which I omit, would not be considered one by Europeans; it consists only of a small cup of coffee, and a nargeelé; on this they subsist till mid-day, when they take their first substantial repast: it resembles very much a European luncheon, consisting of cheese and salad, or the cold remains of last night's supper. Their second meal is the supper, which takes place about sunset, which with them is twelve o'clock. The natives do still, as in days of old, count their time from the rise of the sun to its setting; thus you ask a Syrian, "What is the time of day?" and he answers you, "It is nine o'clock," which means that it is three o'clock in the afternoon, or thereabouts. This will remind the reader of the *sixth* and *ninth* hours mentioned in Matthew xxvii. 45 and 46. Our Saviour, therefore, must have "yielded up the ghost" about three o'clock in the afternoon.

The inhabitants of Syria, if not altogether vegetarian, are next door to it. They eat little animal food, and that which they do eat is mixed with a great deal of vegetables. One of their favourite dishes, *and a good one it is*, is *Muhshi*, a sort of sausage, made thus:—some minced mutton, rather fat, is cut very fine, and mixed with rice; this mixture is then seasoned with salt, pepper, and other spices. While this is being made, a vegetable marrow is hollowed nicely, leaving barely the skin, into which this mixture is put, and stopped in the entrances by a vine-leaf; it is then cooked. Cabbage is also used instead of the vegetable marrow. While the meat and rice is being mixed, a cabbage is put into hot water, in order to make

the leaves pliable—it is then taken out; the coarser portion is made into salad, whilst the tenderer part of the leaf is spread smooth, and the mixture is put into it, and afterwards rolled like a sausage. This, as has already been said, is a favourite dish. Rice is also extensively used. This article is imported in great quantities from Egypt, and forms a staple item of food in Syrian houses.

Our supper consisted of several Syrian dishes. Before eating, each of the persons present made the sign of the cross on his breast, and ejaculated a short prayer to this effect: “In the name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit; Amen.” I avoided the crossing, but joined in the ejaculation; and here I will add, that saying grace on beginning and returning thanks at the end of meals, is a universal custom in the East; and one would be looked upon with horror, who does not use some form of thanking God for the bounty spread before him. The Mahomedan commences his meals by saying, “*Bism Allah el Haii*.” In the name of the Living God. During meal hours, little is spoken, and as they finish, they rise up one after another, without waiting for each other, ejaculating as they rise up, “*El Ham l' Ullah*,” the thanks are to God. At the door the servant meets the person, and placing a copper basin under his hands, gives him a piece of soap, and then pours water over his hands. When the person has done washing, a towel is presented to him, which he uses, and then throws it on the shoulder of the servant, whilst he proceeds to the *sala*, where another servant brings him a pipe and a cup of coffee. I would here add, that whilst the stranger is eating, the host and hostess are continually pressing him to eat more.

We now entered the *sala*, and reclined ourselves on the soft and downy divans in lieu of the chairs of the

West. Rich ottomans surrounded the room, and carpets decked the floor—the furniture was neat, easy, comfortable, costly, well adapted to lounging, and certainly more graceful than the chairs, whereon a person has to sit bolt upright like an Egyptian mummy. A *mangal*—a brass machine—containing fire of burning charcoal, was placed in the centre of the room. This is substituted for the stove, or the fireplace, which are not yet known here. Our friends sat cross-legged, bending their knees inwards; others, sat more at ease, leaning on rich cushions behind their backs. In the presence of a superior, a Syrian sits with his knees close together, and rests the weight of his body on his heels. This is the most unpleasant posture that I know of.

We were soon joined by the ladies, who sat on one side, by themselves. It is not the custom for men and women to mix together. Among the Mahomedans it is actually forbidden; but as the present party were all well known friends and relations, and as the ladies wanted to hear what I had to say of my foreign travels, they were, therefore, allowed to join us; and in a few minutes the room was one bubble of nargeelés and noise. Both men and women smoked, and the room would have been in a high way to represent a London fog, were it not that it is so constructed as to be well ventilated. The houses in Syria are two or three stories high; in Beyrout and other places they are built of a sort of red sandstone, in which the country abounds. The plan of a house is nearly the same all over Syria; it is a square, in each corner of which is a room. In the intermediate portion between each two rooms is generally a *lewan* or court; this is walled behind and roofed, but open in front, and forms an acceptable place for sitting in summer. In this manner

four square rooms, and one or two courts, the ground-tier is built, and a similar story is erected above, and perhaps another one higher still. The kitchen, pantry, &c., are generally on the first floor. In towns like Damascus, where the water is plentiful, a pool of water with a spout graces the court and gives a refreshing appearance to the house. The walls of the rooms are not papered, but are white-washed with a solution of lime. The windows which are generally four, in moderate-sized rooms, have no glass, but are closed with deal shutters from the outside; the ceiling of the room is generally high, and in some places it is tastefully ornamented.

In the court of my friend's house, I saw three or four orange and citron trees, which, added to the view of the water, and the jessamine trained on the walls and lattices, and surrounding the windows, gave to the house a peculiar air of life, which at once pleased and refreshed the sight; and when you add the various groups that meet your eye round the pool of water—the father fondling his child; the mother gracefully walking on high clogs, brilliant with ornaments from head to foot; a black eunuch filling a pipe; and a turbaned man sitting on the *lewan* smoking leisurely; you have a picture of romance made more romantic.

During the evening, many of the friends of the family dropped in; those who knew me personally embraced me, and saluted me with a kiss on each cheek, and then kissed my left shoulder; this is the custom. Strangers to me, simply bowed and placed their hands on their heart, then on their mouth, and then on their forehead; a very genteel way of saluting. Placing the hand on the heart will remind the reader of the seat of the *affections*; on the lips, the kiss of *love*; on the fore-

head, *esteem* and *respect*: thus affection, love, and respect are combined in the salutation of a Syrian. As soon as any stranger came in, we all rose up to meet him, saluted him, and pressed on him the best seat, which is generally the farthest up from the door. As some of these gentlemen who came last brought their wives with them—three or four of them had infants in their arms—it was resolved, much to my regret, that the ladies should adjourn to another room, which was immediately done.

The topics of the conversation now turned on the war, and I told them all that I knew on the subject. This led us to speak of British enterprise. They were astonished at hearing of the railway, the telegraph, and the balloon; and were greatly amused when I told them how everything goes by clock-work in England. They admired the post-office system, and could hardly credit me when I told them that it was next to impossible to lose a letter in England. I told them how a letter is dropped into the post-office in London at seven o'clock on one evening, and at seven o'clock the next morning I would find it lying on my table two hundred miles off.

“Don't you go for it?” said one.

“No; there is a man on purpose to bring it to my house,” answered I.

“And who pays this man?” said another.

“The government,” I again responded; and here I told them of the red-coated letter-carriers, and their rat-tat rap at the door.

“But how does this man know where you live?” asked a third.

I here explained to them how the houses are numbered and the streets named; and how the letters bore

the address of the person on the outside; and, consequently, how easy it was for the letter-carrier to find the house.

“But how is it that you cannot lose a letter?” another one asked.

“Because,” I said, “the inside of the letter bears my address; and if my correspondent is not found according to the address which I put outside, the government opens the letter, sees my address, and encloses it back to me with a polite line, telling me that my correspondent is either dead or removed; and, consequently, a letter can’t be lost.”

“Mashalla! how good!” was the unanimous ejaculation.

It would be out of place to record here all our conversation; the above is given as a sample of the rest. I told them of the form of the government, beginning at the Queen, and ending in the free-born peasant, who looks upon his house as his castle. I told them of the police; and, in fact, of as much of the wonders of England as I could put together in a short space of time, and to all of which they all ejaculated *Mashallah!* A black girl who was replenishing our pipes and nargeelés, had communicated to the ladies an imperfect account of the wonders I was relating, and which made them more wonderful; and the result was, that the ladies sent the servant to say, “that it was shameful they were debarred from hearing these accounts,” a complaint which was backed by our host, who was a merry fellow, and who proposed that we should adjourn to the ladies’ saloon, as being larger, and would hold us all, men, women, and children. This was immediately agreed to, and we went there.

On entering the room, I saw a group of about twenty young ladies, and three or four more advanced in life sitting carelessly and negligently in one corner of the room, smoking their pipes and nargeelés; whilst a few boys of robust constitution and fair complexion gathered round the *mangal*. The sight that met my eye as we entered the room—the careless lounge—the dark and almond eyes, or still better as the ladies rose up gracefully to receive us, was most interesting and intensely thrilling. Their dress became them beautifully, and I could not help being reminded of Dr. Madden's description of our ladies:—"Strange as it may appear," he says, "I often thought that there was as much elegance of attitude displayed in the splendid arm of an Eastern beauty holding her rich chibouque (pipe), and reclining on her Persian carpet, as even in the lovely form of a girl at home, bending over her harp, or floating along with the music of the waltz." Speaking of their dress, he adds:—"Their apparel is superb and certainly becoming." Lamartine's description of the peasantry of Mount Lebanon is both beautiful and characteristic: he says—"It is impossible to describe with the pen the groups so redolent of the picturesque, from the richness of their costume and their beauty, which these females there compose in the landscape. I see among them daily such countenances as Raphael had not beheld, even in his dreams as an artist. It is more than the Italian or Greek beauty; there is the nicety of shape—the delicacy of outline—in a word, all that Greek and Roman art has left us as the most finished model; but it is rendered more bewitching still by a primitive artlessness of expression—by a serene and voluptuous languor—by a heavenly clearness, which the glances from the blue eyes,

fringed with black eyelids cast over the features, and by a smiling archness, a harmony of proportions, a rich whiteness of skin, an indescribable transparency of tint, a metallic gloss upon the hair, a gracefulness of movement, a novelty in the attitudes, and a vibrating silvery tone of voice which render the young Syrian girl the very *houri* of the visual paradise. Such admirable and varied beauty is also very common. I never go into the country for an hour without meeting several such females, going to the fountain or returning." But Mr. Wolff's enthusiastic description of a Syrian Jewess, even transcends the testimony of the above-mentioned writers. He says:—"I never beheld a more beautiful or well-behaved lady in my life, except the pretty girl in the valley of Cashmere (the Persian ladies are also said to be very beautiful); she looked like a queen in Israel. A lovely lady she was; tall, of a fair complexion and blue eyes, and around her forehead and cheeks she wore several roses. No queen had a finer deportment than that Jewess had." Bartlett, after describing the Syrian dress of a female, says:—"The ensemble, it must be admitted, is very fascinating." Modesty hinders me from adding my humble testimony to the charms of our ladies; but I will simply say, that of all my observation in this land, and I boast that it has not been little, the Tripoli ladies bear the palm for beauty over all Syria; one I know, who comprises in her person what all the above writers have written, exquisitely beautiful in features, elegant in form, fair in complexion; graceful in her movements, and devoid of that art which characterizes the features of her more enlightened sisters of the West. But for a testimony to the above, we need only refer to the Bible, and there we shall see a number of charming fe-

male portraits; pictures of beauty that are unsurpassed and rarely paralleled.

To return to our story. We were gracefully received, and as gracefully accommodated with seats; and the large room just held the whole of us. As a matter of fact, I was asked great many questions about the ladies of the West. I told them what were honestly my views, and ascribed the superiority of Anglo-Saxon ladies to their education and training, and not to their personal charms. I told them how most of the girls of that nation can read and write; how they are versed in the higher branches of education, and accomplished in their manners. I told them of their schools, both secular and sabbath, and of their various benevolent associations. I told them how good they were as daughters, and how superior they were as wives; and how they brought up their children, and how instead of being dolls to man they were his companions and friends. The men, I suspect, winked at this, as I heard many an "ahem"; but nevertheless I proceeded; my heart burning within me that such beautiful creatures should at all be in the rear, and my object was to provoke them to education, and consequently a better state of things. I said a great many things which I do not remember now; but one thing I know that the conversation turned on Queen Victoria, and many, and diversified, were the questions put to me on this head—to all of which I answered to the best of my knowledge; I told them that she was the greatest sovereign on earth.

"Is she beautiful?" a man said to me.

"I do not know," I answered, "never having seen her; but I believe that in the eyes of her subjects, who

adore her, she is not so much thought of for the charms of her person as for those of her mind."

"How proud she must be;" said our hostess.

"Far from it," said I; "she is very courteous to all her subjects—very plain and simple in her manner—drives about quite privately—and, when she visits her Scotch residence, she goes about among the peasants—goes into their houses, and talks with them, as if she was not the greatest monarch on earth, but one of them."

"*Ya ajeebe!* Oh wonder of wonders!" answered they.

"What is the number of her subjects?" asked a man.

"Upwards of two hundred millions; or, in other words, a quarter of the inhabitants of the globe, acknowledge her sway;" I answered.

"*Ajeebe!* Oh wonder!" was again the unanimous ejaculation.

"Do all her subjects love her?" asked a lady dressed in pink, and loaded with ornaments.

"They adore her," I answered. "She reigns not so much over them as she does in their hearts. It is there that she has lodged herself, and her people are quite enthusiastic in her praises; and, to hear them speak of her, you would think them all in love with her."

"*Eh! Haik ykoon el milk willa ballash.* Such is indeed monarchy worth having;" said three or four men at once.

"Does she wear a great deal of ornaments?" asked another lady.

"I have not seen her," I answered; "but report says that she is very plain in her dress, and is often transcended by her maids of honour."

"*Ya ajeebe!*" was again the unanimous exclamation.

"Do many people accompany her when she goes out?" asked a young damsel about twelve.

I said that she very rarely went out in state; and, when she did, the streets were crowded with people to see her; and, when once they got sight of her, they cheered her lustily; but that she often went out in private with few attendants.

"How different is her conduct from our pasha, who can't move his foot unless a host be near him;" said a little man who had been listening very attentively.

"Oh," said I, "as for that, your pasha makes ten times more parade and fuss than Queen Victoria."

"*Ya ajeebe!*"

"And does she love her subjects?" asked the mother of a young boy who was fast asleep in her lap.

"It seems so," I answered, "for she is always seeking their happiness, and recommending it to her house of Parliament."

"No wonder she is loved;" said the whole of them.

"In fact," I said, "she is a good woman—an affectionate wife—a tender mother—a constant friend; and one who would grace any circle, even if she were not a queen."

"Oh! will she ever come to Damascus?" said a bright-looking girl, quite enthusiastically.

"Oh, you fool!" said another to her; "she will not leave her kingdom and come here; and, if she did, you could not see her."

"Softly, my friend," I said; "if Queen Victoria ever comes here, which is very doubtful, she will relish an evening like this greatly, and her condescension will be

only second to her enjoyment. At least this is my opinion, if report has spoken truly of her."

At this moment the servant brought in a tray, on which were fruits and sweetmeats, to which we were invited, and partook; and, after smoking one more nargéele, and drinking one more cup of coffee, this pleasant party began to disperse, and I, consequently, went home, when I found my friends fast asleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

DAMASCUS TO HASBAIYA.

The Parting—Michael an excellent Provadore—Departure—The Streets of Damascus—A fearful Morning—The Watchman—The Water—Reaching the Plains—A second Breakfast—A Herd of Antelopes—A Shepherd and his Pipe—Goats, Cows, and Sheep—Reaching the Kullâa—A Fall in the Snow—Khalil's Prophecy verified—The Caravan—The head Muleteer—Our Difficulties—Abandoning the Goods—Cry for Help—Ascent of the Hill—The Muleteers and the Mules—The Goods—Khalil's Remark—The Rescue—How we got to the Top of the Hill—The Excitement at Aiha—Hospitality and Good-heartedness—Arrival at Rashaiya—Its Christian Population, and their Bigotry—Reflections—The Oriental Churches—The Converts—Puseyism—A peculiar Case—Filial Devotion and Veneration for the Aged—Roads—First View of Hasbaiya—Impressions—Arrival at Hasbaiya—Cordial Welcome as expressed by the People—Visits—Entertainments—"Illustrated London News" and "Punch"—Influence of a Pictorial Bible—Death of M——.

Monday, 8th January, 1855.

AS I was to start early this morning for Hasbaiya, I bade my friends good bye on the previous evening. The snow had ceased falling on Sunday morning; and the sun once more shone bright in all its glory, sparkling in gorgeous beauty. Our party had also revived; the cook was well, P—— was better, the elder A—— had recovered from an attack of diarrhœa, and M—— was up

this day and dressed; so that when I bade them good bye on the evening of Sunday, it was on the understanding that they would join me in Hasbaiya by the succeeding Saturday. And thus I parted with them. Little did I then know, when I bade M—— good bye, that it was to be a farewell for life: but God's thoughts are not like our thoughts, nor are His ways like our ways. And thus the saying was verified, *that man proposes, but God disposes*. I will not, however, anticipate the evil; "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

So as not to disturb the party in the morning, it was agreed that I should sleep in an upper chamber, which our host kindly placed at my disposal. The younger A—— joined me there, nor did he leave me till it was very late. Meanwhile, Khalil, my new servant and guide, packed all my things, and laid himself to sleep in the court below.

At four o'clock I was up; but I found Michael and the cook, as well as Ahmed, had risen before me, and had already prepared a warm breakfast, and cooked enough victuals to suffice till I should reach Hasbaiya. Two large fowls and a shoulder of mutton had been roasted; an ample quantity of bread was thrust into the saddle-bag; a bottle of wine and a dozen of oranges, as also salt and pepper, a knife and fork, plate, cup and tea-cup, spoons, etc.; a supply of tea and sugar were also put into a canister, and handed to Khalil to put into his saddle-bags; in fact, nothing that could contribute to my comfort was forgotten by the attentive Michael.

At five o'clock we left the house, after having made a hearty breakfast on ham and eggs and beefsteaks, and drank three cups of coffee. It was pitch-dark when we started, and never shall I forget the trouble we had in

threading our way through the narrow, muddy, and slippery streets of Damascus. The Muezzin had already cried his morning call to prayer, and thus we found the gates of the various quarters open; but O what difficulty we had in making our way through the covered bazaars, which were as pitch dark as any winter night could be imagined. I could not see the head of the horse; and were it not for the footsteps of Khalil's horse, which struggled in the slippery path, and echoed in these sepulchral vaults—the streets of Damascus—I should not have known how to guide mine one step. Whatever may be said of the beauty of Damascus, my experience is, that its interior is anything but beautiful in winter. What added to the trouble was, that the noise of our horses' footsteps would wake some still sleeping watchman, who would raise up his head, and ejaculate "*Ya Allah!* (O God!)" in a tone as startling as it was sudden and unexpected, and my horse would start and snort like one possessed. It is easy to be cool now, and write of it as a mere incident of the way; but I still have an unpleasant recollection of that morning; and should it ever be my lot to visit Damascus again, I shall not leave my domicile till it is broad day-light. The only places we found open at this hour of the day were the baths and the ovens; to the former we saw straggling parties of Turks entering in its low doorway; and in the latter I cannot say that I saw anything but the fierce blaze which quite hurt my eyes, so that I had to shut them, only to open them on yet thicker darkness. One hour—a long, cruel hour—it took us before we reached the gate of the city. Was our trouble ended? Indeed not, gentle reader; for we had now to wade our way for more than half-an-hour—aye, nearly an hour—in a stream of water

which filled the pathway between the gardens. O it was a fearful buffeting with its waters, especially when our horses, as they often did, sank into its quagmires! How we were bespattered with mud and water I need not say; nor how great was my joy when Khalil told me that we were on the plains. It was still dark, for a heavy mist lay on the ground, and we impatiently awaited the rising of the sun to dispel it. We could, however, now see our way; and as I intended to do my best to reach Hasbaiya the same evening (and would have done so, were it not for the catastrophe which befell us), I put my horse to the gallop. Khalil, who hitherto was ahead of me, now followed behind. About eight o'clock the sun rose, and the mist began to clear; we found ourselves in sight of *Catana*, and not far from it. On we urged our horses, and by nine we had passed that village, leaving it to our left. We were now at the foot of the mountains, and I began to feel hungry; Khalil told me that we would soon get to a spring of water, and so we did—a fine brook bubbling from under a rock, and straggling amid the green grass, to which it gave health and verdure.

Here, therefore, we alighted and enjoyed a second breakfast. Whilst eating, a herd of antelopes, ten, fifteen, twenty of them ran up the crag. On seeing them, Khalil said:

“*El Hamdlullah* (thanks are to God).”

I asked him why he made this ejaculation.

“Because,” said he, “our day begins by seeing the gazelle; a nobler animal, and one *more prophetic for good*, there is not among all the animals of God’s creation.”

I learnt from him, that the sight of an antelope in the morning is the sign of a fortunate day, in which difficulties, however gigantic, will be smoothed one way or another.

“*Inshallah* (if God pleases),” I answered. I inquired again if there were plenty of these animals in that part of the country—

“*Kteer* (many),” he said; and added, that the whole range of those mountains—pointing to the ridges before us—were full of them. And such is the case: I saw another herd of these fine animals the next day. Pigeons and partridges were beyond number.

I was entertained here by a shepherd playing on a pipe. His goats were browsing on the crags above; and it was but little, I thought, they could get, for few were the places which the snow did not cover. The pipe was interesting: it was a double reed, tied together by strings, resembling a double flageolet. On the top, however, were two smaller reeds thrust into the larger, which acted as mouth-pieces, having a small slip in each to carry off the wind to the larger reeds.

I do not know whether I have made myself intelligible, but the above is an exact description of the shepherd’s pipe of the East, and which I doubt not is about the same as the shepherd king of Israel once used. The shepherd wore a striped *abba*, brought about his waist by a cord of woven camel’s hair; his head was covered by a handkerchief triangularly folded, and left to fall on the neck and shoulders, whilst it was tied over his forehead by a cord of the same material as that which was round his waist. In fact it was a regular Arab dress; and I am inclined to think it was like the one which David wore. This inference only enters my mind, because of the little change, if any, which has taken place in the East from the days of Abraham to the present time.

I asked the shepherd to let me have some goat’s milk, but he told me this was not the season to milk his goats

I gazed on the black-haired quadrupeds as they in a lively, playful, and capricious manner skipped from rock to rock, heedless of restraint; and well, did I think, do the children of the East hold it up as the model of liberty. There are two kinds of goats in Syria; one long-eared, and the other very much like the British goat. Their milk is sweet and nourishing; not so good as that of the cow, nor is the meat so good as mutton; indeed the latter is without doubt the animal food of the East, and superior to our beef or flesh of goats: it is used generally in towns by the superior classes, whilst the poorer of the community use beef. Goat's flesh is used in the mountains and the villages of the plain. With the Bedouins, a kid is considered a treat; and whenever they have a guest whom they wish to honour, they kill a kid for him, as we are told the father killed the fatted calf for the prodigal son in days of old. Our sheep have large tails, in which respect they differ from the English; but in taste I think ours is superior. Part of the milk of the goat is converted into butter, and part into cheese; whilst the skin is used for a *durf*, a large leathern sort of bottle, wherein wine, water, or oil is carried: the hide of the cow is used as soles for shoes, but the skin of the sheep is used either as a cloak or a cover for a seat. The sheep is a pleasant-looking animal: I have at this moment one before me, which was presented by one of the Emirs of Hasbaiya to my brother, for his little baby to play with; his meek, sweet countenance, bespeaks his docility, and his *tout ensemble* is lively; he is the most docile of domestic cattle; no one can help looking in his innocent face, either as he chews a green leaf, or bleats for one, without liking him; he is a picture of simple, guileless innocence.

After having rested half an hour here, we again mounted our horses, and were at ten o'clock at the entrance of the *kulláa* (forts), a mountain-pass, which derives its name from its high pending and craggy ridges rising on each side, from which project bare rocks, having the appearance of natural fortresses. So far our road lay in the plain, and we did not suffer much inconvenience; but now we were wading our way through heaps of drifting snow. Immediately at the entrance of the pass, my horse made a leap and was embedded in the icy element, and to extricate himself, he made another jump, which only got him deeper still. In this attempt I was thrown off, but was not hurt; my only difficulty was to regain the road, which I finally did after a deal of trouble; my horse also extricated himself. Khalil, profiting by my mishap, took more care, and escaped. I now made him go a-head of me: all around was dismal and dreary, nor could we tell whether we stood on the top of a precipice, and the next leap would bury us in snow, or whether we were in the bed of a ravine; the whole scenery was a white undulation—the sight was more beautiful than the passage was easy. We were, however, fortunate in having that morning been preceded by a caravan, which had left *Catana* before us, and consequently the road was somewhat beaten, otherwise we should have certainly had to return. Khalil now remarked to me:—

“Do you see, sir, how our difficulty is smoothed?” referring to our fortune in seeing the deer.

I smiled at his credulity, and bade him go on, pointing his attention to the mercy of Him who holds us all in the hollow of His hand. Our way was made easy at the expense of the caravan a-head, of whose difficulties

we could judge by the buffeting in the snow, where it was evident many a mule fell, and by the loads of goods which we saw left in the way half buried in the snow. About eleven o'clock we ascended a steep hill, and by twelve we made up to the *kaflé*, or caravan, which we found at a stand-still; they were trying to raise up some of the foremost mules which had fallen. What a mercy that a bright sun shone over us to give us warmth, otherwise a short blast of wind, or a shower of rain or snow, and there would have been an end of the whole of us.

The caravan numbered about a hundred mules, loaded with Damascus goods, bound to Acre; a few camels, loaded in like manner; some twenty donkeys for the muleteers to ride upon, and about a dozen horses for passengers, some of whom I supposed were the merchants to whom the goods belonged. How much this caravan in this nineteenth century resembled that caravan seventeen centuries before the Christian era, when "a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead, with their camels bearing spicery, and balm, and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt, the intelligent reader will at once be able to judge. *It is essentially the same.* As in the days of old, merchants and pilgrims still unite for mutual protection in traversing the regions and vast deserts of this land, as well as for offering more effectual resistance to the attacks of robbers. There are two kinds of caravans—one the pilgrim, and the other the merchant caravan; of the former we may have occasion to speak again; of the latter it is that we are now speaking.

The *Sheikh of the Mukairis*, or the head muleteer, under whose responsibility the goods are placed, was doing his best. Unlike the butlers of England, or the *maitre d'hôtel* of France, who do nothing but scold their

inferiors and take care of *number one*, this sheikh of the muleteers was working more than all the rest; but in vain; the mules had stuck like so many lamp posts, and nothing but their backs and heads were visible. Some held the mule by the head, and some by the tail, whilst others came on both sides and gave their support to the loads. It was useless; for there the mules stuck, and could not get on. The sight was both painful and amusing. Here we remained two hours, and in the interval I had my luncheon, whilst the muleteers were still struggling with the fallen mules. When all their efforts proved vain, and it was beginning to get late in the day, the head muleteer ordered all the goods to be unladen, and to be put near each other, whilst the men and mules should proceed to the next village to sleep, and, if the next day was fine, come for them. This was done; and whilst some of the muleteers were dispatched to the tops of the hills to call for help, the goods were brought from far and from near, and put near each other. Then we started off, leaving them alone in a great heap. But the road further was impracticable; so the head muleteer ordered that we should go up the mountain, and not go by way of the ravine. This was done, and after *innumerable* difficulties we reached the top of the hill. I would here remark, that we were all on foot, and a motley group we made. O it was a fearful day, and even Napoleon's iron soul might have shrunk from the task! It was a day of fatigue, confusion, and havoc, not often experienced in a life-time. Every step buried us to our waists in the snow, whilst the horses and the mules fared no better. But amid this scene of killing anguish, I could not help being amused at the way the muleteers cheered their mules. The mule

would stumble; "*Mar Mehail hawlo* (St. Michael be around him)!" the muleteer would cry. The mule buffets in the snow, and tries to gain a standing: "*Allah ya-jeero* (May God assist him)!" would be the next cry of the owner. He has gained a standing: "*Ma ashtaro* (How brave he is)!" exultingly exclaims he to whom the mule belongs; and thus we get on.

But the goods? I was told they were all right, and there is no danger of any one coming in the snow to steal them; and as for the damage, they could not help that: the merchants who send their goods at this season of the year must look to that.

"And how long do you let them lie there?" asked I of the head muleteer.

"Till we can go and get them," he answered.

Khalil told me that he knew goods to be buried in the snow for three weeks. This often occurs with the caravan between Beyrout and Damascus, as the roads between those two places in winter are almost impassable. This is the way things are done in the East.

We gained the top of the ridge as the sun was setting. I began to fear that we might be benighted in the snow; but Khalil told me there was no farther danger to be apprehended on that score, as what snow we might now meet in our way to the next village would be hardly worth mentioning.

"Here," he said, pointing to the ravine from which we had just escaped, "here is the danger, and I know many a man and many a mule who have met their death in this spot."

My answer was a shudder—a creeping of my flesh. I wanted no testimony to that fact; my dislocated legs were proof enough to me that, had we had anything

like bad weather in that spot, it would have been all over with us. But the mercy of God is over-abundant; yet how little do we appreciate it!

At this moment we heard a great noise ahead of us—screaming, tramping, and shouting. I imagined what it was, and found the noise came from the inhabitants of a village, who, having heard the call for help, had come *en masse* to rescue us. This is certainly very praiseworthy. As soon as they saw us, they shouted out, “*La bas alaikom ya shabab* (May no harm befall you, O braves)!” to which our muleteers responded by a similar cry, “*La yadimna mroowatkom* (May God never bereave us of your good will)!” The party that came numbered about fifty; but soon we met more, and more, and more. Village after village sent forth its quota to the rescue; and I should suppose that the number of people we met coming to our assistance must at least be *three hundred*; how many more came from the other side of the ridge I cannot tell, but perhaps as many more. Khalil told me that the custom is, that the moment the cry for help is heard in a village, the women echo it, and every able man is expected to fly to the rescue. I asked Khalil for the precise words of the cry for help, and he said, “*El mroowe ya shabab!*” which literally means, “*Your good will, O braves!*” or, in other words, “We stand in need of your good will;” which serves the purpose of “*Help! O help!*” of the West. It was now indeed a scene of excitement, as the hills echoed the cries of both parties; and pleasant was that echo, inasmuch as it bespoke “*good will.*”

But the reader may like to know how we managed to reach the top of the hill; it was thus done: the head-muleteer sent about twenty of the muleteers a-head to

break the ground; they marched in pairs, and trampled the snow; then came the camels, and were followed by the ablest horses and mules, and last of all came the donkeys, and thus it was that we were enabled to get to the top of the ridge on which we found ourselves after two hours' hard labour; otherwise I do not believe we should have been able to have made any headway. From this the reader will be able to conceive how glad we were to find ourselves in a better condition of roads, and with what enthusiasm we fell in with the spirit of the excitement just mentioned.

But this excitement was nothing compared to the one that met us at *Aiha*, a village, which we reached about eight o'clock in the evening; its inhabitants had heard our cry for help, and forthwith despatched their able hands to our rescue, who were now returning with us, thus swelling our caravan to more than double or triple its number. On reaching the above-mentioned village, we saw that the women had lighted up the houses and opened all the windows, that we might be directed by the lights, which we had seen from afar; but the best of it was, that the old men and women lined the terraces of their humble abodes, and on seeing us sent forth an exulting peal of thanksgiving, to which we responded by firing our guns and pistols. On passing under the houses, we were saluted by such shouts as the following: "*La bas alaikom ya shabab* (May no harm befall you, O braves);" "*Balna indakum* (Our mind has been with you);" or in other words, "We have been made anxious on your account;" "*Hamd Ullah ala salamétkom* (Thanks be to God for your safety)." To which we as cordially responded: "*La yadimna mroowatkum* (May God never bereave us of your goodwill);" "*La yoshgul lakm bal*

(May God never make your minds anxious);" or, " may you never have occasion to be so;" "*Allah yoosulimkon, wayadiem lina muhabitkom* (May God keep you safe, and preserve to us your love)." And whilst some were exchanging these compliments (and who will doubt their sincerity?) there were some women who were breaking forth into *zalagit*, a sort of peculiar tune, used by the females of Syria in times of joy, such as a marriage, or the birth of a son; and to which some of our men were responding, in loading and firing their carbines. The whole scene was one blaze within and without; our hearts were as joyous as the light which burst from every window.

Some of our muleteers belonged to this village, and consequently stopped here; whilst others were from the adjoining villages, and were going there, among whom was my servant Khalil, who wanted me to go with him to Rashaiya, where his family lived, and expressly desired me to stay in his house. I was tired, and would have preferred to have staid in this village, but his earnest and cordial invitation made me change my mind, and I agreed to go with him. We, however, were calculating without our host, for the people of Aiha would hear of no such thing; they would let none of us go.

"You are all our guests," they said, "and *baitna baitkom* (our house is yours)."

I was exceedingly proud of my country's hospitality, but still we persevered and were finally let off, reaching Rashaiya about nine o'clock, where I was welcomed at the house of my guide. Shortly after my arrival, the emir Ali, one of the princes of the Shehab family, hearing of my being in the village, sent his secretary to

invite me to stay with him in the palace, but I declined. And now I was housed, how glad I was to see myself by the fine blaze of a wood fire, after nearly sixteen hours' travelling! Khalil soon set my bedstead and spread my bed, and I laid myself down till supper was ready; after which I went to sleep, thanking God that He had so kindly and graciously opened my way, and brought me safely to this place.

Tuesday, 9th January, 1855.

Rashaiya is an extensive village of about four thousand inhabitants, mainly of the Greek faith, with whom Protestantism is a bye word; some of the principal men called on me this morning, from the tenor of whose conversation, I gleaned the fact that the light of the gospel has not begun to shed its gladdening beams on this place. They spoke in a derogatory manner of the Protestants of Hasbaiya, called them "*vile heretics*," and one of them angrily added, that if a Protestant was to come to Rashaiya and preach to them against the doctrines of the Greek church *they would kill him*. And so said once the people of Hasbaiya; nay, they carried their words into effect by stoning two of the native brethren of the Protestant church of Bayroot, who had come to preach to them a *crucified Saviour* through whom *alone* was the acceptance with the Father; and the fury of the Christians of Hasbaiya went so far, that the two Protestants barely escaped with their lives. Yet, the word of God has entered there, and in the incredible space of a few years a Protestant community has risen there, numbering at present nearly thirty communicants, who, assisted by the friends of Protestantism in Syria, have now completed the erection of the first native Protestant church; and have over them a native

pastor, the first native ordained in that country! May we not hope that such may still be the case with the bigoted christians of Rashaiya and elsewhere, and that the wrath of man may be overruled to the praise of God? To me such bigotry, certainly the result of the great efforts of the clergy to prop up their rotten systems, and to keep up their power over the minds of the people whom they ever wish to hold in bondage, is a sure sign of the speedy downfall of those churches. The efforts of the clergy, however, greatly resemble the sun when it is setting, and when is that luminary more glorious? when its streaks gild the horizon far and near, and yet amid this great effulgence of its glory, the sun nevertheless sets; so also, I deem, is the case with those churches who are now making great efforts to prop their surely falling cause. The more the Protestants are persecuted, the more do we see their numbers increase, and those of their persecutors decrease. Kill a Protestant? forsooth, it is the very thing to water the church and cause its growth to be the more rapid and the more sure. Surely that priest must have been very impolitic who, only two years ago, told a brother in Syria *to shoot his own brother because he became a Protestant*; but still worse was his palliation of the crime, when that brother indignantly asked his priest *if it was christian-like to kill his brother*; and to which the priest answered that "*the Pope and the Council of Trent (?) sanctioned the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, when the streets of Paris flowed with Protestant blood!*" Oh horror of horrors! Oh apology worse than the crime! and for a priest to make it! Is it strange then that the people wake up from their infatuations when their priests teach them such anti-

christian doctrines? Is it to be wondered at, that the people's eyes are beginning to be opened, and that the priest's influence over those whom they call their flock is growing "little by degrees and beautifully less?"

But some would say, *try and reform the churches of the East without making proselytes from them; teach them the truth and let them remain in their churches;* but what if those churches are so corrupted that they no longer deserve to be called christian; and what if those churches, not only did not tolerate, but *expelled* from their bosoms those who have found the truth as it is in Jesus? *What then?* Is it strange that thus expelled with anathemas and curses on them and all those who associate with them, they should organize themselves into a separate body, bearing the name of *Evangelical Christians*? What else should they do? If a father turns his son out of doors is it anything uncommon to learn that that child has sought a shelter under some other roof? Is it supposed he would sleep in the streets? What arrant folly to argue in this strain! it shows a bigotry of mind and a shallowness of comprehension, scarcely to be looked for among British divines. And to those who vaunt a great deal about the words "*Oriental churches*," the "*churches of the primitive fathers*," etc., if they think them fountains of grace, as once they may have been offsprings of christianity, they are greatly mistaken. As well may we say that Syria has stately buildings, and so it has, but they are in ruins; once they were indeed beautiful in the solidity of their structures, symmetry of their columns, and the exquisiteness of their workmanship; but now, the stones are displaced, the columns are fallen, and the workmanship defaced, and all that remains of them now is that they are splendid ruins,

for any purpose but for *goats* to herd therein. So is it also with these Oriental churches, from being the sanctuaries of the Most High, they have so degenerated that the theologian can now with difficulty wade his way through their mass of absurdities. And is it wrong to wake the people to the original beauty of the structure? What, if the priests, blinded by their all-sufficient power, will not accept the Word, is *that* a reason that it should not be preached to the layman? And when these people accept the Word, it seems not enough for them the persecutions they get at home, but it wants also, to fill the cup of their afflictions, that Protestant divines should cast insinuations on the sincerity of their motives, and, instead of thanking God for their reformation, shamelessly call them *Proselytes*. Out upon such a christianity, the tender flesh of which creeps at the word "*Proselyte*" (dear tender creatures!), and yet can see, unconcerned, the "blind lead the blind, and both fall in the ditch!"—how its votaries can "strain at a gnat," but "swallow a camel!" the simple term "*Oriental church*" has a charm for them which covers the multitude of its sins; the *name*, like "the outside of the cup and of the platter" which are clean, sounds to them so beautiful and so grand, that it redeems, in their opinion, "the extortion and excess" that are within it; the sepulchre is so whited without, that they fail to remember that within, it is "full of dead men's bones and of all uncleanness."

To return to our starting ground. I said, that such zealous bigotry as I have described was to me a sign of the speedy downfall of the Oriental churches in this land: the more they persecute, and the more the priests try to lord it over the consciences of the people, the

sooner will the people wake up from their infatuations, and leave their priests to the management of themselves. It has been so everywhere true Christianity has flourished. Take England, for example, and the English church. In 1850, and for some years previous, the Anglican church was every succeeding day nearing that fearful precipice which one day, sooner or later, promised to precipitate it into the arms of "*the man of sin.*" Well do we remember how the unfledged chickens of Oxford, the apostles of the nineteenth century, who, if they vaunted not the praises of the "mother of harlots and abominations of the earth," yet thought a union with her—"hugging her," to use the words of one of them—would be a glorious achievement in the annals of the church! *Glorious, indeed!* perhaps, in the end, it would have appeared a LITTLE *too glorious!* Well, the pope, hearing this, thought the whole of England was in his favour, so he sent his famous bull. It is still in the remembrance of all, how high church matters ran then; but the result, far from being adverse, was favourable to the cause of true Christianity, and the looked-down-upon evangelical party carried the day. Even the Puseyites thought the bull premature, and many of them were driven back with hurricane force to the sea of evangelism, whilst the most resolute had their eyes opened to the impending danger, and since that day a more evangelical feeling has been engendered in British breasts. Who will therefore doubt that the excitement of Oxford and the bull of the pope were, in their results, of the utmost good to England?

One clergyman the author knew, and a fine fellow he was—fine in his person, fine in his deportment, and fine in his address—able as a writer—beautiful as he was eloquent

in the mode of expressing himself, and prepossessing in his *tout ensemble* ; but unfortunately he was what is termed a Puseyite; and when the pope's bull reached the shores of England, he had topped the pyramid of that deformity. On its top he stood; one foot rested on it, whilst the other was raised to make the fatal plunge. There he stood, doubting. Six foot upwards he was, a fine fellow, indeed! Many eyes looked wistfully upon him; his gown and his tassel, for he wore a college cap, were fluttering in the breeze; hearts sighed and eyes wept at the thought that *that* fine fellow was going, going; but, by the grace of God, he did *not* go. A strong breeze came—perhaps it may have been the bull, or perhaps it may have been something else—and blew him off the pyramid, not to the fearful abyss beneath, but backwards towards the sea of his own church, where (contrary to the expectations of many, who prophesied that he would soon be in the Roman Catholic church) he still is.

I did not intend to have entered upon this topic to the length I have done; but one word has brought on another, and this is my apology. I therefore crave pardon for the digression, which I trust has not been altogether devoid of interest; if so, the more earnestly is the pardon craved.

Now, then, to resume the thread of my narrative. I woke up this morning much bruised, as may be fairly expected. My head, back, and joints, all ached fearfully. I, however, got out of bed, and when ready received my visitors, and talked with them. They were all astonished at our escape. "None but the *Kasle* comes this way," they said; "you ought to have gone by the round-about road." And here Khalil received a torrent of abuse from his friends for attempting the direct road; to which

he answered, "Youth is fond of adventures." "And do you call this an adventure," said his mother, "to risk your life and that of your master? Think you that I have found you on the ground? See to it that you do not do the like again." Khalil kissed his mother's hand, and promised obedience. And here I remark, that *filial love and veneration for old age* are two characteristics of the Syrian. A son at the age of thirty or forty will not scruple to kiss the hand of his father whenever he meets him, whether in public or in private. I even know some young men, themselves fathers, who will neither sit down nor smoke before their parents, so great is the respect entertained for them; and, as for old age, it universally commands respect in Syria. Grey hairs are considered in high repute, since the natives swear by them.

At ten o'clock we mounted our horses, and made our way out of the village, descending into the ravine. Khalil proposed to go by an indirect road, which would take in the source of the Jordan by the way; and besides, he said, "It is the best road, though it is longer by an hour than the one along the ridge, to Hasbaiya." I decided to take the indirect road, for my recollections of the toil of the preceding day were too fresh to allow me attempting any but the best.

Best of roads!—the reader may, perhaps, dream of a level plain—good and smooth; O no! this *best of roads* was only so many descents into ravines, and so many ascents up steep ridges, where our horses had to climb like goats whilst we held fast to the manes thereof! *Best of roads*—pray who was to make them? the poor over-taxed farmer, who is abandoning his lands and migrating to the towns; or the speculators who fatten on the land?

Neither: and as for Turkey, her system of pulling down rather than building up is too well known to expect any such things at her hands! Give her the revenues and that is all she cares about. Good roads or bad roads may therefore take care of themselves. So much for any one concerning himself about them! Gladly would I have paid any tolls for good roads in Syria, but such things are not known. The system of Turkey seemed to me to be to make the most of the land, so long as she has it, without incurring the slightest cost.

We descended one ravine, and left a village on our left; and saw ahead of us, topping the shoulder of a cliff which rose perpendicularly from the ravine, another little village, like a light in a high place. This we soon, also, passed to our left, and continued our course on successive ridges. We stopped by a winter torrent where we had some luncheon; and, on mounting again, saw another herd of deer merging from the brook beneath, where they had been quenching their fiery thirst; and I was reminded of David's words, "As the *hart* panteth for the water brooks." A little before three we reached the source of the Has-bani, which the winter torrent above referred to covered, so that the spring was not visible. The *Abu Djaje*, or father of a chicken, as the winter torrent is called, swells gradually, and by the time it reaches the Has-bani, it becomes a respectable stream, looking beautiful as its waters meander between willows and mulberry trees; but I had no eye to-day to look at the beautiful or the wild, I was too anxious to reach home—not to say anything of the fatigue I felt, which most fiercely called for rest. At one time I was so knocked up that I began to doubt my reaching Hasbaiya that evening; and, indeed, had we seen any village then I do

not know but I should have stopped in it, so fatigued was I.

We now crossed the bridge that spans the Has-bani, and struck into a grove of old olive trees, under whose shade we saw some Druzes reclining; and now our road lay through a fearful craggy path to Hasbaiya; the village appeared to us as we emerged from the grove, and I thought the situation exceedingly romantic. At half-past three we were in the ravine dividing it, and the view was at once pleasant and prepossessing; first towered Hermon, in all its hoary glory, and then came the ridge above, where the Emir Saad-Ed-Dein had built him a summer residence; then came its sides which presented so many rills and cascades, tumbling and foaming into the ravine through which we were wading our way; and to complete the picture, on either side of us rose Hasbaiya, half covered by its terraces of olive groves, which encompassed it on each side from the heights above to the ravine beneath. We passed immediately under the palace, an antiquated-looking building, directly beneath which, we saw a *Wely*, dedicated to Reuben! What does it mean: I never could learn more than its existence, of which my eyes already had the evidence. A quarter before four; oh! the delightful sensation—I was at home. Permit me, gentle reader, with your usual indulgence, to drop the curtain.

* * * * *

As soon as it was known that I had reached the village, the people *en masse*, from the prince to the peasant, came to call upon me. This is a universal custom in Syria. When a family receives an absent member, though he may not be known to the people, as was the case with me, yet for the sake of the family who reside among

them, it is customary for the neighbours to come personally and congratulate them on the safe arrival of the absentee; each bringing with him a gift according to his ability; some brought a score of eggs, and others brought half a dozen fowls; one sent in a loaf of sugar; and another a parcel of coffee, and so on. This custom, however unknown in Europe, cannot but recommend itself to those who would view it in a better light; it is a pleasant, simple-hearted way of expressing their cordial feeling in welcoming the absentee; and thus the joy of his arrival is not only limited to his friends, but in a sense it becomes universal, and he seems, for the time, to be the guest of the whole place. It is, certainly, most pleasing to the heart of the wanderer. After the general run of visitors has ceased, it is customary to return the visits of these people, taking them according to their rank and station. I will now proceed to show how it took place.

First of all came the princes of the Shehab family; they were five in number. With them came a host of retainers; these generally seated themselves at the lower end of the room, or loitered at the door, whilst their masters sat with us: each of these princes had his pipe or nargeelé bearer, and as soon as they were accommodated and drank a glass of sugar and water, the latter filled the pipes and brought them in; some of the *chibooks* had large amber mouth-pieces, whilst the nargeelés were surmounted with silver; after they had smoked a short while—say, five minutes—then came the small cup of coffee; after which they retired, not extending the visit to more than a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. Then came the sheikhs and governor of the place, who were treated in like manner. I would remark, that whenever a prince or a sheikh

called, he generally sent his messengers before him to announce his visit, so that we should not be taken by surprise. As they approached the house we generally met them at the door. After these, came the wealthy people of the place, who were followed by the poorer classes.

All came, from the prince to the peasant; and for a week the house was crowded from morning till night; it would have extended even farther, had I not told them that I expected some companions then, with whom I intended going to Jerusalem. For the whole length of this week, the house was in a constant uproar, and, as it would be naturally inferred, I had a good deal of speaking; but the reader would suppose I drank many tumblers of sherbet with my guests. No such thing; it is not the custom for the members of the house who entertain the guests to drink sherbet or coffee; they are only given to the guests. Of course, I ran in and out, and drank a glass whenever I wanted; but, with the exception of that, I had to remain quiet.

The topics of conversation were essentially the same with all parties: first of all they saluted me, and then congratulated my friends on my arrival. There are no such things as introductions in this country: every one comes in and talks with you. After the preliminary salutations, the topics of conversation generally turned on the war. It was fortunate for me that I had a number of newspapers, among which were many of the *Illustrated London News* and *Punch*. The pictures in the former paper they relished exceedingly; the battle-fields of Alma and Inkermann, the ships of war, and the portraits of the various commanders, among whom they recognised Omar Pacha, who had once governed in this

country, and therefore was known. It was with no small difficulty that I could make them appreciate the trite jokes of *Punch*; but when once they understood them, they laughed immoderately. Of all things that interested them most was the newspaper system of England. I told them how every Englishman reads the papers every morning, and knows exactly how the world is going on. This fact, though it may appear commonplace to Englishmen, is a strange one when told to people whose only chance of hearing news is by rumour, and these few and far between, and often untruthful and exaggerated, or perhaps unfounded.

They were also greatly amused by the toys that I brought with me for my little nephew. It would have surprised any European to have seen how the governor of Hasbaiya was taken up with a little rabbit with small bells on its fore-feet, which, as it was drawn forwards, would start its ears up and down, causing the bells to jingle. Down on his knees went the governor, and played with it. It caused him so much merriment, that I had a good mind to give it to him to play with.

I then shewed them a fine Pictorial Bible—one of Blackie's Imperial Family Edition—which was the parting gift of some dear friends in New York. They greatly admired the binding and the gilding, and not less so the pictures within, which gave us an opportunity of explaining to them what they were meant for; and by this way we told them many a scripture narrative. We found this a very good way of preaching to Mahomedans, to which denomination all the princes belonged, and to whom the gospel of Christ was a "new way" unto salvation.

To make a long story short, these curiosities brought many people who otherwise might not have come, and to all of whom we exhibited them, and told them a great many things besides, which we hope will be of ultimate profit to them.

The fate of the numbers of the *Illustrated News* deserves to be recorded. After being seen by every man, woman, and child in the village, they were borrowed by the other villages, and now, while I write these lines, they are in a village two hours off. It may be a matter of interest to the reader to know how the natives could understand them, seeing that they did not know English. Well, the thing is thus done: to the villagers here we explained the subjects of the pictures; to those of other villages we explained them to the messenger who was to take them, and who, generally speaking, was an intelligent man, and he accordingly described them to his friends. In this way sundry numbers of the *Illustrated London News*, which not long ago left the fogs of London, are now going the round of the villages at the foot of Mount Hermon; and I am inclined to believe and affirm, that they are the first of their kind which have as yet been seen in these villages.

It is now my duty to record an incident which caused me exceeding mental anguish, and which threw a gloom over the whole of Hasbaiya, and for a fortnight continued to be the leading feature of the conversation, whether with us, or with the natives among themselves. The reader will remember, that when I left M— in Damascus he was, to all human foresight, in a fair way of joining me in this place a few days afterwards. The party did not come on Saturday as we expected, and we all attributed it to the snow, and none of us thought

anything of it. Conceive, therefore, dear reader, my surprise and anguish when, on Friday, the 19th of January, a messenger reached me from Damascus informing me of the death of my dear friend and companion. He was taken violently ill the second day after I left him, and, after a week's illness, died in the house of Dr. Paulding, at four o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 16th instant, a victim to typhoid fever. Poor M—! he was a good creature; generous, noble, and amiable; and the recollection of his virtues will ever preserve his memory sacred and dear to all who knew him. He was a resident of Philadelphia, U. S., a lawyer by profession, and a member of the Presbyterian church. His remains now lie buried in the Protestant cemetery at Damascus.

The same messenger brought me the news that P— had also been similarly, but not so violently attacked, and was now slowly recovering. The party then did not know what to do; but a couple of days afterwards I heard from them, by another special courier, that they intended returning to Bayroot; and thus this party, which left the place just mentioned so recently, under circumstances so favourable, was now broken up.

It was only a few days ago that I had stood with M— on the ramparts of Baalbeck, reviewing the past year, and anticipating happy events for the present one. He was then in very good health—young and strong, and in a fair way to reach the average life of mankind; a few days afterwards the fell destroyer comes, and the blossom is blighted. Such is human life, “as a tale that is told”; and the world furnishes us daily occasion to exclaim with David—“So teach us to number our days, that we apply our hearts unto wisdom.”

To his friends at home I have no other consolation to offer than what I feel most deeply myself. May God Almighty strengthen and comfort them! It must be to them, as it is to me, a great comfort to think that he died in the house of such a good and kind man as Dr. Paulding.

CHAPTER IX.

Hasbaiya—Change of my Plans—Returning Visits—The Emir, Saad-ed-Dein—His Sons—History of the Shehab Family—Condition of Mahomedan Females—Duty of English Females—The Protestants of Hasbaiya—Their History—Form of Worship, etc.—The Firman for the Protestants—Law against Mahomedan Converts—Hermon—Disadvantages of Hasbaiya—Marriages—A rainy Night.

ON first leaving Beyrout, it was my intention to have continued with my party till I had finished my tour in the Holy Land, as it would have been safer than travelling alone; and after parting with them I intended returning to Beyrout, in order to make a longer visit to my friends in that part of the country. The death of Mitchell, however, and the dispersion of the company, broke my plans; and I remained longer in Hasbaiya than I at first intended, which gave me time to return in person the visits of the friends who called upon me, and which I had intended to delegate to my brother John, in case my former plans remained uninterrupted.

We began, therefore, by calling on the princes; and in like manner as they did, we sent our messenger to announce our visit, and shortly afterwards we followed him to the palace, which has already been mentioned. It is a large, gloomy building, with an open court in it, wherein once a fountain of water was wont to play. In this place now resides the Emir, Saad-ed-Dein Shehab,

and his five sons and a married daughter, each of whom has separate apartments in the dilapidated palace. On the basement floor we were ushered into a small saloon, which was rendered dark by having all its windows shut. Here we saw the old Emir himself, whom I would take to be a man of about seventy years of age. He is somewhat tall in stature, with an unbent form, an eagle eye, and a silvery beard, which came curling down upon his breast. He sat cross-legged, but when we entered he rose up and received us graciously, a thing which the haughty prince would not condescend to do to others who entered whilst we were there. In our turn, now, we drank sherbet and coffee, and smoked nargeelés and pipes. This prince, now a wreck of his former glory, when the Shehab family had the government of the mountains, was once a great adversary to Protestantism, and did much to crush it in the bud; but it only recoiled upon himself, and he is now deprived of all power of mischief. He had just returned from an exile to Constantinople, whither he had been sent by the Pasha of Damascus, to answer for charges brought against him for having spoken disrespectfully of Queen Victoria. Since then he has felt the power of that great monarch; and he, who had abused her and her co-religionists a short time previously, was now glad to avail himself of the influence of Her Britannic Majesty's ambassador at Constantinople to get a remission of his exile, and, as before stated, he had only just returned. He filled up the time of my visit with laudations of the British Government and its ambassador at *Stamboul*, hoping therewith to make up for his former disrespect, that perchance he might regain his power again. I did nothing but smoke, listening to his tale, mentally ejaculating, as he

was exhausting the vocabulary of praises—"Old chap, you have felt the claw of the lion; it has shorn thee of thy power, and now thou wouldst make amends to regain his favour." Well, if this is any consolation to the old fellow, he is not the first prince who has learnt to heed the lion's roar.

We left him to visit his sons, taking them according to their ages. We found them pleasant and sociable people, and were they more enlightened, would do credit to their title. With two or three of them I was pre-possessed. One is blind; but he is a good fellow, and, I understand, is as talented as his mind is strong. Some of the courts before their rooms were beautifully ornamented with mosaics, and in one of them a solitary fountain was playing, the water of which, as, in fact, all that is used in the palace, is brought directly to it by means of an old aqueduct from the ridge above. The young princes were all very profuse in their condolences with me on the death of my late companion; and to do them justice, I must say that the expression of their sympathy was sincere. In no country in the world is the term *stranger*, and the Scripture command, "Vex not the stranger," so well understood and appreciated as in this.

But a word about the history of the Shehab family, which I have already promised to my readers in a former chapter. I cannot stop to speak of it at any length, but a paragraph or two will suffice to give the reader an insight into its annals.

Descended from a brother of the illustrious Khalid Ibn El Waleed, so distinguished in the early periods of the Mahomedan conquests, and styled by the "faithful" of his times, "the Sword of God," they trace their pedigree to Adnan, the supposed progenitor of the Arab

race. Their history from the Mahomedan era and downwards, is brilliant in feats of honour and incidents of feudal times; and until very lately they had the sole government of the mountainous districts where they chose their residence.

From the year A.D. 637, to the year 1190 of the same era, they had the government of the Hauran; and during that time, they not only repelled the invading Arabs, but had a considerable share in the battles of Jenadin and Jermok. In 1190, they came to Marj Ayun; and under their chief, the emir Munked, gave battle to the Franks, who had possession of the surrounding country; and soon after they drove a party of them to the castle of Hasbaiya, where they besieged them, and ultimately obliged them to capitulate. From that time until this moment, the castle, taken from the Franks, has been the place of their residence; and to this day they point out the cells and chapel of the devout crusaders, who, subsequent to their evacuation of that place, made several but ineffectual attempts to regain it. When the Mogul Tartars overran Syria, about the year 1308, the Shehab family had to take refuge in Damascus; and on the Mogul's leaving the country, they returned, and found their district ransacked and ravaged by the northern barbarians.

In 1544, owing to a family quarrel, a part of the Shehab family, removed their residence to Rashaiya, where their descendants still live. It was from this branch of the family that the Emir Bsheer was chosen by the principal men of Mount Lebanon to govern them. The Emir Ahmed, the last of the Maân family, had died, and the Shehabs were called to take their place. This occurred in the year 1731. Jealous of this exten-

sion of their sway and influence, strengthened by the almost arbitrary rule of more than one hundred and fifty years, the Turkish government removed the late Emir Bsheer, the only considerable man among them, to Constantinople, where he died. The lieutenant-governor of the northern part of Lebanon, and the local governors of Hasbaiya and Rashaiya are still, however, nominated by the government from this family. The other members still retain their titles, but their influence has gone, perhaps, for ever.

Such is the brief history of the Shehab family, which I learnt partly from one of the young princes themselves, and partly from the records, which, when I said I should like to see them, they gave me willingly.

After visiting the various princes, with all of whom we drank sherbet and coffee and smoked nargeelés, as is the custom, and which the stranger cannot decently decline; in fact before you have time to do so they are brought; and as for smoking, it is taken for granted that every one smokes, therefore they will not ask the stranger whether he will smoke or not, but whether he prefers a nargeelé or a pipe. We remained with each prince about a quarter of an hour, during which time no females appeared; indeed they are almost always closeted in their harems. Once or twice they called at our house to visit my sisters, and congratulate them on my arrival; but it was a meeting within closed doors, so I failed to see them. I understood, however, that if they did not look at my person, they had a good look at my daguerréotype likeness.

And now that I have mentioned this point, I want to add, that I can conceive nothing more degrading than the condition of Mahomedan females, and nothing more

abominable than the way they are looked upon and treated by those who constitute themselves *their lords*. It is difficult—perhaps impossible—to describe their wretchedness without wounding the feelings of the benevolent, or shocking the delicacy of the refined. But the truth must be told. The remedy can never be applied until the disease is known. The sympathy, ever anxious to relieve, cannot be felt before the misery is seen. The charity that kindles at the tale of woe can never act with adequate efficiency till it is made to see the pollution and degradation of millions of Mahomedan females now buried in the death-shades of Islamism. As I am now brought to think of it, I almost shrink at the contemplation of their *real* state, and of what they *endure*; indeed, as I briefly relate their condition, I can almost think that I see arising before my fancied vision weeping eyes, melting hearts, and bowels yearning with compassion.

The love of boys is so great in the East, that the birth of a daughter, and especially if she is the first-born, is considered an unpropitious omen, and often causes more sorrow than joy. The poor girl, therefore, is despised from the morning of her existence; and if her life is prolonged, it is only to witness the gathering cloud of darkness and misery which hangs over the whole course of her life. Regarded as inferior to man, and only to subserve to his wants and pleasures, she is looked upon as nothing better than a slave—at one time a doll, and at another a menial—unworthy the companionship of man. You cannot offer a greater insult to a Mahomedan than to inquire after the female part of his family, even were they dangerously ill. With her co-religionists, the Mahomedan female is created for obedience: at first she yields obedience to her parents, and, when married, she

submits to her husband. In Hindostan, the sacred books of the Mahomedans go farther than that; for they add the clause, that "*in old age she must be governed by her children.*" O horror of horrors! EDUCATION is thought to be too good for her; the cultivation of her mind is thought not only to be vain, but dangerous to the welfare of society. What wants she of education? "Surely," they argue, "she can sweep the house, cook the food, collect fuel, wait on her lord, and feed her children without it!" And, indeed, it is considered that when she has done this, she has accomplished the design of the Creator in her creation. Her immortal soul is utterly uncared for. When a missionary in India once told a Mahomedan, who was anxious to have schools established for boys, to establish others for the instruction of girls, the indignant reply was, "*What have we to do with them? Let them remain as they are.*" And when the missionary reminded him that females were passing into eternity ignorant of the way of salvation, and in danger of perishing for ever, he again replied, "*They do not know how to go to heaven; but they know how to go to hell, and let them go.*"

She is married—married to a man whom she has never seen, who has bargained for her, and paid her value in hard cash, as will be seen in the article on marriages. She is taken to his house, and the addition only resembles a new piece of furniture; no affection, no feeling are in it; she is one more to the number he already has, who vary from *four*, the authorised limit of the Koran, to as many more as he may please to purchase, and thus she can only say that she has a fraction of him—a *fraction of a husband!* Only hear that, ye ladies of the West! She is continually secluded and closely guarded;

she is not permitted to eat with her husband, nor mix with company even at her own house, and is never seen abroad with her husband unless on a journey. The idea of walking arm-in-arm with a gentleman is unknown to them; and when they saw Europeans do so, they thought them immodest and shameless! Whatever abuses she may suffer—among which *flogging is not the least*—none know it, and no one, therefore, can redress her wrongs. A traveller, while residing at Constantinople, says, “The body of a young woman, of surpassing beauty, was found one morning near my house. She had received two wounds, one in her side, and the other in her breast, and was not quite cold. Many came to admire her beauty, but no one could tell who she was, no woman’s face being known out of her own family. She was buried privately, and little inquiry was made for the wretch who had imbrued his hands in her blood.” Dr. Clarke tells us, that the Pasha of Acre (the Djezzar, I suppose) put to death seven of his wives at one time! The dark rolling waters of the Bosphorus, could they but speak, might tell us of many an awful deed—women sown in sacks, and thrown into its waters. And, finally, she is liable at a moment’s notice to be divorced. This, with the Mahomedan, is an easy affair: his slightest caprice is enough to break the conjugal tie; he has but to say the word, and the poor woman is turned adrift.

Such is the state of a Mahomedan female. Degraded in her condition—despised from her birth—exposed to continual persecution and insult—deprived of all that is delightful in domestic or social life—denied the blessings of education—excluded from the knowledge of God and the hopes of heaven—she is, in short, treated as a soulless being, whose highest aim should be to gratify the caprice

and obey the commands of haughty and unfeeling man. In his presence she must stand up, and keep her eyes fixed upon him, and be ready to obey all he has to command; when he speaks she must be quiet, and listen to nothing besides; when he calls, she must leave every thing else and attend on him; she must have no god but her husband; the most excellent of all good works she can perform is to gratify him with the strictest obedience. This should be her only devotion; though he be aged, infirm, dissipated, a drunkard, or a debauchee, she must still regard him as her god; she must serve him with all her might, obeying him in all things, without arguing, spying no defects in his character, and giving him no cause for disquiet; if he laughs, she also must laugh; if he weeps, she also must weep; if he sings, she must be in ecstasy; she must never eat till her husband is satisfied; she must not think of being on familiar terms with him; she must take care not to be seen by any other person; and when she goes out in the street she must veil herself well, and not leave any part of her person exposed to the scrutiny of the curious; she must never call her husband by name, but address him as "my lord."

I want here to remind the reader, that this is the condition only of the Mahomedan females of Syria: their Christian sisters' condition, though, in the civilized view of Englishmen not a little degraded, is one of material improvement over their more degraded countrywomen. But still, both call loudly for sympathy at the hands of their more elevated sisters of the West. Let the Gospel be preached to all, and let those be protected who receive its truths, and we shall soon see a pleasing change; but this can never be, and will never take place, so long as a converted Mahomedan is punished with death for be-

coming a Christian. The first expression of sympathy, therefore, should be the weight of all-powerful England's influence to repeal this barbarous law from the judicial codes of her ally. England, of all the nations of the earth, is the one destined for this mission. Turkey can evade any other nation, by rejoinders as severe, as they may perhaps be just;—to the United States she can refer to her slave states and the intolerance of any abolition preacher there; to France, Italy, Austria, and Russia she can point to their intolerance of the Bible; but what can she say to England? Nothing. If this task is worth undertaking it must be by England's influence; and surely it is a task worthy of her Christian efforts. It is to English women, therefore, that I appeal in behalf of their sisters of the East! What avails all their tears, their anguish, or the melting of their hearts, if they will not stretch forth the hand of compassion, and raise their degraded sisters to that position in life which God has destined them to fill—the companion, and not the slave, of man? And this will never take place until *action* supercedes words. O may this soon come, and may the effort, worthy of British females, be crowned with success. It is then, and only then, that we can hope for the time—

When Syria's now degraded sons shall rise,
And learn her daughter's rights, and worth to prize;
When freedom's banner wide shall be unfurled,
Proclaiming loud to an astonished world;
On Syria's plains, and Lebanon's green heights,
Lo! freedom reigns—God and our sacred rights.

We now returned the visit of the Governor, the Emir Ahmed, Sheikh Saleem, and others who called upon me. Among these latter were our Protestant brethren, who received me kindly, and who spoke of the dealing of the

Lord with their souls. I was struck with their simple but *earnest* faith; and was no less pleased with their *entire* reliance on the Saviour *who is able to save unto the uttermost*. Some of the females looked like *real mothers in Israel*. There is a native, organised, Protestant church here, with a native, ordained, Protestant pastor. The history of this Church may not be without its interest.

About ten years, ago a large number of Hasbaiyans went to Bayroot, had several interviews with the missionaries of the American board, and declared themselves Protestants. It was soon perceived, however, that their real design was, by a change of their religion—the Greek denomination—to obtain British protection from the oppressions and exactions of their governor, the Emir Saad-ed-Dein Shehab. The missionaries took advantage of this new way of access to them, and freely instructed them in the true nature of religion. The party then returned to their mountain-home, accompanied by a number of books which the missionaries had given them. Here they declared themselves Protestants; and, soon after, they were visited either by the missionaries or by their native helpers, who continued their visits until a fierce persecution obliged them and a large number of the new Protestants to leave the place. For some time the exiles were thus thrown upon the generosity of the missionaries; but they had left their honest families and means of living, and they concluded to return. The news spread over the country; and the Greek patriarch was filled with alarm. He visited Hasbaiya, in person, and tried persuasion; but, as that seemed ineffectual, a decided step was then taken. The Pasha of Damascus was then a man entirely under the influence of Russia;

and he wrote to the governor of Hasbaiya, and ordered him to coerce the Protestants with the greatest severity to return to their Church, under the pain of death. Those who had not fled were obliged to enter a Greek church, *with some Mahomedans, to act as witnesses of this farcical recantation.*

Under these continued and unrelaxing persecutions, it became obvious, that the toleration of Protestantism, in Hasbaiya, could be obtained only by an imperial firman from Constantinople. Accordingly, one of their number repaired to the capital, and laid the case of his persecuted brethren before the Porte. Through the kind offices, and, without doubt, influence of Lord de Redcliffe, then Sir Stratford Canning—a name dear to every Protestant in Turkey—he succeeded in obtaining the important document. Since that time, no direct coercion has been attempted on the Protestants.

The Greek patriarch, an old, simple and ignorant man, gave vent to his rage, at this high-hand proceeding, in a public anathema, and ordered it to be published in all the churches. This was turned to account by the other Christian sects; and, as a matter of revenge, the governor ordered the Mahomedans, and Jews, and Druzes, to enter into the spirit of the anathema, and drop all connection, dealing, and even speaking with the accursed sect. For one year, this new way of persecution was so rigorously carried out, that the poor Protestants suffered very severely from it. Their business necessarily stopped, their friends disclaimed them, and they were often driven to the necessity of begging a secret friend (and of these Nicodemuses, Hasbaiya is still full to this day) to buy their indispensable articles of food or clothing. After the lapse of that time, however, things resumed their usual

course, and the Protestants were permitted to be free in their religious opinions.

Owing to these persecutions, the original number of Protestants dwindled to only a few, who, either from grace or principle, out-rode the storm. But as soon as they had obtained their liberty, and persecution was over, many hastened to join them. Again new expedients were devised for stemming the rolling tide of inquiry; every spring and chord were wisely touched at the right place and in the proper time, and again the work of Protestantism was checked.

This carries us to the time of the actual commencement of hostilities between Russia and Turkey. Since that time, the distractions of war, with its attendant laxity or rather nullity of government, and the dearth of the last two years, have tended very much to pre-occupy the attention of the people, and divert it from the great subject of the salvation of their souls.

We must now come to practical results. The numbers of duly registered and recognised Protestants in Hasbaiya and its neighbourhood, amount to about fifty male adults, many of whom are joined by the whole of their families. Of this number, eighteen were organised on the 5th of July, 1851, into a native independent church, with its pastor and other proper officers. Since that time ten have been added to the church, making the whole number which were received to the Lord's Supper in connection with the church twenty-eight. Its present native pastor was ordained the 27th of March, 1853; but did not take the formal charge of his church until the 29th of May of the following year.

This may be said to form a fair sample of the Protestant Churches in Syria; its history may be said to be

the history of all of them; first, of all the people come to the missionaries impelled by worldly desires; they hear the Word, and become interested in it; and finally, by God's power have been truly converted and proved themselves valiant in the hour of persecution. It is not for man to know the heart, but He who knows it has given us a rule by which to know His disciples. He said, "By their fruits ye shall know them." Surely to look at these simple churches, whose congregations are a few from here, and a few from there, with an abundance of faith, and an abundance of charity, the Christian is constrained to say that the Gospel is "the power of God unto salvation." From being haughty, proud and persecuting, they have now become humble and persecuted: I must confess myself delighted with the exercises of the sabbath in this village; the reverential devotion to God; the attention with which they listened to the minister; their spirit of love to each other; nor shall I ever forget my last Sabbath in it, when we enjoyed a season of Holy Communion. At that time one man was received into the church, and two infants were baptised. I could tell no difference between this congregation and a New England one, except it was in the dress and language, and the earnestness of the minister.

Since this church has been formed, two schools in connection with it have been set a-going; one for the boys and the other for the girls; in both of which are to found the children of the princes, who are Mahomedan. Its members have also subscribed about five pounds sterling for the propagation of the Gospel in China, and at the time that I am writing these notes they are engaged in erecting a church edifice. The native brethren, assisted

by the missionaries, have subscribed about £200 towards its erection. It will be the first native church of the kind in Syria; and from the slopes of Hermon and vale of the Jordan will echo the tones of the first native Protestant bell that ever summoned the children of God to His holy sanctuary to engage in a pure and spiritual worship. The edifice, which is all but finished, looks very much like a New England country church. It is forty-five feet long by thirty-five wide, and has a basement story with rooms for schools, prayer-meeting, etc. It is built of neatly cut stone, and will be a substantial structure, calculated to last for ages.

I have already said, that it has a native pastor; it also has at present, one deacon and one elder; its form of government, if I understand it rightly, is pretty much congregational. The form of the service is thus: It begins with a short prayer invoking God's blessing; then a chapter is read from the Old Testament, and another from the Gospel; after which a hymn is sung, and then comes prayer again; the minister now gives out his text, and follows it up by an extemporaneous sermon of about forty minutes' length; then prays, and finally dismisses the congregation with a benediction. There are two services on the Sabbath day; a monthly concert on the first Monday of every month; a weekly Bible-class every Wednesday evening, and a lecture on every Friday evening. The pastor is also a Doctor of Medicine, which has greatly extended his influence. Modesty forbids me speaking of him as he is my brother; and therefore I will close this head by giving the reader a translation of the imperial firman given to the Protestants of this country. I must apologise for its many repetitions, but this is not my fault; I have tried to keep

as near the text as possible. The reader will observe that it is two firmans embodied into one; the former portion of it was meant for the Protestants of Constantinople; the latter is an extension to it, and meant to comprise all the Protestants in the Turkish empire. Here it is:—

“ To the honoured director of the good [*i.e.*, well ordering] of the world; the manager of the public order by his discerning mind; the finisher of the peace of mankind by his correct judgment; the possessor of the confidence of the government and the subjects; the high, the honoured, and the preserved under the protection of the Most High; the governor of the province of Damascus and its dependencies, ALI ASHGAR PASHA; may God the most High preserve his honour.

“ And to the most judicious among the judges of the Mussulmans; the chief among the believers; the mine of virtue and fidelity; possessor of the knowledge of law and religion; the inheritor of the instructions of the prophets and the apostles; the peculiarly protected of God; OUR LORD THE JUDGE of Damascus; may his virtues be increased.

“ And to the most worthy of their compeers, the MEMBERS OF THE MEDGLIS, and the principal men of the government; may their dignity be exalted.

“ On the receipt by you of this my royal instructions, be it known to you, that the body known by the name of Protestants, the subjects of my Sublime Porte; inasmuch as the patriarch and the heads of the people will not naturally attend to their affairs [*i.e.*, render them justice], and in accordance, therefore with my exalted and royal mercy which extends to all classes, and my royal unwillingness that any trouble or difficulty should

happen to any of my subjects; and as the same are a peculiar body by themselves, whose only desire is to get on in the world, and at the same time have peace and safety extended to them.

“ I, therefore, have chosen out of this body of Protestants, now formed in my sublime capital, one of their principal men, chosen by themselves; a man of respectability, and possessed of the confidence of the said body, the subjects of my sublime kingdom; and I have nominated him to be agent for this Protestant denomination, to the end that the register in which their names are enrolled, as also of their births and deaths, should be under his supervision. And all the necessary permits for marriages, passports of the way, and in the management of all their concerns, whether connected with this our high tribunal [*i.e.*, Constantinople], or anywhere else under the sublime government, should be considered and given them according to their petitions, which should bear the seal of the said agency.

“ And in the paying of their taxes, or for their passports, they should not be charged with anything more than the specified sums; and in giving them permits of marriages, or for enrolling their names in the register, nothing should be taken of them in the shape of fee or tax; and every necessary protection should be afforded them, as also every facility in the prosecution of all that concerns them—be it in their burial-grounds or their places of worship. They should be treated like all the other bodies who form the subjects of my sublime Porte; and there should be no interference in their religious principles or worldly affairs on the part of any of the other denominations; but they should be safe in the continuing steadfast in their faith, and nothing should

occur to them in the shape of molestation or trouble whatever.

“Inasmuch as complying with the above, and the carrying out of all its details, to the end that peace and safety may be granted them, is my sublime and royal wish, I had therefore given a previous order to the above effect in the month of the sacred Moharram, A.H. 1267; and had been accordingly carried out.

“Inasmuch, now, as there are other places in my preserved territory, which contain some Protestants, particular orders are sent thereto, that they likewise may have all facility in the prosecution of their affairs, spiritual and temporal; and to have agents appointed to see to their affairs, like the other sects. And in such places, where it may seem that this my imperial edict has not been properly understood, and the Protestants there have no agents to watch over their affairs; a petition has, therefore, been addressed by the agent here, as also from the heads of the said sect, resident in this our sublime metropolis, requesting that this my noble order should be published in all the necessary places: it has, therefore, pleased my sublime wish to have this fresh order struck off, and to command the compliance with its tenor already mentioned.

“To you, therefore, O Governor, already referred to; and you, our Lord; and all above-mentioned; be it known that this my imperial edict is expressly written by my royal Divan for your observance: on learning its contents, therefore, you will see that all the subjects of my sublime government, who are Protestants in your part of the country, should enjoy the same privileges as those resident in this seat of my sublime majesty (i.e. Constantinople). And should possess all their rights,

hitherto enjoyed in full; and that every care should be used by those officers who represent my sublime sultan-ship, in the furtherance of their peace and protection, the same as is afforded to any of all the other subjects of my sublime Porte.

“And further: as the said body is not connected with any other, all their petitions should, therefore, be presented, personally, to the officers of my sublime Porte, and should be looked into and considered, whether it comes from their agents or from their persons. And, as the laws of my sublime justice forbid any deception or fraud to be practised upon them on the part of any of the other sects, the subjects of my sublime Porte, you are to publish this, to the end that there should arise no occasion for complaint.

“This is my imperial order, as deposited in all my courts of justice, in order that it may be carried through. Learn it ye, therefore, and, by my imperial signature obey it.

“Dated this first of I’mad Awel, A.H. 1270.”

I have only one remark to make on this; that, whilst the Turkish government allows liberty and toleration to all who would become Protestants, and grants them her protection so far as she is able, she does not include converts from Islamism. Any of these, *by the laws of Turkey, are punishable by death.*

Come we now to a description of Hermon, whose towering summits rear themselves overhead, midway to the sky, and around whose hoary top Luna walks her

star-bespangled way, and seems to linger like a love-sick maiden,

“As if she talked with spirits of the dead,
While moving onward through the blue serene.”

Its white top, covered with perpetual snows, which descends here and there, in light streaks, has gained for it the name of *Jabel-esh-Sheikh*, or “old man’s mountain,” from its hoary resemblance to the head and beard of a venerable Sheikh. Its height is estimated to be 12,000 feet above the level of the sea; and, from its top a beautiful view of the surrounding scenery is obtained for many a mile, as far as the eye can reach. Some writers have declared it to be a rival to Mont Blanc, the king of European mountains; the high ground on which it stands, however, detracts considerably from its apparent altitude, and makes it a less imposing object than its rival. Its snow is still, as of old, carried to the neighbouring cities, and used for cooling the water. St. Jerome tells us that it was carried to Tyre and Sidon, whose inhabitants designated it the Mount of Snow. Its dew is still remarkable; and, one evening, as I was riding along its slopes, I lost my way, and did not get home till late; and when I reached my room, I found it necessary to change my clothes, even down to my boots and stockings, so wet were they with the dew of Hermon. Mount Hermon is placed in the Scriptures as the northern boundary of the Promised Land, beyond the Jordan. It belonged to Og, king of Bashan, and the Hivites dwelt “from Baal Hermon unto the entering in of Hamath.” Moses informs us that it was called Sirion by the Sidonians, and Sherir by the Amorites.

For days and days I gazed at Hermon: from my bedroom window, from the court, from the parlour, from every part of our house, Hermon was visible. On its slopes our mountain home is situated; and often did that mount form a theme of my daily meditations. As I walked or sat, Hermon was before and above me. I rode up and down its steep and craggy sides, covered by the thick foliage of olives, fig-trees, and vineyards. I could not get to its top, because it was covered with snow; but I often stretched my eyes to its hoary summit, and dwelt on visions of its past history—when its sides were peopled by the brave, the beautiful, the young and the old, the purpled tyrant and the naked slave; when from its vales were heard the festal throng, or the wailing funeral band; when Hivites and Jews, Greeks and Romans, Crusaders, Tartars, Babylonians, and Turks, moved on its slopes, or dwelt beneath its towering heights, ever and anon gazing on its hoary head, and proclaiming it the Mount of Snow. Many are the temples built on its slopes; and the mind of the antiquary, as he gazes on it, naturally goes back to the time when bands of pilgrim worshippers gathered at its base, sides, or top, and paid their homage to idols of their own making.

O had it but tongue to speak, how each stone could unfold to us matters of deep interest! Could we but call one lingering spirit from its sepulchral resting-place, charged to declare its history, what events of interest would he not tell us? How kingdoms on its slopes and base have risen, flourished, and decayed; of the clang of arms, the shout of war, and the rush of furious chariots, which resounded on its slopes, and echoed from amid its vales; or the wails of woe which rose on the breeze as one dipped his hand in the blood of another.

Say, Hermon, and hast thou gazed on all this? Hast thou heard the war-cry, and been profaned with idol-worship? Ah! the tale is but too true. Yet thou hast also looked upon a sight far different and truly glorious. Thy Creator, He that framed thee, and made thy majestic pile a wonder unto many, He has honoured thy base, perhaps thy slopes, and not unlikely thy top, with His holy presence. The Prince of peace has been in thy vicinity, and wrought miracles there. Thou lookest on the spots where He trod and prayed; and the lake of Genesareth, on which he sailed, seems but in thy shade. Thou didst hear His sermons, and saw how He fed the five thousand on five loaves and two fishes, and well mayest thou wonder at their stiff-neckedness in not receiving Him as the true Messiah, the Promised One of Israel. Thou didst look on His brow; say, did not calm and holy dignity sit there? Thou sawest His eye; say, did it not beam with love and peace to man? Yes; He, the Just, came to suffer for the guilty. Despised and accursed He was by those who were His own; and yet, O glorious tidings, the best in thine annals, He is now blest and adored by those who live in thy vales, and from thy slopes the morning psalm of praise is now offered to Him.

Heardst thou it not? Thou shalt soon hear the tones of the first bell which shall call thy people together to worship Him, the only Living One. Look from thy mighty top, and rejoice; His word, the word of that despised King of Israel, has become the "power of God" unto the salvation of those who now people thee. Hark! now the glad tidings of peace are published on thy slopes! and on thy hills, where once the temples for the worship of idols rose, behold the church of God now rears its head. Thy wondering people now listen

to a tale of deepest love. Within its walls they now learn how He who died for guilty man now sits enthroned to bless a suffering world, and has a name above all other names—though once despised, yet now the most revered. Happy change, from the worship of idols to the worship of the True one! Now, indeed, mayest thou exalt thy hoary head, and exclaim with Simeon of old, “Now lettest thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation.”

But turn we to other matters. I have already said that Hasbaiya is romantically situated: it has, however, its disadvantages; in the first place, I cannot see the use of one keeping a horse in it, since it has no pleasant rides: it is all climbing work—a neck-or-nothing-scramble—and you must keep strong hold on the mane of your horse, if you do not wish to see your saddle and yourself slipping off. During my stay at Hasbaiya I had half a dozen rides, but I cannot say that I enjoyed them: the view from the hills above, is beautiful, and may perhaps repay you for climbing up there. I also took several walks, but they were short ones, for torrents of water meet your perplexed steps every where. In summer, it is considered unhealthy. But another disadvantage which greatly militates against it, in my opinion, is the absence of any post-office in it—in Turkey, except in the cities, there is no such thing as a mail; and people resident anywhere out of large cities depend upon the muleteers, or special messengers, for their letters. A messenger to Bayroot or Damascus generally cost me about seven shillings sterling—sometimes it cost me more, depending altogether on the condition of the roads. The time which a messenger generally occupies in going to Bayroot and back, a distance altogether (to and fro) of about

eighty or ninety miles, was five days in fine weather—the muleteers generally take ten days to perform the trip. Oh, what a luxury it was when the messenger arrived with letters and papers! How we gathered around him, and devoured the news more than read them.

During my stay in Hasbaiya, there occurred two marriages, and, as it will be in keeping with this chapter of rambling heads, I will conclude it by giving the reader an account of this interesting ceremony as performed in the East—the life and excitement of such a scene I must pass over, as no pen can convey an idea to the reader of the method in which these bridal festivities are carried on. Now to begin:—

Marriage in the East is considered the most brilliant era in a man's life—an event to which a young man looks forward, with no small share of impatience, as upon it he builds his hopes of *limited* happiness, so much so, that the heartiest congratulations you can offer a young man, or the warmest manner of returning him thanks for any favour or kindness conferred by him, is to wish him a speedy marriage. *Inshalla nifrah minnak!* We hope to be made glad by you, that is, get you married! is a congratulation always on the lips of an Arab. In thanking parents who may have sons, the heartiest manner of expressing your sentiments is to wish them the happiness of seeing their sons married. No compliments are paid to the daughters—they being considered inferior to the sons; so much so, that the cold return for any kindness rendered by a young lady, is to wish her *the happiness of seeing her brothers married*, or, if she has not these, any of her unmarried male relatives, while of her, it is considered improper to take any notice. I

would remark, before I go any further, that this and other customs of the like are falling rapidly in the towns and cities of Syria, and especially where European and missionary influence has been brought to tell on the people.

The ceremony of the wedding generally lasts three or four days, viz., from Thursday afternoon till Monday morning. Formerly, it lasted a fortnight or more, during which time the bridegroom and his father-in-law used to send the bridal sweetmeats to their friends. Now, the bridegroom's friends come to his house, and spin out the time with him. In the interval the greatest sumptuousness and luxury is displayed by all parties—it is an expected thing, and so much is it so that men and women—but mostly the latter—deck themselves in fine clothing and jewellery, which in many cases are only borrowed for the occasion. Much like this, seems to have been the custom in olden times; and in our Saviour's parable of the marriage of the king's son, we see He puts great stress on this fact, "Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment?"

To these marriages, hundreds of males and females are invited; but as they have different rooms for their reception both can easily enjoy the ceremony without mixing with each other. Many houses have two doors for the different sexes, so that the ladies coming in from the streets, enveloped in their white *eizar*, or covering which wraps them from head to foot, cannot be seen by the men. The veil, which the women wear over the face, is a Swiss handkerchief made for the purpose, and which is transparent enough to allow them to see through it, but, in return, they cannot be seen. Something of the kind seems also to have been worn by the women in olden

times, as we hear of Rebecca veiling herself when she saw Isaac, and so much did it conceal the face that Judah could not recognize Tamar. The custom, therefore, of using the veil, which, however obnoxious to some, is no Eastern novelty, seems to have been quite familiar to the patriarchs of old; and I am inclined to go one step further, and say that, considering the little change which has occurred in the customs of the people since the days when Rebecca was brought a bride to Isaac, that the veils of those days, whether outdoor or indoor, resemble much those now in use.

At these festivities, everybody shouts and chatters confusedly. Whilst a band of country musicians is entertaining the men with its discordant tones, the women are keeping up the *viva voce* by a chorus of shrill cries peculiar to the occasion, and which they call *zalagit*—a cry so strange, that it takes the powerful lungs of a woman to give vent to it. I am sure I can't, though I have often tried to imitate them. During this interval of astonishing excitement, your eyes will rest on a few advanced-looking men who are carrying trays in their hands, containing refreshments in the shape of wine, preserves, and sweetmeats. They are a grave-looking set, and are called the "Stewards of the Feast," and are generally the relations of the bridegroom. These go round and press on the guests not to spare the luxurious repast, repeating at the same time an Arab proverb which says, "*The more you eat, and the more you drink, the more you show your love to the bridegroom.*" They leave no room for refusal, and enough as you may have ate, you must still take something, otherwise your attachment to the lord of the feast will be doubted. One goes, and another follows, and so on, till the old man appears before you himself again, and crams something down your throat.

One more preliminary, and I come to the point. If the pair be not of the same sect of Christians, there is trouble, and it often stands in the way of the marriage being ever fulfilled. For instance, a pair of the two orders of Roman Catholics, viz., Maronites and Greek Catholics, both of whom admit the supremacy of the Pope, cannot be united without a license from both bishops; but a Greek orthodox cannot marry either of the above. There is great animosity existing between these two churches; and marriages between them are generally avoided, especially in Mount Lebanon, where the clan rivalry still exists.

Marriages in the East are arranged between the parents in behalf of their children; in nine cases out of ten, the parties to be joined have never seen each other, and know nothing about the arrangements when made. A mother seeing a girl, to whom she would like to marry her son, mentions her to him, and sends her husband to make the preliminary arrangements, which being done, a betrothal ensues. On betrothing, the young man, or rather his father, sends jewels and stuffs as a sign of the betrothal. This is done through a priest. If the young man wishes to break the engagement he can do so, but loses the presents. If the lady breaks the engagement, she returns the present two-fold. Should the interested parties ever by chance see each other in their life-time, they must not do so after they are betrothed—it is considered a sin. This custom is fast falling off among the Christians of Syria; not so, however, among the chiefs of Mount Lebanon, by whom it is rigidly maintained; as also by the Mahomedans in general. With the latter, it is so much in force that even the bridegroom's father, old as he may be, is not allowed to see the betrothed of

his son. A divorce with the Mahomedans is a very easy thing; the slightest caprice of the husband is sufficient. Their wedding presents curious peculiarities; not a few of which are very revolting. The suitor and the parents of the girl, in the presence of the *cadi* and the *Mufdi* (the only two Mahomedan magistrates) make the bargain. The suitor is obliged to pay the sum agreed upon, which is called the *cash-value* of the wife, on account of its being paid in advance, and which serves for her maintenance when divorced. As soon as the word "divorce" is pronounced by the husband, she ceases to be his wife, and must immediately veil her face from him, as she would do towards any other stranger. If she is pregnant, she must be delivered at her father's house; the child when two years old is returned to the father. A Turk is allowed to have four wives by the laws of the Koran, but he can buy as many more as he can afford; in fact, every Mahomedan has a harem on a small scale. He can divorce his wife three times, and re-marry her again; but he cannot do so after the third time, unless she be married to, and repudiated by another husband; a transaction so ignominious, which it is needless to aggravate by supposing that the first husband must see her enjoyed by a second almost before his face. This is the law of the Koran; and history tells us that the sultan Bajazet sent the following message to Timour, the Tartar: "If I fly from my arms, may my wives be thrice divorced from my bed; but if thou hast not courage to meet me in the field, mayest thou again receive thy wives after they have thrice endured the embraces of a stranger."

But let us return to the wedding. Early in the week the female relatives of the bride go and invite their female friends to assist at the ceremony; and in so doing,

present them with a candle, a waxen taper, and a packet of *Henna*; a sort of powder with which the females in the East dye their hands and feet; and on the following Friday they accompany the bride to the bath. On their return home, she is dressed like a doll; they then dye her hands and feet with *Henna*; besmear her eyelashes with *Kohl*—a powder which gives brilliancy, effect and expression to the eyes; and seat her cross-legged on a raised cushion. In this awkward position, with her eyes closed; a gauze thrown over her face, and her hands crossed on her breast, she sits during all the ceremony. Once in the course of an evening she is placed on a pair of pattens about ten inches high, and supported by two of her relations she makes a slight inclination towards a dance. She then is seated as before, and the ladies take their turn at dancing. I would here remark, that in Syria women never dance before the men—it is considered highly improper and sinful.

The ceremony of the hymeneal altar is generally performed at night; consequently, on the Sunday evening of the wedding, the bridegroom sends about fifteen of his nearest relations, and the most respectable of his guests, to accompany the bride to the church. On arriving at her father's house, they demand her in a formal manner, and then sit down and smoke a *nargeelé* while she is prepared. The bride, in going to the church, is accompanied by as many women as the bridegroom sent men. Before leaving the house, a call is made upon the father to bless his daughter. If the church is far from the house, the bridal party are mounted on horseback; otherwise they go on foot, which is the most fashionable mode. In a great many cases, the ceremony of the hymeneal altar is solemnized at the bridegroom's house, to which

the clergy have no objection. Whilst the procession is passing in the streets, the neighbours open their windows, and sprinkle the party with rose-water. Presents are distributed among the lower orders, such as coffee-shop owners, guards, policemen, etc., who, in expectation of the present, come forth and assist in rending the air with their vociferations. It would be impossible to describe the excitement attendant on a bridal party passing the streets—noise from above, and noise from beneath, noise from before, and noise from behind, added to the light of the many tapers carried by the people, as also those beaming from the windows, and the effect in a narrow street becomes grand. The procession never passes before a bath, nor returns by any of the streets through which they passed in going to the church, it being considered a bad omen. A Mahomedan wedding, if anything, is more noisy, and is preceded by drums, fifes, and sword-players. When the ceremony is performed the married couple do not return together; some of the friends of each take them to the house by different routes, after having made them parade every street in the city but those through which they had already passed. On the return of the party to the bridegroom's house, the sexes are ushered into different apartments. Late in the evening, or rather early the next morning, the bridegroom, accompanied by his father and father-in-law, or in the absence of these, by two friends, enters the saloon of the ladies, all of whom at once veil themselves. The bride is now mounted on a pair of pattens, and made to approach her husband. A gauze is over her face. Trembling she approaches him, and he, with no small share of anxiety, lifts the veil from over her countenance, and for the first time, perhaps, in his lifetime, looks on

the bride of his bosom. He then gives her his hand, which she kisses, in token of submission to her future lord.

The ceremony is now supposed to be ended. The bridegroom remains at home a couple of days, receiving visits and congratulations; and on the day following, Thursday, goes with his father to his father-in-law's house, where all his guests assemble to meet him, and in their presence he kisses the hand of his father-in-law, and invites the whole assembly to his house on the following Sunday. In the evening he goes to the ladies' saloon, and there, in the presence of her female guests, he kisses the hand of his mother-in-law, and thanks her for her daughter, and invites her and her friends to honour his house on the Monday following. A fortnight afterwards the bride returns the visits of the ladies, beginning with her mother.

I have already remarked, in a former chapter, that the females of Mount Lebanon wear a horn, as a sign that they are married. In Aleppo, the veil is taken off a woman's face by a naked sword. In other places, the bridegroom stands in a lofty place, and removes the veil as the bride passes under his arm. All this is to denote that the woman is considered an inferior; and the man takes no pains to hide it from her; but, on the contrary, shows his absolute authority, and that henceforth she must obey and have no will but his. The intelligent reader will perceive how much resemblance there is between the marriages of the present day in Syria and those of olden times, and how likely it may be that at such a process our Saviour was once present.

During my stay at Hasbaiya I made a visit to the sources of the Jordan; but a narrative of this I will

reserve to the next chapter. Meanwhile, I will close this with a short description of a scene which I witnessed at Hasbaiya a few nights before I left it.

I have already mentioned that the houses of the mountains are made of mud, and, consequently, are not water-proof. This was one night beautifully illustrated. It had not rained for some days; a fierce sun had made many seams in the terraces; and one night, about ten o'clock, it began to rain very hard, and the houses began to leak. The people took their lanterns and went to the top of the house, and began to roll the *Mahdlé*, which has already been referred to. The sight was singularly grand—a thousand lights were going to and fro, crossing each other in all directions; the night was dark; and this increased the effect. It seemed as if the whole village was moving. My poor room, too, shared the same fate; but after the servant had been a few minutes on the terrace, rolling the *Mahdlé*, it soon ceased to leak, and did not disturb me any more.

CHAPTER X.

THE SOURCES OF THE JORDAN.

Tuesday, 6th February, 1855—Leaving Hasbaiya—A Craggy Defile—The Source of the Hasbani—Wells of Bitumen—A Fair—A View—Watchmen and Sheds—A Poor Druze—A Syrian's Ideas of an Appeal—Luncheon—Pic-nics in Syria—Sites for the Same—Castle of Baniyas—Ruins—Baniyas—Sheikh's House—His Hospitality—Story of the Property—Syrian Hospitality—The History of Baniyas—The Fleas—The Source of the Baniyasi—Herod's Temple in honour of Augustus—Gates and Walls—A Ride to the Castle—The Towers—Went to Dan—The Source of the Leddan—A Luncheon—The Houlé—The Jordan—Abel Beth Maachah—Rashaiya—Protestants—Party and Prayers—School—A Desire for Education—Potteries—A Ride to Hebbarea—The Temple—A Russian Coin—Return to Hasbaiya.

THE sources of the Jordan have excited much interest, especially of late, since the expedition sent out by the United States of America, under Lieutenant Lynch, whose investigations were given out to the world in a book on the subject. Josephus tells us, that the river Baniyas is the source of the Jordan; whilst others give us to understand that the latter has its origin in the Leddan, under the hill Dan, or the Hasbani, immediately under the craggy clefts of Hasbaiya. There can, however, be no doubt remaining, that these three rivers which fall

into the Huleh, or the waters of Merom, conjointly form different sources of the Jordan.

Under this impression, accompanied by my brother John, I went to visit them. We left Hasbaiya at about nine o'clock on Tuesday morning the 6th of February: and after half an hour's toil in the craggy defile of Hasbaiya we reached the bridge which spans the Hasbani, immediately above which, and not much more than a hundred yards from it, is the source of the river. At present, the source is covered by the waters of the Abu Djaijé, a winter torrent, which flows from the sides of the Anti-Libanus. In summer it is dry, and the source of the Hasbani is then visible. It issues from under a rock, and forms a beautiful pool of goodly water. This is the northernmost source of the Jordan, and is, therefore, interesting, from the fact, that the river in whose waters the Saviour of mankind was baptized, had its rise under this rock.

We now ascended a ridge immediately west, and in about a quarter of an hour reached sundry wells of bitumen. Here we saw tents, and men at work drawing out buckets of this mineral ingredient. Further on, we reached the little village of Kawkaba, from which we descended in a southerly direction to the plains beneath, where we saw a fair held. A crowd of about five or six thousand were here, gathered from the various villages around. Here was a man selling a few yards of calicoes; next to him was a man selling gunpowder; a third was roasting small bits of meat on an iron pin, which he kept turning near the fire, and when done, rattled it all down on a large cake of bread, before his customers, two or three of whom sat down and enjoyed the repast; and further on, sat an old man exchanging

nails for oranges. Lower down was another row of men selling oil, which they had in large skins; and not far from them was a man shocing horses. The fair was well supplied with all the necessary elements for a mountain home. It is held daily in different parts of the country; and in this place particularly, it occurs once every other Tuesday. The villages patronise these fairs, and hence you are always sure to see a crowd, and an equal share of excitement wherever and whenever these fairs are held. A mass of men and women kept moving all round, making their purchases, or bargaining for an exchange; and to this medley concourse, an appendix of horses, mules, and donkeys, grazed around the fair grounds.

This fair is called "*Sook el Khan*," or the fair of the inn, from an old inn which once stood here, but is now in ruins. The Hasbani rushes rapidly by the swell of land where the fair is held, which, added to the groves of olive-trees abounding here, enliven a picture already beautiful. We remained here upwards of a hour, gazing on the scene before us, now and then engaging in conversation with the people whom we found to be exceedingly simple. The Sheikh Selim of Hasbaiya, with a host of retainers on horseback, made a visit to the fair while we were there, and then proceeded to the mountains to hunt deer and wild boar, which, as has been already stated, greatly abound here. He had with him a lot of fine greyhounds.

Here we were joined by one of the Protestant community of Hasbaiya, who promised to accompany us as far as Banias, of which we were very glad. Precisely at twelve o'clock we left the fair grounds, and after crossing a bridge again spanning the Hasbani, which is here

swelled by another mountain torrent falling from the clefts of the hills above, we began the ascent of a ridge which gradually rose up till it opened to us a most beautiful view. High on our left towered Hermon, venerable in its hoary majesty. Rashaiya and Kefr Hamam, two villages, lay on its bosom, as an infant on its mother's breast. On our right rose up a succession of hills and ridges graced by many a village, whilst before us lay a ravine which gradually opened till it showed us the plains and waters of the Hulch, walled up as it were by high mountains on each side, whilst at its extremity a gorge was seen, through which the waters straggled till emptied in the sea of Tiberias, parts of which we could see from where we were; a scene of cultivation met the eye, and rendered the picture more beautiful. High amid crags and rocks rose endless terraces of green patches. Even to the edge of the road was it cultivated—the wheat was at this time about eight inches high, and as the wind waved over it, the effect of the picture, combined with the grandeur of the scenery around was sublime. Watchmen, called "*Natoor*," were placed here and there in order not to let animals stray into the fields. One man's cow entered in at the edge, and the *natoor* came down upon the owner—a poor old Druze, and would have taken his *Abba* from him, as a compensation to the owners of the field, were it not for our intervention. These watchmen are to be met with all over Syria—they generally have a large portion of land appropriated to their inspection, and on which they get a certain allowance. Sometimes they may be seen moving about the fields, but generally they have a shed on the top of a hill from which they look down on the fields below. These sheds remind one of the booth

which Jonah made for himself on the east side of the city of Nineveh, and sat him under its shadow that he might see what would become of the city. They are generally made of the branches of trees. Here the watchmen sit under their shadows and look down on the gardens and fields entrusted to their care. Their badge of office is a large cane which they are empowered to use at discretion. As soon as the poor Druze, whose *abba* had been taken by the *natoor*, for the trespass of the ox, saw us: he ran to us, and conjured us to interfere in his behalf. This is never done in vain in Syria: deaf must be the ear, and cold must be the heart which would not respond to such a call; hence, we stopped, and would not proceed till we finally succeeded in restoring the *abba* to its poor owner.

At two o'clock we stopped by a rapid mountain stream where we had a hearty luncheon; our horses in the meantime were let loose to graze on the grass which grew luxuriantly on the banks of this rivulet. It was a glorious luncheon; and this leads me to say that there is hardly any place in the world which affords better pic-nic sites than Syria; or where they can be better enjoyed. The balmy air, and bracing breezes; the luxuriant groves, through which the gentle winds ever rustle, and on whose boughs linger many a bird; whose sweet singing charms the ear; and the murmuring brook either sweeps gracefully along, or madly leaps among rocks, forming many a cascade; all alike contribute to make a keen appetite, and give a zest and pleasure to eating unknown anywhere—at least, this is my experience, and so I write. Let it not be supposed that I am making a better picture of Syria than it really deserves; indeed, I do not; for write as I will, I cannot exaggerate

a picture rendered glorious by being chosen by Almighty God as a gift to His own people. Upon this fact I fall for the veracity of my statements. Blighted as Syria now is, and accursed as it may be, it has still enough wherewith to attest to its former beauty, and what it may still be when the curse of God shall have been taken off the land; when the "wastes shall be builded, and the desolate lands shall be tilled;" when the land that is now "desolate shall become like the garden of Eden, and the waste, and desolate, and ruined cities shall become fenced and inhabited." When the reader pauses, to think that the Great Jehovah, in whose "hand are all the corners of the earth, and the strength of the hills is His also," chose this country, *par excellence*, over all the other portions of His creation, surely he will admit, that God's taste in choosing a piece of ground to give as a gift to His servant Abraham, and his seed after him, is of itself an ample testimony for the beauty and fruitfulness of this land. It is true, Syria possesses no madly leaping Niagara, or broad sweeping Mississippi; neither has it the succession of lochs which render Scotland charming; but it has other scenery, which in their way are equally as beautiful, as charming, as sweet, or as lovely as any that are to be found anywhere else in the world. It is God's own choice—the gift of the Almighty; where He who was God and man was pleased to be born in the flesh, and where He trod, sailed and dwelt.

Here we remained an hour, and then rode on for another hour, when we came to another beautiful piece of ground, where we saw a spring bubbling from under a fig-tree. This was another temptation; and here again we alighted for about half an hour or more, and then mounting our horses, we made the best of our way to-

wards Banias. At five o'clock, we came in view of the castle above the village, topping a conical peak, which I should suppose rises from twelve to fifteen hundred feet from the ground, if not more. Simultaneously with this first view we found ourselves amid a heap of stones which lay scattered about in the fields. Here and there, we came upon a column or pedestal, shewing, evidently, that these are the ruins of either Cæsarea Philippi, or some adjacent suburb. The appearance of the stones, lying about like the lava of a volcano, seem to suggest the idea that some great convulsion took place here—perhaps of an earthquake—which shook the very foundations, and scattered the stones in all directions. Our road then turned to the right, and led us through a long wood of old oaks. It was in this neighbourhood that the Saviour asked His disciples, “Whom do men say that I am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some Elias; and others Jeremias, or one of the prophets. He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am? And Simon Peter answered, Thou art the Christ; the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou, Simon-Barjona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father who is in heaven.” And it was in this vicinity that Christ uttered these memorable words: “For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul.”

It was getting dusky when we left a grove of old olives on our left, and crossed the river Banias by a small bridge, under which the water was madly rushing, and then immediately fell into three or four cascades on the right. We gazed at them but for a moment, enough

to give our horses time to drink, and then passed on through the dirty village which bears its name, and alighted at the house of the sheikh, with whom my brother was acquainted, he having some two years ago attended him as physician during a severe illness. It would be superfluous to say that we were therefore heartily welcome, and the best of everything was placed at our service. A supper was at once prepared for us, which, when ready, we partook of. The honey and molasses were good, and better than the rice, which was not so well cooked as it generally is: we enjoyed the *lebban*, a kind of curdled milk. On the whole, we fared well, and were pleased with the hospitality; in the meantime our horses were cared for.

The sheikh's house was composed of three or four upper chambers, built on the fragment of an old ruin. The room assigned to our use was the best in the house, and, were it not for the fleas which disturbed our night's slumbers, I am inclined to give it the preference over other lodgings to be met with, in these parts of the mountains—but they annoyed us terribly, and next morning, when I awoke, my body was spotted red, all over. There is a saying in this country, that “the king of the fleas holds his court in Baniās:” I am prepared, from experience, to bear ample testimony to the fact. The sheikh, who is a middle-aged man, took supper with us, and then chatted on politics, as *Jonathan would say*. Our topics were, however, more in relation to the times; the question of the war engrossed almost all the evening. At ten o'clock, after having ordered beds for us, he retired, leaving us to make the best of the night.

On our arrival, I saw a host of horses in the court below, as also many men, both in the rooms above and

beneath; and I naturally asked if these men were his retainers? My brother told me that they were guests, and that if I stayed here any length of time, I should see the house full every evening. I was beginning to applaud such unheard-of hospitality, when I was told that this liberality was the result of a bequest of one of the great-grandmothers of the sheikh. She bequeathed her property to the family on condition that they would keep an open house for every stranger; and hence now all who pass through Banias come and take up their abode at the house of the sheikh, who provides for them and their horses. The property, it is said, gives an income of about five hundred pounds sterling; but, of course, I do not place much reliance on this statement; it may be so, or it may be more or less.

The story of how this property came to the family is no less interesting. It is said, that as one of the governors of Damascus was passing through the village with a host of retainers, he was stopped by a woman, who begged that he would honour the village by stopping over night in her house. He declined, on account of the number of his officers and guards; but she said that she was prepared for them all, and the governor was at last persuaded to stop. The story goes on to say, that he was so pleased with the entertainment, that he gave her a great amount of land: this she at once placed under cultivation, and on her death-bed bequeathed it to the family, on condition that they should always keep an open house for every stranger who visits Banias and chooses to come to them. Well done for a Syrian woman!

I am thus led to speak of Syrian hospitality; it is too far famed to require any testimonial from my pen. As in the days of Abraham, so it is in this day; and a

stranger in Syria can never lack a lodging or a supper; he has only to go to the first house and make himself known as a stranger, and an Oriental hospitality awaits him. Great deference is paid to strangers, and much stress is put on the words of the Scriptures, "Vex not the stranger that sojourneth within thy gates." The European or American traveller will always find a welcome at the house of his consul, or at the sheikh of the village; a native generally goes to the house of some one he knows. Besides these, there is in almost every village in Syria, a house called the *manzool*, a sort of Stranger's Home, supported by the inhabitants. On entering a house, if a native, he at once washes his feet, and then proceeds to the sitting room, where sherbet, coffee, and pipes await him; if a European, he washes his hands. This at once will remind the reader how Abraham received his three guests, and washed their feet. It is still the custom, as in the days of yore, to press upon the stranger to accept the hospitalities of your house; the custom for a stranger's sojourn is generally three days, but it is not enforced, the traveller can stay as long as he pleases; he will, of course, use his good sense in not obtruding too long upon the hospitalities of the people, who will press upon him to lengthen his sojourn with them. For this hospitality nothing is asked, but a present is generally given to the servants on leaving.

Banias is the ancient Cæsarea Philippi; its original name, however, seems to be Pancas—a name, perhaps, given to it by the Phœnicians, who here erected temples to the god *Pan*, as is shown from the inscriptions still existing. Philip, the Tetrarch, however, on enlarging and beautifying it, changed its name to Cæsarea, in honour of the Emperor Tiberius, adding the cognomen of Philippi to distinguish it from Cæsarea of Palestine.

Herod the Great also bestowed upon it great attention, in further extending and embellishing it; and here, in honour to his imperial patron, Augustus, he erected on the ground of Zenodorus, a most glorious temple of white marble; Josephus says that it was "near the cave that they called Panias, which is at the bottom of a mountain, famous for being the source of the river Jordan. The cavern is prodigiously deep, and springs of water in it perpetually bubbling; and the mountain above is as eminent for a pleasant prospect, but more remarkable still for this temple of Caesar's than for all the rest." In compliment to the Emperor Nero, its name was changed by Agrippa to Neronias. Titus, after overthrowing Jerusalem, exhibited some public games here, in which the Jewish prisoners were compelled to fight as gladiators; and numbers perished in the inhuman contests. It was near this city, as already stated, that our Saviour drew from His disciples their express acknowledgement of Him as the Messiah, and His transfiguration took place on one of the mountains in this vicinity. In 1129 it was possessed by the Crusaders; the city and castle were given as a fief to the knight, Rayner Brus, but in 1132, when he was absent, it was taken by the Sultan Ismail of Damascus. It was, however, again captured by the Franks, aided by the Damascenes, and in 1139 the temporal control was restored to the knight, Rayner Brus, and the city made a Latin bishopric under the jurisdiction of the archbishop of Tyre. Such is its past history—its present tale will be told in a few words. It is a dirty, mean, and wretched place, hardly numbering more than one hundred and fifty inhabitants; and of its ancient splendour nothing remains but its name, which is still Banias, the Arabic corruption of Paneas.

Wednesday, 7th February.

Thanks to the merciless fury of the Banias fleas, we were up betimes this morning, and sallying forth, proceeded to visit the source of the *Baniasi* (the river). It is not far from the Sheikh's house, and accords with the description given of it by Josephus, as being at the bottom of a mountain. The stream issues boldly from under the rocks, and tumbles down the ravine. Directly above the spring niches have been cut in the face of the perpendicular rock, doubtless meant to receive statues. We also saw some inscriptions, all of which purported the dedication to the god Pan. We waded our way through folds for goats, and stopped for a moment before the great cavern mentioned by Josephus. It had a little water in it, but the main spring was immediately under it. Immediately above this cavern, a little to the left, is a Mahomedan wely, dedicated to the *Khoodr* (the prophet Elijah). We ascended to it, and were repaid by seeing a marble column, as also a marble cornice, which I suppose belonged once to the famous temple built by Herod in honour of his patron. On the lawn, to the left of it, I imagine must have been the site of that temple, as in one of the hedges I saw a curious piece of carved masonry. We then descended to the village by a grove of olives. Here in this grove, thirteen years ago, whilst on a visit to this place, in the company of some English friends, we encamped for two days, during which time we visited the lake Phiala, mentioned by Josephus, and deemed by him as the true source of the Jordan. It is about a couple of hours' ride, bearing east from Banias, and is called by the natives *Briket-Ran*. It is a small circular basin of water, about a mile in circumference, and said to abound in leeches. I am not, however, in-

clined to believe that it has anything to do with the waters of the Baniasi, though Josephus asserts that the Tetrarch Philip cast some chaff into it, and it came out at the cavern of Panias.

We now proceeded to visit the castle on the top of the mountain: accompanied by a guide, we made our way out of the village. Here we saw the remains of ancient walls, towers, and trenches, all of which prove their Roman masonry. Our road then lay first through a small grove of olives, and then directly up the mountain. It was a most fatiguing ride, and took us upwards of an hour to reach the fortifications above. Immediately under the castle we saw a large cistern, which reminded me of Solomon's pools in the vicinity of Bethlehem. We were now under the walls of the castle, and could see the Roman and Saracenic structures: the one bevelled and beautifully cut; and the other, plain masonry of an inferior kind. On the walls we saw shepherds looking down on us; and I could not help thinking of the time when these same walls were lined with warriors. We entered the fort by the gate at its south-western extremity. Here we saw the grooves for the letting down of the portcullis, and also the holes in the wall, by which it was barred.

And now for the building. Its position, lengthways, is east and west, and flanked with towers two stories high. We entered the basement of one on the south side, and were struck with its strength and beauty. We saw six port-holes for arrows. The admittance to the second story is by a double-sided staircase on the outside. The upper story seems to be a second edition of the basement below. The view from the top of one of these towers is beautiful, and claims a passing notice. All

around the scenery is grand, wild, and romantic; high mountains rise on each side, locking the plains of the Huleh, which lie stretched at our feet, and whose green pasture lands are beautifully intersected with rivulets. The site of the castle is certainly well chosen, being on the top of a conical hill, commanding the city of Paneas and the adjacent villages. The walls of the fortress are ten feet thick. The exciting times which it must have seen, when warriors clad in mail trod its towers, is strangely contrasted with its present desolation. It shares the same fate as all other ruined fortresses in the Turkish empire, viz., converted into a fold for cattle. Here we saw a host of peasantry tending their flocks; hundreds of goats we saw in the fort, and as many more were outside grazing on the slopes.

At eleven o'clock we returned to Banias. During the preceding evening, we were told of a small ruin about an hour and a half's ride, s.s.w., from Banias, called "*Sayed Yahuda*," and to which we had intended to go, returning to Banias in the evening, but the fleas of the past night proved a formidable objection in the way of the undertaking, and we determined to miss seeing *Sayed Yahuda* than to sleep another night in Banias. What this *Sayed Yahuda* is I cannot tell, more than that there is a *Wely* dedicated to Judah, and some ruins around it: I rather think it a modern invention, as we all know that Judah died in Egypt. Our plan now was to procure a guide to take us to Dan, and then to put us on the way to Rashaiya, where we intended to pass the night. We made known our wishes to the Sheik, who protested that he would not let us go to-day, but his Oriental hospitality was at last overruled by our earnestness, which was rendered vehement by the recollection of the fleas

to whose keen appetite we shall ever bear ample testimony.

At twelve o'clock we left Banias, and in about forty minutes reached *Tell el Kady*, or the Hill of the Judge: the ancient Dan. We rode over it, and saw nothing save stones scattered about, indicating that it was once inhabited. We thought of its former history, and the phrase from "Dan to Beersheba," which denoted the limits of the Holy Land from north to south, forced itself peculiarly on our mind. Here, then, we were in the limits of that land which was hallowed by the footprints of Emmanuel. The original name of the place was *Laish*, but when the Danites, whose coast, we are told in the book of Joshua, was "too little for them," possessed themselves of it, they called it "Dan," after the name of Dan their father. Its present name, "*Tell el Kady*," or the Hill of the Judge, is very significant when referred to a place belonging to that tribe whose Hebrew name signifies "*Judge*," and of whom Jacob speaks in these terms: "Dan shall *judge* his people." After the conquest of *Laish*, the Danites degenerated into gross idolatry, which had been suggested to them during their march against the place, when they robbed Micah of Mount Ephraim, of his idols, and carried off the person who officiated as his priest. We are told that "the children of Dan set up the graven image, and Jonathan, the son of Jershom, the son of Manasseh, he and his sons were priests to the tribe of Dan until the day of the captivity of the land. And they set them up Micah's graven image, which he made, all the time that the house of God was in Shiloh." So well known was the character of this place for the idolatrous propensities of its inhabitants, notwithstanding the zealous efforts made by many of the

distinguished Judges in Israel to put a stop to it, that Jeroboam was induced to set up one of his golden calves in it, while he erected the other at Bethel.

We rode over the hill, and stopped under a large tree at its north-western extremity, where the Leddan has its source. This is the third source of the Jordan. Here we had luncheon, exactly on the same spot where, on the 13th of May, 1843, I had a similar meal. The plains of the Huleh lay before us, as also the "waters of Merom," against which, in days of old, the confederate kings of the Canaanites pitched their camp "to fight against Israel," but whose hosts were, as we are told, "even as the sand that is on the sea-shore in multitude, with horses and chariots very many," were defeated before the victorious army of Joshua, who "chased them unto Great Zidon, and unto Misrephoth-maim, and unto the valley of Mizpeh eastward; and they smote them until they left them none remaining."

The Bahret-el-Houlé, once called Lake Semechon, and supposed to be the waters of Merom, is an extensive marsh, and nothing else: it stands in the midst of a small plain. We intended to have gone nearer to its shores, but the condition of the roads was such that it was deemed impracticable. It is said, that at this season it is about seven miles long and three and a half broad: its banks are covered with reeds and rushes forming a shelter for wild boars, where, I was told they abound plenteously, and are hunted by the Arabs. *A propos* of this, whilst we were taking our luncheon, four or five mules passed us loaded with these wild animals, which the muleteers told us had been shot in Ard-el-Houlé. This lake, however, receives its great interest, necessary to this chapter, from the fact that it serves as a kind of

reservoir to collect the waters which form the Jordan, and again to send them forth in a single stream.

Now, then, for the true Jordan; hitherto we have been speaking of its sources. The Baniasi and the Leddan join their waters and form one stream, about one hour's ride from Tell-el-Kady: shortly afterwards they join the Habsani; and the two, now the Jordan, continue their course to the Bahret-el-Houlé; emerging from it, the Jordan then flows for about ten miles in a narrow and somewhat tortuous valley, the upper part a rapid stream, the lower slow and turbid. Two miles below Bahret-el-Houlé is Jacob's bridge, where it is said Jacob met with his brother Esau, and where he wrestled with an angel; and here the river is about eighty feet wide and four feet deep. I bathed in the Jordan in 1843, just before it enters the sea of Tiberias. In its passage through the lake of Gennesareth the Jordan does not mingle its waters with that of the lake, but can be easily traced through the middle of it by a line of muddier water. On leaving the lake of Gennesareth the river enters the valley called Ghor, which simply signifies a hollow; and here I trace the name of the Jordan from Ghor, a hollow; and Dan, the hill from which arises one of its sources, and not far from where it is first formed by the union of the three waters, as already mentioned. The natives of the present day called the Jordan El Sharia, or the *law*. I have never been, as yet, able to discover the origin of this name, but it strikes me that it may be because God *commanded* that twelve stones be picked from the bed of the Jordan "where the priests' feet stood firm," by twelve men out of the twelve tribes of Israel, and to be left in the first lodging-place, where they shall lodge for the night, as a sign to after

generations "that the waters were cut off before the ark of the covenant of the Lord."

The Jordan here becomes very rapid, and its descent, between Gennesareth and the Dead Sea which are about sixty miles distant from each other, is in the bed of three valleys one lower than the other: at first it flows near the western hills, then near the eastern, but as it advances towards the Dead Sea it becomes less serpentine and makes its way more towards the middle of the valley: at present it is lost in the waters of the Dead Sea. It was long a matter of perplexity to determine what became of the waters of the Jordan previous to the formation of the Dead Sea, but recent discoveries suggest that they were carried to the Red Sea—a fact not unlikely. Burekhardt considers the plain or valley of the Jordan to be continued under the names of El Ghor and El Arabah, to the gulf of Akaba, and demonstrates that the river discharged its waters into the eastern gulf of the Red Sea, before its course was interrupted by the great event which befel the Cities of the Plain.

About three miles from where the Jordan enters into the Dead Sea, is supposed to be the spot where our Saviour was baptized; and here annually a crowd of pilgrims come a few days after Easter to bathe themselves. The river here is thickly beset with willows, tamarisks, oleanders, and other shrubs, which conceal it from the view till it is nearly approached. I have often visited this spot, and as often had a plunge in this turbid but highly honoured stream. The natives think that it is invested with the property of washing away sins.

Whilst reclining under the shadow of the great oak tree, where we took our luncheon, my brother pointed out to me the village Abel, the ancient Abel Beth

Maachah, bearing north-west from us. It crowns a ridge, and is now inhabited by a few peasants. It was, however, once a city, and famed for being the place where Sheba, the son of Bichri, fled for protection, when pursued by the army of King David, under the command of Joab; and the inhabitants, to avoid the miseries of a siege on his account, by the advice of a "wise woman" cut off his head, and threw it over the wall.

The account given of this event in 2 Sam. xx., is very interesting. Sheba, the son of Bichri, a Benjamite, had rebelled against David; he blew the trumpet of revolt, and harangued the people to this effect:—

"We have no part in David, neither have we inheritance in the son of Jesse. Every man to his tent, O Israel."

This had the desired effect; and the excited Israelites left the standard of their king and followed him. David, therefore, commissioned an army of the men of Judah, under the command of his general, Amassa, to pursue him. This general was, during his march, treacherously assassinated by his cousin Joab, who then took the sole command, and, with his usual energy, pursued Sheba, and blockaded him in this place before he could collect his partisans. He caused a bank to be cast up against the city, and his army battered the wall to throw it down. At this eventful moment a wise woman came out, crying:—

"Hear, hear; say, I pray you, unto Joab, Come near hither that I may speak with thee." And Joab came; and when she was assured it was he to whom she was speaking, she said: "Hear the words of thy handmaiden . . . I am one of them that are peaceable and faithful in Israel: thou seekest to destroy a city and a mother in

Israel: why wilt thou swallow up the inheritance of the Lord?" And Joab answered her saying:

"Far be it, far be it from me, that I should swallow up or destroy. The matter is not so: but a man of Mount Ephraim, Sheba the son of Bichri by name, hath lifted up his hand against the king, even against David: deliver him only, and I will depart from the city."

Then this wise woman said:—

"Behold, his head shall be thrown to thee over the wall."

And she was as good as her word, for by her wise counsel, the inhabitants of the place were induced to cut off the head of the traitor, and threw it over to Joab, who at once blew a trumpet and withdrew from under its walls, leaving the inhabitants in tranquillity.

We then read, that eighty years afterwards, it was plundered by Benhadad, king of Syria. It was also taken and demolished two hundred years subsequent to its sacking by Benhadad, by Tilgath-pileser, who carried the citizens into Assyria as captives. This is the Scripture history of yonder village now before me, and I trust that the thrilling scene which occurred there; will serve as an apology for my ample quotation from Sacred Writ. At present it is a poor and miserable place.

It was a warm day, and we lounged here longer than was necessary. At last, the object of our present excursion being over, we mounted our horses to return home. We crossed the fields, and regained our road of yesterday, and, as the sun was setting, we were slowly climbing up the ascent of Rashaiya. It was a glorious sunset; the tops of the mountains wore a golden mantle, while the horizon looked even lovelier; streaks of every brilliant hue rose up in all directions, and the effect was

sublime. These sunset scenes should be viewed in order to be appreciated. I pity, indeed, the inhabitants of England, who seldom witness such a glorious sight. Oh, how I missed our oriental sun when I first visited Great Britain—that orb which sheds cheerfulness into every Syrian bosom. And this leads me to say, that this is one reason why suicides are seldom heard of in this country. Nor do I wonder at their multiplicity in England; surely the gloomy climate must breed gloomy thoughts; and, when these rise, the poor and unfortunate being, encompassed by gloom within and gloom without, is goaded on to that act which hurries him at once to the presence of his Maker. Let me not be supposed as offering an apology for suicide. I disavow any such intention; and I look upon the man who cannot face the frowns of this world as a coward of the meanest stamp. I was only comparing the effects of our bright sun, with the gloom of England's fog.

We reached Rashaiya, and were hospitably entertained at the house of Mr. Elias Yakobe, a native Protestant brother, and a graduate of the Abaih Seminary. There is quite a community of Protestants here; and I was surprised to see, in the evening, such a host of them come to visit us. We had quite an interesting evening, which my brother closed by exhortation and prayer. Elias Yakobe, though not an ordained minister, nor even a licentiate, nevertheless preaches twice on the Sabbath-day, to a congregation of about twenty or thirty. There is a school also established here, containing about fifty children, some of whom are Mahomedans who come every morning from Kefr Hamam, a village half an hour off, simply to attend school, and return, in the evening, to their village-home: but, what pleased us most, was to

see grown-up men learning their alphabet, in order, as they said, that in due time *they might be able to read the Word of God*. Surely this is interesting. The cry for education is getting louder every day; and the people want schools. There is also a Protestant community in Ibel, a village about two hours off, and there also the Word of God is beginning to take effect. Thus we see that the light of the gospel is beginning to dawn on poor, forsaken Syria! Is it too much to hope that it is an earnest for better days at hand? In these schools are taught the primary elements of education; and the Bible is made a standard book. During the course of the evening the Greek priest called upon us, and appeared sociable and friendly.

Thursday, 8th February.

We slept soundly, or rather better, than the previous night, and woke up, this morning, greatly refreshed. Immediately after morning worship, our host told us that he had received and accepted an invitation for us to breakfast at the house of another Protestant brother; and, consequently, we went there, enjoying, by the way, a beautiful view of the scenery around, and of Tiberias in the distance. We found our friend waiting for us, who heartily welcomed us to his house. As our time was brief, we made quick work, and enjoyed our breakfast, which was plain but clean; and here I will remark that one of the effects which have resulted since the gospel light has dawned on this land is, that the natives have become cleanly in their habits, and more polished in their manners. There is no gainsaying this fact; and, as an illustration, I would only say that there was no comparison between the clean beds and good cooking

of our friends here, who, perhaps, have not an income of more than £20 or £30 a-year, and the house of the Sheikh of Banias, a chief by pedigree, whose income cannot be much short of £1000; and yet his rooms, and everything about him, were far from being as clean as those of our poor friends. Indeed this is a notorious fact, and I have observed it elsewhere; and no better illustration can I cite than Ireland, where we see her Protestant peasantry, though living in its sterile portion, cleanly clad, whilst the Roman Catholic, of the same class, though residing in its fertile portion, live in the same hut with the pig and the cow; and the mischief is, that one can hardly tell *which is which*.

Immediately after breakfast we visited the school, where we saw about forty children, the rest not having come yet. They were then being taught in the primary elements of education; the school having only been opened about six weeks; it began with about ten boys, and now it numbers upwards of fifty.

We now prepared to mount our horses, in order to visit Hebbaria on our way to Hasbaiya, where we were informed that there was an old temple, which I was anxious to see. Before riding, however, we looked at some furnaces where earthenware pots are manufactured. The trade of this place is mostly in pottery, which is sold to all the adjoining villages; hence it is called Rashaiyat *El Fakhar*, or the pottery, to denote it from the other Rashaiya, which I passed on my way from Damascus to Hasbaiya, and which is called Rashaiyat *El Wady*, or of the valley. They make here a certain jug which they call *breek*, and resembles a teapot more than anything else, only it is rounder at the bottom and has a neck instead of a lid; it has, however, an

orifice like a teapot, and from this the people drink, not by putting the orifice in their mouth but by holding up the jug about a foot, or perhaps less, distant from the mouth, and let the water pour from the orifice down their throat. They relish this sort of drinking, and by this way they keep the orifice clean, and all can drink of one jug without having occasion to suck the same orifice which another has sucked.

At nine o'clock we left Rashaiya, accompanied by Mr. Elias Yakobe, who kindly came to show us the way as far as Hebbaria; some others accompanied us to the top of the descent, and then returned, "thanking God that they had seen our faces in safety"—a phrase in common use in Syria. The descent down the ridge was very bad, and we had to dismount, and lead our horses all the way to Hebbaria, which, however, was not more than an hour's distance from Rashaiya. Here, therefore, in this hollow we saw a temple of certainly ancient structure, some of whose stones were bevelled, and measured fifteen feet long, by two feet and ten inches in depth; and two feet and eight and a half inches thick. The length of the building was fifty-five feet and two inches, by thirty feet wide; its position lengthwise lay east and west; the entrance was from the east side. The temple itself was about thirty-six feet in length, and devoid of any columns or statuary, unless they are buried in the stones; it has a fine doorway, eight feet wide, and fourteen feet and two inches high. The temple was apparently never covered; the north wall has fallen; there is a staircase in the western corner of the southern wall, which apparently led to a sort of a pulpit; outside the doorway was a portico, which seem to have been supported by two columns, the pedestals of which still remain and measure

ten feet in circumference and three feet in diameter. The portico extended from the entrance to the doorway, a space of sixteen feet. The situation of the temple seems to have been solitary, and is in a hollow between Hasbaiya and Rashaiya; immediately under Hermon, at the entrance of the Wady El Taim. The doorway of the temple has two niches on both sides of it for the reception of statuary; on the left side between the upper and lower niche is a Greek inscription, which time has nearly worn out. A basement extends all under the building. Such is a description of the temple at Hebbaria. A little north-by-west of it I saw two cisterns for water, whilst half a mile south-west of it are two singular hollows in the ground, where a grove of olive trees now grows. They are immediately under the mountain, and can be easily distinguished. It is a small plain temple.

We asked the natives if they had ever found any coins here, and they brought us a lot of defaced antiques, of which we could make nothing; one we made out was a Russian coin, struck in 1716. How came it here? The boy told us it was found in the ground: perhaps some Russian traveller dropped it. We asked if there were any remains of ruins in the vicinity, and were told that there was nothing in the shape of antiquity, save an aqueduct on the top of the hill. There was, they said, a small tower on the other side; but from the description they gave of it, it seems to be a modern affair.

What, therefore, can this temple be? I am not inclined to believe that the Greek inscription on the left side of the wall is the work of the original builders; otherwise it would have been in a more prominent place.

Some of the stones resemble those at Baalbeck, not, of course, in size, but in shape and form; and the temple struck me as being quite devoid of Grecian architecture; nor does it bear comparison with the temples at Baalbeck, either in beauty or finish. May not this be Baal-Gad? This is in the valley of Lebanon, immediately under Hermon: or it may be Baal Hermon, whose name would lead us to search for it in the vicinity of that mountain.

Satisfied with our visit to this place, we then mounted our horses, and bade our host farewell; and, after descending into the ravine, we again ascended up the mountain, and in about an hour were at Hasbaiya, where we at once enjoyed the luxury of a thorough good wash, and clean linen.

After reaching Hasbaiya, I was told that on the top of Mount Hermon, and now covered by the snow, was an old temple, called *Asr Shbeeb*. There are the ruins of another certainly very ancient building on the ridge above Hasbaiya. The vicinity of Hasbaiya is full of small temples: one, a beautiful little thing, at Ain Hersha, about three hours from Rashaiya; and another one further off at Nabi Safa. But perhaps these last were temples of the Romans.

CHAPTER XI.

HASBAIYA TO BAYROOT.

Farewell—Scenery—Season for Travelling in Syria—Difference in Traveller's Descriptions—The Peasantry and their Horses—Ijon—A Night at Djed-dai-dé—Love of Children—Coast of Phœnicia—A Village—Kalat Esh Shkief—Scenery—A Breakfast—En route—Thirsty—A Gallop to the Zahrani—Luncheon—The Last Ridge—Arrival at Sidon—Movement in Deyr El Kamar—History of Sidon and its Associations—En route to Bayroot—The Road—Lady Hester Stanhope—The Belgian Consul—Consular System—Protection System—Remedy for Evils—Nebi Yonas—River Damoor—Porphyreon—Khaldé—Mount Lebanon—Arrival at Bayroot—Letters.

Wednesday, 21st February, 1855.

FAREWELL HASBAIYA!

It was half-past two in the afternoon, before we were on our way. The party comprised, a muleteer, and my brother J —, who would see me as far as Sidon, in my tour of the Holy Land. Our course was directed to Sidon, from which place my brother intended returning home, whilst I proceeded to Bayroot, prior to deciding on any fixed plan for making a tour of Palestine . . . One more farewell to the many faces, who lined the terraces to see us off, and we dashed down the wild ravine. In half-an-hour we crossed the bridge, which spans the *Hasbani*, and in a similar space of time we

reached Sook El Khan, the site of the fair, mentioned in a previous chapter.

But the scenery was more lovely than ever; green foliage and beautiful flowers met the eye everywhere; fields of corn, waving with majestic splendour; groves of olive trees interspersed here and there; grassy slopes enlivened by a rich assortment of flowers, and the tumultuous river madly rushing along—all contributed to render the picture one of exceeding loveliness and beauty. This vale, like many others in Syria, was glorious to behold now.

And this was the season which I had chosen for my tour in Palestine. I am perfectly satisfied that this is the time for travelling in Syria; a little earlier, it would be too wet; a little later, and it would be too hot. The sun shone bright; the atmosphere was dry and clear; the air was balmy, and impregnated with the sweetest odours of nature's flowers; flocks of birds rustled amid olive leaves, or soared above us, enchanting us with their melodious warble. The eye rested on green pasture lands; on terraces waving with wheat; on hedges, where a thousand flowers bloomed in such loveliness as to remind the traveller of the saying, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these" . . . and he was not, and never could be . . . such beautiful colours! such delicate outlines! such loveliness! was beyond man's power. I picked a flower, and long gazed at it; growing spontaneous and wild, yet who can look on it without verifying the littleness of man, and the the divinity of its creator? *That* flower proclaimed its Maker *Divine*. *Such* was the season in which I intended to make my tour, amid *such* a scenery. And *SUCH* is Syria!

The readers of this volume will be astonished to learn that flowers grew on the slopes of Hermon at this early period of the year, but it is nevertheless so; I saw almond trees in full blossom in Hasbaiya during the first week of February; and here I would remind the reader, that this village is more than two thousand and five hundred feet above the level of the sea, situated in a cold region, on the slopes of hoary snow-capped Hermon. Such is Syria, and the traveller who visits it, at this season of the year, will not only be surprised at its exceeding fertility, but will be enchanted with its garden-like beauty. No English hot-house plants present such a variety of tints and colours, or surpass the wilderness of Syria in luxuriance or loveliness; and the tourist will be at a loss to account for the descriptions of other travellers who represent the country as parched, dry and brown. Both accounts may, however, be correct, and the real secret of this difference in description, is not so much in the land, nor even in the temperaments of the writers, as in the season they visit the country. Syria in Spring, and Syria at the end of Summer, present very different aspects. At one time, the whole country has the appearance of a well-cared-for garden, whilst at the other it looks sterile and barren. I trust that this explanation will reconcile to the reader the glowing descriptions of some travellers, with the less enthusiastic accounts given by others, both of which are truthful as regards the seasons when the country was visited.

Leaving Sook-El-Khan, we now ascended a ridge to the right. The Banias road lay across the other ridge to the left. On gaining the top of the ridge, we confronted a conical-looking mount, which was separated from us by a deep chasm: on its slopes were a troop of

horses and mules grazing loosely. I observed that some of the turbulent animals had their fore-feet tied together, so that they could not run away were they inclined to do so. The peasantry not affording to feed their animals on barley, which is the staple food for horse, mules, and donkeys in the East, send them out under the care of a man to graze on the luxuriant hills. The watchman is paid *five paras*, or about a farthing, for every horse per day; and as he makes an arrangement to take the whole number of animals in his village, I apprehend he makes a good thing of it.

An hour further on, we had the view of a mound in the plains beneath, which I suppose would be a couple of miles in length, and resembles the back of a camel. This I was told was the ancient Ijon, a frontier town of the Israelites, which at the behest of Asa, king of Judah, was taken and plundered by Benhadad, king of Syria. Baasha, king of Israel, had made war with Asa, and "built Ramah, that he might not suffer any to go out or come in to Asa, king of Judah," or, in other words, he blockaded Judah. Thus constrained, Asa sent gifts of gold and silver to Benhadad, king of Syria, who then ruled in Damascus, and requested his assistance in the words of the following message: "There is a league between me and thee, and between my father and thy father: behold, I have sent unto thee a present of silver and gold; come and break thy league with Baasha king of Israel, that he may depart from me." Benhadad did so, and took the frontier towns of Israel, included in which we read, that he smote Ijon (1 Kings xv. 20). The natives call the mound, "El Khirbe," or, "the ruin," from the fact, that there are to be found some ruins. Near this mound are many cisterns.

At five o'clock we reached Djed-dai-dé, a small village of Greek Roman Catholics, where we were hospitably entertained at the house of a friend of my brother. Here we spent a pleasant evening in social intercourse with the people, who, in pursuance of old Eastern customs, came *en masse* to see the *hakeem* (i.e., doctor) and his brother. I hardly believe that there was a single man able to walk that did not come to visit us. Such a thing would have been thought, not only a breach of etiquette towards us, but *indecorous towards our host*.

Almost all the party who came to see us this evening were called "Abu Hanna," "Abu Butros," "Abu Mekhail," or, "Abu" something else, and which means, "Father of John," "Father of Peter," etc. It is rarely that a man is called by his Christian name, and still more rare to be called by his surname. The love of boys is so great in Syria, that a man at once takes the name of his first-born, and he is after that called "Abu Hanna," (Father of John), or any other name that his son may have. A mother likewise takes the name of her first boy; and in like manner to her husband she is called "Imm Hanna" (the Mother of John). Should she be childless, which is almost considered a disgrace, she is called, not by her Christian name, but as the wife of such a person; for instance, the wife of one Mr. John Tompkins is called, "Mrat Hanna" (the wife of John), and so on. The reader will observe that the surname is not used.

As much as it is a matter of joy to have a son, which entitles the father to be honoured with the epithet of "Abu" such a boy, so much also is it a matter of sorrow to a wedded pair if they have no children; and their friends, in order to mitigate their sorrow, generally give

them the title of an imaginary being yet to be born. I know one who is called "Abu' Naseef," though he has no such boy to bless his existence, and is not likely to have any; yet such is the custom.

Parents never take the name of their daughters; indeed the birth of a daughter is looked upon rather in the light of a misfortune than otherwise. The mother looks dejected, and the father seems as if he were quite ashamed of himself. Had they a son, the house would be besieged by friends and acquaintances to congratulate the happy pair on such an event, and hope *they may live to see him married*. Not so, however, if a daughter is born; in that case none but intimate friends call, and if they allude to the newly-born babe, it is with a view of consoling the unhappy pair. The usual form of expression in such cases is, "She that has brought a daughter will bear a son;" to which the dejected parent replies, with hands and eyes uplifted to heaven, "*Inshallah* (If so it please God)."

It is only the boy, the heir to his father's name, that swells the pride of the parent, and makes him desirous of being known as the *father of A BOY*—one who, if he lives, is destined to preserve the name of the family. He is its *hope*, and the poor girl is thrown into the shade. Fortunate is the messenger who first brings to the anxious father the news that unto him *a son* is born, he is well rewarded. In the case of a daughter, no one dares to tell the father of it, but leaves him to find it out as well as he can. The reader of the Bible has only to turn to the birth of John, and all that I have already mentioned—the love of children—the reproach among men of being childless—and the joy of the parents will appear to him. Even as far back as

the days of Abraham we find the same sentiments prevailing, which force upon our minds that the present habits and customs of Syria, as also the taste of its inhabitants, are precisely the same as they were in days of yore. It strikes me, that it was the reproach of being childless that prevailed upon Sarah to induce Abraham to take unto himself another wife! What else could have operated upon her so powerfully as to make her willing to have the affection of her husband divided between her and her handmaiden? Jealousy would have been a sufficient antidote to prevent such a union, but the reproach among men of being childless, was apparently, in the estimation of Sarah, more powerful than that fearful remedy.

Another curious custom in the East in this connection, may not prove uninteresting to the English reader. If there is anything which horrifies the parents of a boy it is to see him praised. They are afraid of what they call the "Evil-eye," or the eyes of the envious, who, not possessing such a treasure themselves, it is supposed must be jealous of the happy parents, and therefore their praises must be insincere, and consequently terrible in their consequences. And were the child to die after being the object of such praises, the parents, most assuredly, would lay the evil to the door of those who praised him. This is what is termed the "Evil-eye," and of which the Easterns are particularly afraid—a superstition to which English mothers are not addicted, inasmuch, as no sooner the dinner is over than the new comer is introduced in swaddling-clothes to be the admiration of the company present. How different are the customs of the East and of the West!

During the course of the evening, my brother was

called out to attend upon a sick woman in the village. I should mention that he was well known in this place as a "hakeem," or doctor. It is only of late that such a thing as a respectable doctor is known in Syria. Till now the people had only recourse to simple herbal remedies; and when these failed, the case was given up as hopeless. No medical man was allowed to attend upon a sick female; for these the native "dayés," or midwives, were sufficient. But these old customs are now breaking down before the more enlightened ones of civilisation, and medical men are now being admitted into the private harem of a strict Mahomedan. There is, however, a prejudice still existing with them against amputation. This is a recourse which they would not hear of. They would rather the limb should mortify, and the sufferer die, than see his arm or foot cut off. Dr. M. of Jerusalem, told me of the following case:—A Mahomedan soldier had hurt his arm by the explosion of a gun. He (Dr. M.) was called to see him, and at once advised amputation in order to save his life: but this the friends of the invalid would not hear: four days afterwards, the arm mortified, and the man died. In one case only do I know of its being allowed. The son of our host of this evening, a few days after our departure hurt his leg, on which my brother prevailed upon the sorrow-stricken parents to allow of the operation, and they agreed to it: the result is that the boy not only lives, but is likely to reach the average life of mankind. This was only permitted, however, after a great deal of urging. Speaking of the medical department, it was, indeed, very low in Syria until the introduction of European doctors into the land; it was mostly confined to the "dayés" and a few old men. The remedies they

prescribed were very simple, calculated, in case they did no good, to do no harm.

At seven o'clock next morning (Thursday) we were in the saddle; our kind host accompanied us a little on our way, and then bade us farewell. In a quarter of an hour after leaving the village, we reached the top of the ridge on which it is situated; and here, for the first time since crossing the heights of Lebanon, did I again have a view of the blue Mediterranean, that glorious sea on whose shores I first saw the light of day, and upon whose rippling billows it has ever been my greatest pleasure to gaze. I am one of those beings who cannot live long away from the sea-coast. From my childhood, the sea has ever been to me a theme of delight. I can still remember in early youth with what zest I used to watch the mighty billows, as they first began to form themselves into mountains, curl, and then dash on the dilapidated fort of Bayroot. And now, after an absence of nearly two months in the interior, here I come all at once and unexpectedly upon a full view of it, for many and many a mile. O it was glorious; and that moment was to me one of thrilling delight! I cannot expect to meet with sympathy from every reader of this work in the feelings which now possessed me, but surely I know there must be some who have realized the same, and who will forgive this long paragraph, which to some I fear may seem a trespass on their time and patience.

Nearly three thousand feet above its level we stood; the Phœnician coast lay beneath us; and, as I strained my eyes over the blue waters, I thought of the time when the Phœnician galleys breasted its waves, or dove-like came into its harbours, bearing within them the produce of many marts. How truly have the prophecies

been fulfilled on this land! That "Great Sea"—the "Sea of Zidon," still rolls as ever; its calms and storms succeed each other as in bygone days; its waves continue to spend themselves on the shore as of old; but where are its native mariners, its wise shipmen, or where are the cities which gave them birth? Once the inhabitants of Zidon and Arvad were its mariners, the wise men of Tyrus were its pilots, the ancients of Gebal were its calkers; but where are they? Alas! the "renowned cities" of Phœnicia now lie desolate! Her sea-faring men are no longer; and the sea which once knew them, and went by their name, now knows them no more. Foreign ships now ride on its billows, and steam ploughs its waters; but little indeed has the land to do with them. O how long, how long shall things continue so? When will the spirit of the past infuse itself into the present; and when will the sons of Phœnicia arise to own their supremacy again, and be worthy sons of the ancestors whose galleys ventured into the distant seas, opening new places for the increase of its commerce? Ah! that time will assuredly come, but only when the curse is uplifted from the land.

But we will pass on. Immediately before us was a small village, situated on the top of a conical hill, which had more the appearance of a fort than anything else. Its situation was pleasant; but I thought that the fatigue of ascending to, or descending from it, must deduct materially from the pleasantness of its locality. Right before us, and only divided from us by the valley of the Leontes, and situated on a high mount, is "Kalaat Esh Shkief," known by the historians of the Crusaders under the name of Belfort. It is situated on the brink of a precipice about fifteen hundred feet high, overhanging

the madly-leaping waters of the Leontes; its position is strong, as also, I understand, are its fortifications; now it is the seat of one of the feudal chiefs of the mountains. Little is known of its original history. Professor Robinson of New York gives us an account of its investment by the Crusaders, and their final expulsion from it by Bibars, in 1268.

Our course now led us into a descent, in order to cross the Leontes by a bridge—a little to the south, where that river is fordable in summer. The course of the *Leitani*, as the natives call it, appeared before us, and added not a little to the charm of the scenery around—scenery which is common to this country, but anywhere out of it would be supposed unique, grand, wild and romantic—the high mountains before and behind you; the cultivated fields, and no less fertile ridges, covered with carpets of green grass, and strewn with flowers of loveliest colours and delicate outlines; the gaps which break here and there discovering a rushing mountain-torrent, entwining itself in a vale of loveliest green; villages topping the hills like so many light-houses: and, mayhap, some solitary convent rising above high rocks, overlooking some sweet and romantic glen; or some ruined fortress, grey with age, standing in a high place; and last, but not least, the rolling billows of the Mediterranean, with sundry white-winged craft, riding over them, all combine to produce a sensation on the mind of the traveller. Nor is this scenery peculiar to one part of Lebanon; it is the same almost everywhere. In no land does such varied and multiplied scenery court the admiration of the tourist. He gazes in silence, spell-bound. Not only the scenery, but the air and atmosphere, balmy, bracing and clear, conspire to make him think he is in

some fairy-land, unknown to mortal eyes. Any attempt to describe these views would be a failure. Lebanon needs to be seen ere it can be thoroughly appreciated, or the significancy of the Bible description of "that *goodly mountain*, even Lebanon" can be understood. It is romance made more romantic, grandeur made more grand. Its peaceful vales and sweet scenery deserve a better fate. Oh, were it in England, how thousands upon thousands would visit it, annually, from every part of the United Kingdom! But, alas, few are those who take the trouble to visit that goodly mountain, or dwell on its beauties—views on which the painter may pore with delight, revelling in the wild and picturesque, but which his pencil, however artistic or able, will fail to depict, or do justice to a combination of scene unequalled anywhere.

At half-past eight we reached the bridge—a substantial stone structure, immediately under the castle of Belfort—at one end of which was once a *ggafar*, or a toll-house. Having made our way over it, we now stopped for breakfast, and whilst J —— and I were discussing the merits of a half-broiled chicken, our horses were let loose to graze on the luxuriant banks of the Leontes.

Mention has already been made of this river; it rises in the plains of Baalbeck. There we first saw it a gentle stream, washing the foundations of the "*queen of ruins*." After watering the valley of the Bkaâ, or Cælo-Syria, it enters the gorge of Lebanon and Anti-Lebanon, increasing in power and velocity as it goes, and, by the time it reaches the ruined fortification of Belfort, it becomes a formidable torrent; its waters madly leaping and rushing. Its further course becomes more quiet,

verifying the words that "still waters run deepest;" and, by the time it falls into the Mediterranean, which is a few miles north of Tyre, it is a respectable-looking river.

On its banks, we dallied for an hour! yet why this length of time I cannot tell. Our breakfast, a traveller's meal, we had finished long ago; but I think the waters of the Leitani, as they curled and dashed at our feet, had something to do with our detention. Need it be said that we enjoyed our breakfast? My only regret was, that the chicken was not broiled enough, but we ate it nevertheless. Such air and such scenery, worthy of many a glorious pic-nic, make keen the appetite!

At half-past nine, we mounted our horses, and ascended the hill—a ridge of chalk and limestone; in half an hour we gained its summit, and then our course lay through sundry plantations of tobacco, an article greatly produced in this part of the country. At a quarter-past eleven, we passed Nabateyat El Tahta, and soon afterwards we made our way through Nabateyat El Fowka—two small villages inhabited by Metawiles, a race who combine the craftiness of the Druze with the meanness of the Maronite. In the latter village, the Sheikh had built himself a nice-looking house, two stories high. Many fine-looking horses grazed round the house.

The Metawiles are now the remnant of a race once very powerful. They are heterodox followers of the Mahomedan faith; and, though they never numbered a large body, yet they were once so strong as to assume a powerful position in the country, and it was not till the butcher Djezzar, the Pasha of Acre, destroyed their strongholds that he succeeded in prostrating their power. Ever few, they had not many to bring to the combat;

and yet so ably did they defend themselves, and so unweariedly did they harass him, that it was not till treachery and cunning were brought to bear upon them, that they succumbed to their more numerous antagonists. No sooner did the Djezzar gain the upper hand over them, than, true to his character, he ordered thousands of them to be executed, and their headless corpses to be thrown into the Leitani. It is said, that he complacently gazed on the awful work of destruction !

We made no stop here, but pushed on. The sun was now waxing very hot, and shortly after leaving Nabateya, I began to feel very thirsty.

“J——,” said I, “is there any water about here?”

“Yes,” answered he, “there is a river about three hours off.”

“But is there none in this vicinity?” cried I in agony, his remark being a very poor consolation for a thirsty man.

“Yes; but not on our way,” was his calm rejoinder.

What was to be done now? I felt parched; and the more distant the water was, the more eager became my thirst: to go back to the village was now out of the question; to diverge from the road seemed equally as ridiculous; so no alternative was left me save to put spurs to my horse, and get to the river as soon as possible. I did so, leaving John and the muleteer to follow. I galloped over the table-land, pulled my horse down a gorge of white chalk, and at two o'clock I reached the banks of the Zahrani, a respectable stream, where I alighted to await my brother's arrival.

And now for the drink. *But I had drunk.* About three minutes before I got to the banks of the river, there was a fountain, and unable to wait till I reached

the river, I dismounted and quenched my thirst there. Is there one among my readers who has experienced the pangs of thirst? Does he still remember the dry lip, the parched tongue, or the rattling in the throat? I shall long remember the torment of those two hours!

Half an hour afterwards, John arrived; and here we discussed another chicken, if anything more raw than the last one; we were obliged to throw half of it away, and the rest we only ate because we had nothing else. Neither our muleteer, nor a Christian whom we overtook, would join in our meal, though we invited them; and as is common in this country, pressed on them the invitation; but it was *Lent*, and they would not join us. Their meal consisted of some olives and dry figs. The reader will observe, that notwithstanding the scantiness of our meal, we, nevertheless, invited our fellow-traveller and the muleteer to join with us. This is a Syrian custom; and never does a Syrian sit down to his meal, without inviting the bystanders to share his frugal fare. He is considered mean if he does not do so. It is not necessary, however, that you should invite your servant or your muleteer; but if the time will not allow of their taking their meal after you are satisfied, you give them something whilst you are eating: this is done in order to save time. I will, however, add, that the Syrian does not look upon his muleteer or his servant as an inferior being to himself; on the contrary, he treats him with the utmost delicacy; ever thinking, that were it not for a wise purpose of his Divine Maker, his lot might have been the servant's, or the muleteer's. Hence the intimacy which exists between master and servant in the East. It is not a rare thing to see a servant intermarrying into the family of his master, and yet ever afterwards, as well

as before the marriage, his treatment of his master, now his father-in-law, remains unchanged. It does not matter how familiar the master is with the servant, the latter is always deferential; never forgetting himself, even when he has become a son-in-law.

At half-past three, we were again in the saddle, and leaving the banks of the Zahrani behind us, we ascended a long undulation—the last ridge of which seemed to have taken wings and flown; the more ridges we ascended, the farther off did it seem removed. Now we are near it, and then seem as far removed from it as ever. It looked so near at first, that I thought we should reach the top in five minutes; but it took us one hour before we gained the last ridge, which opened to us a view of the sandy beach, on which the Mediterranean was spending its waves, and Sidon in the distance. The remainder of our day's journey will soon be told. We galloped down the ridge; crossed a small stream; saw a Roman milestone with inscriptions upon it, as also two sarcophagi—all lying by the way; at half-past five we reached the gardens (my brother pointed to me the spot where the gold antiques were lately found); and as the sun was sinking beneath the horizon we were entering the gate of Sidon. Precisely at six o'clock, we were welcomed by Messrs. Thomson and Vandyck, American missionaries, into their comfortable parlour; where everything was done to make us forget the toil of the day; nor was it long before they succeeded, as I still have a distant recollection of keeping my old teacher, the Rev. William Thomson, up till a late hour.

The missionaries, Thomson and Vandyck, with their families, and the excellent Tannus el Hadad, have now been stationed at Sidon for nearly four years. As yet

not much seems to have been effected; but it is to be hoped, that the seed which they are now sowing will yet spring forth to the glory of God. In the course of the evening, Mr. Thomson told me of a great movement in *Deyr el Kamar*; a large village on Mount Lebanon, and for a long time its capital. He had just returned from there, and his observations led him to think hopefully of the movement. The desire for education has become so universal, that the people of that village—once, and even till recently, very bigoted—overcame their prejudices against the missionaries, and for a long time have besought these last to establish a seminary in their place. At first, the missionaries did not seem willing to gratify this request; rather wishing to visit and see if the “root of the matter” was really in them. Their reception was earnest and sincere; instead of cooling down, the people became more urgent in their demands for schools. They importuned the missionaries by deputations and otherwise; so that the latter, no longer able to doubt their sincerity, now determined to comply with their request; and a couple of days after my visit to Sidon, Dr. Vandyck, accompanied by a native helper—a graduate of the Abaih seminary—repaired thither, in order to commence a high school for boys; an infant one for the same; and a female seminary.

In saying that not much as yet has been effected in Sidon, I do not mean that there are not those who had enrolled themselves as Protestants, and who attend on the ministrations of the Missionaries. Of these there are many in Syria, and were we to count them all, I think the Protestant band would number upwards of a thousand souls. But this, I apprehend, is not the object sought by the Missionaries. They did not leave their

homes simply to make us Protestants in name, but to bring us to the foot of the cross. The Roman Catholic priest may glory in the number of those who acknowledge the pope, be they Maronites, Greek Roman Catholics or otherwise; but the Missionaries only glory (and these only that count) in those who show signs that they are the subjects of Divine grace—born again to their God and Maker. It is to this class I referred, when I said that not much has been done in Sidon.

And yet it is *not* little which has already been effected. Is it nothing to break the power of priestcraft? Nothing to *convince* the people of the errors of their Church, and to make them desirous of a purer worship? These are the preliminaries; and until they are got over, not much can be expected. Looking on it in this light, I felt convinced that the work is progressing gradually but surely, believing that He who has begun the work will, for His name's sake, finish it in His own good time. It is much to bring the people to hear the Missionaries; and now that they have come, I am inclined to think that the spiritual seed now sown will yet spring forth to the glory of God.

It is with a degree of delight, by no means small, that I look forward to the day when a native evangelical church will be organized in Sidon. I feel a deep interest in the place; it was the scene of my father's labours in the Christian field. He was the first Missionary to Sidon; by his mouth was the "*word*" first proclaimed to the people. Long since, he has been removed to a better world, I trust; but the seed which has been sown, nearly thirty years ago, has not been in vain, it is still perceptible, and the Missionaries occasionally meet with it.

Nor is it only because my father was the first Evangelical Missionary to it, that Sidon is interesting to me; nor because it holds the dust of him I once called father, but because it was here I spent the earliest days of my boyhood. I do not feel at liberty, however willing I may be, to enter upon those early recollections of my life, which ever invest this place with interest to me; but this much I may say, that roam where I will, Sidon will always hold a great place in my heart, and I shall always feel an interest in its prosperity. *Many, MANY* a happy hour have I spent within its walls, or in its gardens.

But enough; apart from its interest to me, its historical associations are not less so to the general reader. I do not intend to enter upon them here; I refer the curious to more standard works. I would only say, that the antiquity of this place ranks it among the most ancient cities in the world. Sidon, the eldest son of Canaan, is said to have been its founder. Not only its antiquity, but its manufactures and commerce, were once the wonders of the world. Her workmen were made famous by Solomon when contracting with Hiram, king of Tyre, and sovereign of Sidon at the time, for labourers to build the temple. "There is not among us," writes the monarch of Israel, "any that can skill to hew timber like unto the Sidonians." Glass was manufactured here at an early date. Nor did the Sidonians only excel in the ingenious and useful arts, but they were also great patrons of science: they were good astronomers, able arithmeticians, and "*wise ship-men*." If they were not the first who constructed vessels and navigated distant seas, yet they were undoubtedly, says a writer of reputed authority, the first who ventured beyond their own coasts, and established anything like a mercantile com-

merce. The women were peculiarly happy in their beautiful embroidery, of which Homer speaks in terms of the highest praise. The merchants of Sidon were celebrated for their commerce, wealth, and prosperity; and their luxury and ease can only be understood from the standing proverb in those days: "Careless, after the manner of the Sidonians."

But what is Sidon now, that regal city, which was once the scene of opulence and splendour, of fashion and of gaiety—for I doubt not the people of those days were as fond of the frivolous things of life as they are now? Viewed from the sea, it has a beautiful and imposing appearance; it is situated on a tongue of land, the isthmus of which is protected by walls flanked with towers, while a bridge of seven arches leads to an island, on which a ruined fort is situated. It has no harbour, but an artificial wharf, which, projecting into the sea to the distance of nearly a mile from the shore, protects the few *feluccas* and Arab brigantines which lie at anchor before it.

The condition of the present *Saida*, as the natives call it; its few inhabitants, hardly numbering seven thousand souls, and these mostly ignorant Mahomedans, who are averse to any improvement, especially if it approximates to European customs; its narrow, crooked, and dirty streets; its choked-up harbour, which the Emir *Fakhr-ed-Deen* filled with stones when he feared an invasion of the Turks; and the absence of any bustle in its streets or large ships in its harbour, make a great contrast to the Sidon of olden times—the great Sidon of the Sidonians. We review her past history, her former grandeur, her commerce, and her power; then note her decline before her rising daughter Tyre, and her spoliation from time

to time by various conquerors; and we are constrained, as we review these facts, and gaze upon her now, to exclaim, that "Sidon," "the mother of the Phœnicians," is indeed "ashamed;" she lies low in the dust, and has nothing whereof to rejoice!

Among the medals of Sidon which have been collected by antiquaries, there are some bearing Greek inscriptions, "*To the Sidonian goddess.*" In the eleventh chapter of 1 Kings, we are told of one "Ashtoreth, goddess of the Sidonians." Perhaps they are both the same; and, *apropos* of this, I would say, that, a few days before my arrival at Sidon, a new sarcophagus had been discovered in one of the gardens close by. The cover had the representation of a figure-head, whether of a man or a woman I cannot tell, as I did not see it, because at the time when I visited Sidon it was covered up, and sentinels stationed there to guard it. The reason of this was, that the British and French consular agents had got into a row about it, as to which should have it, both claiming the right to it. So warm became the discussion between these allies of the Turkish government, that the pasha deemed it best to bury the sarcophagus under ground, until these "*deputy-provisionary-sub-vice-pro-acting-consuls*" should have settled the matter amicably in a law-suit, which he would hear and decide upon. They had been a month engaged upon it, and the law-suit was as far from termination as on the first day it began. It was thus that I missed seeing it. Mr. Thomson, however, who saw it, told me that it had a long Phœnician inscription, out of which he had made that this sarcophagus held the remains of the daughter of some king, who died in the worship of one Ashtoreth. I have no doubt that this sarcophagus will one day enrich

one of the museums of the West, when we shall know more of it. Immediately under the mountain, east of Sidon, are many ancient tombs, but I am not aware that any have inscriptions upon them.

Sidon's greatest attraction now is its gardens; that forest grove of pomegranates, oranges, citrons, apricots, banana, and other fruits, which extends to the east of the town, for some miles, where the natives resort in summer and spend many a quiet hour with Sidon—now no longer great—before them, and the beautiful Mediterranean rippling at their feet, as it did in the days of their more enterprising compatriots. The clatter of social freedom which here meets your gaze, and the voices of laughing girls, which fall upon your ear, as you traverse this long range of gardens, is delightful and pleasant. The horrible outward decorum of the city, which makes beauty a prisoner, and which freezes the warmest channels of love and sociability, here act no longer. Thank God, in these gardens, you hear once more the voice of unrestrained mirth, the jocund laugh of free innocent girls! The dull monotony of the house, whose stern and gloomy air reminds you of a jail, is now exchanged for God's nature. Here, amid a grove of thick-set trees, groaning under the burden of their fine and luscious fruits, you may see once more a glimpse of outward happiness. For a long time the pic-nic has been planned, and the numerous circle of relations and neighbours, meet together to laugh, to romp, and to cut such capers, as would gladden your very soul. In these gardens only, you occasionally catch a glimpse of what the merry-hearted Syrian can be, when free from the oppressiveness of an Eastern home; and here can you gaze upon the Syrian maid, whose light form and agile step

remind you of some loved fairy at home; but whose large burning eyes, speak sorrowfully of a smothered nature, and affections trampled upon! Oh those girls can feel! Look at them now, and say if they cannot!

I only stayed thirty-six hours this time in Sidon, hoping on my return from Bayroot (whither I was now going) to spend a few days longer. The road, between the two places, is wearisome, on account of the heavy sand which composes the most part of the way. Some parts of it are, however, interesting and agreeable; for instance, as far as the river *Damoor*, which is about half the way, the road to Sidon is a succession of little bays a few hundred yards wide, romantically enclosed by promontories on each end, mountains reaching higher and higher to the east, whilst the waves of the sea beat on the sandy beach. As you approach Bayroot, you have the scenery of the most beautiful portion of Lebanon to gaze upon. The distance is about eighteen miles, and generally takes eight hours to ride it.

On leaving Sidon, the traveller comes at once upon the remains of the ancient wall; an interesting thought crosses his mind; under it he sees hauled the small *feluccas* of the present Saida, and he thinks that here too, perhaps, in days of yore, the Phœnicians drew up their galleys. But this is only a thought; one, perhaps, that might call for a sigh in regard to the contrast. Braced by the morning breeze I galloped on the beach, the waves of the Mediterranean often washing the hoofs of my horse. To my right, extended the gardens of Sidon, groaning with luscious fruit, and impregnating the air with their fine smell. In about twenty minutes I crossed the river *Awaly*, a fordable stream, but which after great rains swells considerably, and obliges the tra-

veller to cross it by a small bridge a little higher up, said to have been built by *Fakr-ed-Deen*. Professor Robinson thinks this stream to be the ancient Bostrenus described by Dionysius Periegetes as the graceful river upon whose waters Sidon was situated. Hence, a road branches to the right, which leads the traveller up by a circuitous course to the deserted ruins of *Djoon*.

Perched on a jutting eminence, amid wild ridges, and overlooking deep chasms and picturesque glens, at three hours' distance from Sidon, and double as much from Bay-root, in an old convent, whose position and the gloomy blankness of its walls give the idea of a neglected fortress, with none near her save the ignorant villagers, lived and died the Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope, Chatham's fiery grand-daughter—she whose early womanhood was spent in luxury and comfort, such as is common to the mansions of English nobility, resided here in the utmost misery and wretchedness; the furniture of her house was plain, and hardly was there a room in her establishment which was proof against leaking. Amid desolation rendered more desolate she lived—she who was brought up in the society of the most refined, whose conversational powers were by no means small, lived here a recluse of the most exclusive nature, not permitting (unless with a few exceptions) a European to visit her—she, whilst living under the roof of her uncle, the second Pitt, was the dispenser of much patronage, and sole secretary of state for the department of Treasury banquets, died here amid this desolation, unloved, uncared for, with no eye to weep for her, no mourner to follow her remains to the grave. None sang the death dirge of the English lady save the rolling billows of the Mediterranean, as they coursed and chased each other, or the fierce gusts of wind which ever and anon broke over the main.

As you pass this way, your guide, with a sort of mysterious awe which puzzles you, points with his finger to the desolate ruins on the hill, and whispers in your ear—"There, *ya Kawadga*, lived and died the English lady!" You ask, "What English lady?" He knows not: this thing he knows, that "an English lady of great wealth, whose gold was like the dust of the sea and the mire of the streets, lived there alone—the Desert Queen, the Prophetess of the Mountains."

Queen! Prophetess! Sibyl! What was she? Your guide is right, the English lady was all that. A granddaughter of the great Chatham, after the death of her uncle, the second Pitt, became disgusted with her own home, and left for the East. Twice was she shipwrecked, and twice did she lose her all; and it was only after wonderful perseverance that she found herself in the land of her adoption. At that time the country was not enlightened as now, ignorance and superstition reigned supremely. Very few Europeans were to be found there, and these few were settled here and there, "far between." The people had hardly got over the excitement of Sir Sydney Smith's exploits, when this English lady lands among them. They all at once concluded that she was a princess destined to reign over them. Her wealth and her munificence soon gained for her the loyalty of the Bedouins, who proclaimed her Queen of the Desert. Her majestic bearing, her dauntless bravery, and the rumours of her high and undefined rank, as also her wealth, well sustained her imperious character; and she might have remained to her death the *Queen of the Desert*, had she not taken it foolishly into her head to become a prophetess also.

Of her prophetic career I am very ignorant; indeed, I do not think she thoroughly comprehended her own

creed. Those who had access to her say, that there were times when she doubted her own mission; and again the spirit of the prophetess would kindle within her, and from mere common talk she would bound onward into loftier spheres of thought. She looked for the speedy coming of Messiah, and kept two mares ready caparisoned, on which no mortal had ever yet ridden, one for Him, and the other for herself, on which she intended they should make their triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

It is said that the Metawilé, when they heard of this freak of the English lady, attributed it to a religious prejudice similar to their own, which is that in expectation of the advent of the Messiah, whom they expect in the person of the twelfth Imam of his line, whom the Turks allege to have been slain in the battle of Karbela, in which he engaged with the Kaliph of Bagdad; but whom the Metawilé believe to have been transported to Arabia by the miraculous interposition of the Divinity, and from whence he is to return in triumph, to re-establish the race of the Imams on the throne, and to punish all who opposed him or his followers. When the expected Messiah does appear, they believe that he will assume the government of the whole world—that he will visit with the utmost dreadful punishments all who shall have denied him—and that he will render unto all true believers eternal happiness. Well, in expectation of his advent, the Metawilé keep horses, money, and clothing constantly in readiness for his arrival; and whatever is once set apart for this purpose, is held sacred for ever after, and cannot be used by any ordinary mortal. On hearing, therefore, of the freak of the English lady, and attributing it to the same religious sentiment, they concluded that she ought to be considered as one of them-

selves. A council was held; but after many pros and cons, the vote was unfavourable to the lady's election, because, as one of the chiefs asserted, she was *so excessively eccentric as to ride on one side of her horse, and not to wear trowsers*. This leads me to add, that the females of the East ride on horseback in the same way as the men.

Her ladyship was a great believer in astrology and magic. She used to say that the life of Ibrahim Pasha, who, in her estimation, was a bold, bad man, was charmed against balls and steel; and that, after a battle, he loosened the folds of his shawl, and shook out the bullets like dust. Her doctrine was, that every creature is governed by the star under whose influence it is born; and that every star has attached to it two aerial beings, two animals, two trees, two flowers, etc.; that is, a couple of all the grand classes in creation; animal, vegetable, mineral or ethereal—whose sympathies and antipathies become congenial with the being under the same star. In illustration of this she gives the following story:—

“ I had a mule whose star was the same as mine; and, at the time of my severe illness, this mule showed as much sensibility about me, and more, than some of the beasts who wait on me. When that mule was first foaled I had given orders to sell the foal and its mother; but, happening to see it, I countermanded the order immediately. It received a hurt in its eye; and, when with my hand I applied some eye-water, with camphor in it—which, of course, made the eye smart—it never once turned the head away, or showed the least impatience of what I was doing. When this mule was dying, some years afterwards, she lay twenty-four hours, seeming, every moment, to be going to breathe her last; but still

life would not depart. They told me of this, and I went to the stable. The moment she saw me she turned her eyes upon me, gave an expressive look, and expired."

Of Napoleon, she said, that some can only do well under the guidance of another person's star; so long as he had Josephine by his side, he was lucky; but, when he cast her off, his good fortune left him.

But from this we gladly turn to her bravery. In that half-demented recluse, there beat the proud heart of an Englishwoman; she was brave and dauntless, and I cannot help mentioning, in connection with this, the following anecdote, related by her ladyship to Eothen.

It was when the heroic qualities of the Englishwoman were first beginning to be felt amongst the people of the desert, that she was marching one day along with the forces of the tribe to which she had allied herself. She perceived that the preparations for an engagement were going on, and upon making inquiry as to the cause, the Sheikh at first affected mystery and concealment, but at last confessed that war had been declared against his tribe, on account of its alliance with the English princess, and that they were now unfortunately about to be attacked by a very superior force; he made it appear that Lady Hester was the sole cause of hostility betwixt his tribe and the impending enemy, and that his sacred duty of protecting the Englishwoman whom he had admitted as his guest was the only obstacle which prevented an amicable settlement of the dispute. The Sheikh hinted that his tribe was likely to sustain an almost overwhelming blow, but at the same time declared that no fear of the consequences, however terrible to him and his whole people, should induce him to dream of abandoning his illustrious guest. The heroine instantly took her part; it

was not for her to be a source of danger to her friends, but rather to her enemies, so she resolved to turn away from the people and trust for help to none—save only her haughty self. The Sheikhs affected to dissuade her from so rash a course, and fairly told her that although they (having been freed from her presence) would be able to make good terms for themselves, yet that there were no means of allaying the hostility felt towards her, and that the whole face of the desert would be swept by the horsemen of her enemies so carefully as to make her escape into other districts almost impossible. The brave woman was not to be moved by terrors of this kind, and bidding farewell to the tribe which had honoured and protected her, she turned her horse's head and rode straight away without friend or follower. Hours had elapsed, and for some time she had been alone in the centre of the round horizon when her quick eye perceived some horsemen in the distance. The party came nearer and nearer—soon it was plain they were making towards her; and presently some hundreds of Bedouins, fully armed, galloped up to her, ferociously shouting, and apparently intending to take her life at the instant with their pointed spears. Her face at the time was covered with the Yashmak, according to Eastern usage, but at the moment when the foremost of the horsemen had all but reached her with their spears, she stood up in the stirrups, withdrew the yashmak that veiled the terrors of her countenance, waved her arm slowly and disdainfully, and cried out with a loud voice, "*Avaunt!*" The horsemen recoiled from her glance, but not in terror. The threatening yells of the assailants were suddenly changed for loud shouts of joy and admiration at the bravery of the stately Englishwoman, and festive gun-shots were fired on all

sides around her honoured head. The truth was, that the party belonged to the tribe with which she had allied herself, and that the threatened attack, as well as the pretended apprehension of an engagement, had been contrived for the mere purpose of testing her courage. The day ended in a great feast prepared to do honour to the heroine; and from that time her power over the minds of the people grew rapidly.

But the last to be told is the most painful; she who was born amid luxury and plenty, and who guarded the reception-room of the lofty-minded British statesman, and who filled with wholesome awe the minds of those who frequented the saloons of the great ministers, died at last in the utmost poverty! Chatham's grand-daughter, the Queen of the Desert, the Prophetess of the Mountains! This is no romance of the last century—she died in 1837! And now you understand your guide's words, "*there, ya Kawadga, lived and died the English lady!*"

Shortly after crossing the *Awaly*, I caught up with the Belgian Consul of Bayroot, who was returning thither after having installed an agent in Sidon, a native of the place. With the exception of Alexandretta and Jaffa, the consular agents in the various petty towns of Syria are appointed by the consuls resident in the seat of the Pashalik. Acre is the only Pashalik whose consuls are native agents; Aleppo, Damascus, Jerusalem, and Bayroot have European consuls, appointed by their respective governments, and duly paid. The native agents receive no emolument; they are satisfied with the dignity which the hoisting of a European flag on the top of their houses affords them, and for the protection which they and their dependents enjoy therefrom. Bayroot is the seat of the various consul generals.

Accompanying the Belgian Consul of Bayroot was the native agent whom he had just installed, and various other persons, whom I shall thus introduce: First of all rode three *cavasses* (janissaries), with silver-topped canes (the badges of their office); after them came the consul, the new agent, and a bare-footed friar; behind them rode various relations of the new agent, who having become all protégés, now went forth to do honour to the occasion which made their relation a consular agent; and after them rode a bevy of servants. To an Englishman's eye, who may have often seen a consul or a vice-consul walking the streets of his native town without the slightest notice taken of him, he would be astonished to see a sight like the present; and the first impression on his mind would be, that this consul was some foreign prince travelling in the sultan's dominions.

I am here led to speak of the consular system in Turkey. It is with truth that I admit the stranger's impression on first seeing a European consul in the East, living amid the luxury and profusion of the East and West, riding Arabian horses, and rejoicing in London comforts and Paris adornments, and, when walking out, preceded licitor-wise by yataghaned cavasses, and followed by an immense retinue of dragomans, chancellors, etc., that he may be some foreign prince. But I will at once dispel the traveller's illusion: it is not so; he is *only* a consul, whose salary varies from 100*l.* to 600*l.* per annum. You are surprised at that; the necessary creature comforts of life are cheap; the best houses in the town could be hired for a great deal under a hundred pounds a year; and then most of this retinue receive no pay; they, like the consular agents, are satisfied with the

dignity and protection which their office affords them. This is the real secret of this great display.

But why is all this display necessary? It is not so in England, nor in any part of Europe; you walk in Italy and you see no such thing. I answer, that Turkey is not England. Let there be such a thing as a protection system in Europe, and the vice-consuls of the petty courts will stride the streets of capitals like potentates—that is the word, potentates—for such are the European consuls in the East; they are absolute and imperious, and share the government of the place with the Pasha. Were a Frenchman to quarrel with a Turk, he would not be called upon to answer for his conduct before the court of justice in that town; but his consul deals with him as he thinks proper, without the interference of the judicial authorities of the land; in fact, these last cannot reach foreign subjects or their protégés, the natives; for not only does the consul protect natives, but every foreign merchant, tailor, or cobbler, protects all those that are in his employ, and who for the time being are as much the subjects of his power as he himself may be.

Nor only is the consul a sort of potentate, but every subordinate officer of the consulate, down to the yata-ghaned-cavass who struts before his master, is a kind of one. They, too, have their list of protégés, etc., enough to ensure for them the honours of royalty in miniature, as to reach a consul, you have to go through cavasses, chancellors, attachées, dragomans, etc.; so also to reach a dragoman, a chancellor, or a cavass, you have to go through another particular list; and each of them, I assure you, gentle reader, keeps his dignity well, though the salary of a chancellor may be no more than 60*l.* a year, and that of a cavass 20*l.*

This cannot but be destructive to the Turkish empire; it is an abuse which ought not to be tolerated. Were a Frenchman, or a Spaniard, or a Turk to be guilty of misdemeanour in London, I wonder where they would be taken to: to their consulate, or to the station-house? Would yonder policeman understand me if I was to say that I was a Frenchman, and that he dare not lay hold of me? Would he not laugh me to scorn for making such a silly remark? Then why should it be otherwise in Turkey? If she has such a good government, as some would have us believe, then why should not her judicial tribunals suffice for all those who sojourn in her territory? It looks to me like a virtual admission of her incapacity to rule, and hence an insult which would not be tolerated by the least of European powers.

Apart from this glaring insult, this system includes under it an evil, which is as inhuman as it is infamous. Every native *protégé*, be he protected by consul, dragoman, chancellor, *cavass*, merchant, tailor or shoemaker, might be a dead loss to the Turkish treasury for the moment he becomes a *protégé* he ceases to be a Turkish subject, were it not for an act which makes the poorer subject of the PORTE liable for this defalcation. Now, when we think of *one* consul and his host of *protégés*, directly and indirectly protected, and then think of the other consuls with their similarly long lists of those they protect, we will find, therefore, that the number of the subjects of the SUBLIME PORTE *in one town only*, who pay her no taxes, is considerable; and when we come to add the other towns of Syria, as also all others in the Turkish empire, we shall begin to have an idea of the enormous loss to the Sultan's treasury by this infamous *protection system*! But Turkey has no idea of losing this revenue; and seeing,

therefore, that foreign powers will protect her subjects, who are generally Christians—for very few Mahomedans care for it—she fixes before hand the amount of taxes to be collected from each sect, and looks to the patriarchs and bishops for it. Having done this, she takes it easily, leaving these men to extort what should have fallen upon the rich *protégés* from the less fortunate of their sect, who, generally speaking, are the poorest. This is an inhumanity for which the civilised West has to answer.

I do not say that the taxes of Turkey, if equitably divided, are heavy and insupportable, but I do say that the load is unequal—the poor man paying for the rich man—the consul's creature—as well as for himself.

Speak of TURKISH LOANS, and all that sort of humbug! Turkey would not require any loans if her taxes were equally allotted *and got at*. As it is, she cannot add more to the poor man's load; but were she to diminish that a little, and, heedless of the *protection system*, require every one of her subjects to pay his share, the result would be, that she has not only done a humane act to the poor man, but her revenue would receive a great increase, for the taxes paid by the *protégés* will be more than equivalent to the slight reduction in the taxes of her poorer subjects.

Before entering farther into this question, I must tell the reader what this tax consisted of. It was not only the general tax, but it was the *tribute money*, already referred to in these pages. Hence it will appear, that the poor man had not only to pay taxes for a rich defaulter, but also for his Christianity. The reader will observe, that I make a distinction between the general tax and the tribute money; this last, I am happy to say, has been abolished.

But this *protection system* is not only an insult to the Turkish empire, and inhuman in its consequences, but it is disastrous to the welfare of Turkey. It allows the interference of other powers in her domestic affairs, which cannot but be dangerous to her preservation and integrity. A Christian is severely handled; he runs for protection to his co-religionist consul; if he is a Greek, he would find a protector in the Russian consul; if he is a Roman Catholic, behold the French consul is no less eager to befriend him; the result is, these consuls being applied to, now interfere. Should Turkey refuse to accede to the consul's request, the hue and cry is at once shouted; a case of oppression is made out; an express envoy is despatched to the Turkish metropolis to seek redress, and make new demands of concession from her, which if she will not grant, she must abide by the consequences. I need hardly tell the reader that the present war is an indirect result of the self-same cause.

But some will tell us, that surely this protection system is a boon to the Christians. As a general thing I admit it; but I deny that it is the best way to improve Turkey. Rather than protect the people, oblige her to make good laws, and see that she carries them out. This, I think, would be a greater boon to the Christians.

This leads me to descend to the beginning of this system; and I ask, why need subjects of Turkey any protection? If their government is good, and its laws just, what would they have more? Is it that they should not pay taxes — they are afforded protection? Then I say is this downright fraud. But it is not in reality that; its origin was a protection against Moslem intolerance. The reader, to understand the sequel, must go back to

the history of Syria a few years ago, when the Mahomedan insulted the Christian with impunity. It is this which made the latter fly for protection; and once protected, he felt himself a man again. This is the boon which European protection affords. This is the secret of the whole matter.

The case, therefore, as I understand it, resolves itself into a purely religious question. The intolerance of Islamism caused in the first place the Christian to seek protection out of his own legitimate government; to do that, he had to be a nominal dependant of some consul or other. Turkey was too weak to prevent it; and since that day her troubles began. She found Europe continually meddling with her; the ambassador shared the government with the Sultan; the consul bullied the pasha, and, in fact, this became the source of all the ills to which the Turkish government has been heir to—breeding wars and rumours of wars. This it is which is undermining her, keeping England in a perpetual fever about the integrity of her *protégé* and ally.

Now surely some remedy should be devised to alter this state of things! England cannot always be making up the quarrels of Turkey, or lending her money, not to say anything of fighting for her; she ought, by a grand blow, to effect the regeneration of the Ottoman empire. There is no use in mincing the matter; the blood of thousands of Englishmen spilled at Sebastopol demand that the root of the evil should be struck at, and what is it?—*It is the demon barrier standing betwixt Islamism and Christianity which gives the upper hand to the most ignorant and the most degraded of the land.* Till that is broken, it is in vain to hope for a better state of things, or for a cessation of troubles on behalf of Turkey. And how can

that be done? Only by repealing the capital punishment to Moslems professing Christianity which will at once put them on the same footing with their Christian brethren. Then, the protection system will fall down to the ground of itself, Turkey will become necessarily stronger; for the affection of all her people will daily centre in her more and more. Her Christian subjects, now eligible to offices in her government, will no longer seek foreign protection, since it will debar them from having a share or interest in their own government. Foreign consuls will no longer walk the streets of Turkey like little potentates. Everything in due time will come to its own level, and Turkey will be saved. This is my only hope for Turkey; and I trust Englishmen will consider it *now*, for they have much at stake in common with the Christians of Syria. The integrity and consolidation of Turkey is an essential question to them.

At Nebi Yonas we stopped to breakfast. Here it is said the whale threw out Jonah, and the Moslems have erected a wely to that effect. After breakfast, I saw a poor woman weeping bitterly. On inquiring the cause of her sorrow, I learnt that she had just lost an only son: I tried to console her but it was in vain, she kept crying and rolling herself in the sand—poor creature! she reminded me of “Rachel weeping for her children, and would not be comforted.” The wely is a small building with a white dome adjoining a house where are two upper chambers; in one of them I slept several years ago; a well is in front of the khan, where an old man is always seen begging money for the benefit of the wely. We were now at a distance of two hours and a half from Sidon.

At twelve o'clock, after a considerable halt in which

the agent and consul made their adieus (the former and his suite now returned to Sidon), we were in the saddle: our party was now reduced to four, the consul, two janissaries, and the author.

“Allons donc,” said the consul.

“All right,” said I.

We put spurs to our horses. A mile hence we came on the site of the ancient city of Porphyreon. There are hardly any remains of this city left. Making the best of our way over a promontory, we arrived at one o'clock on the banks of the river Damoor, the ancient Tamyrus, where history records a battle between Antiochus the Great and Ptolemy two hundred and eighteen years before CHRIST. One hour's gallop brought us to Khan Khaldé, where the traveller sees the remains of an ancient city, and also parts of a Roman road. Hence there are two roads to Bayroot, one to the left by a series of sandy hillocks, and another by a grove of olive trees. We chose the latter. Here Lebanon, which rises immediately to your right higher and higher, till its snowy head meets the skies, now assumes a beautiful aspect; it projects and retreats gracefully, revealing many a village and vale on its sides. This is the most populous part of it, and hence it is studded with villages, and the traveller could see many in one glance of his eye. Shwaifat, Baabda, Haded, Kefr Shema, etc., lay on its lower regions; while high above them, standing almost in a row, were the villages of Mar Girgis, Aitat, Shemlan, Ainat, Ananoob, and others.

We rode on through the olive grove, and then through the forest of pine-trees planted by Fakr-ed-Deen; galloped down through a series of gardens, entered by Bab

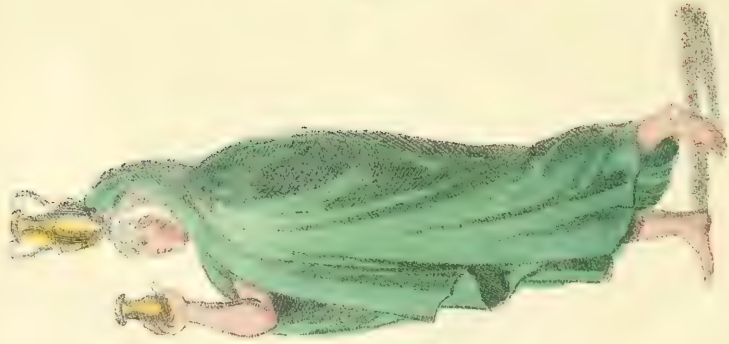
Yakob, and at four o'clock I dismounted at the door of Mr. Heald's office.

"Any letters for me, Mr. Heald?"

"A drawer full!" was the answer.

These I got, and here I will end this chapter; but before doing so, I will inform the reader that the legitimate ride from Bayroot to Sidon occupies eight or nine hours. And now for my letters!

END OF VOL. I.



EGYPTIAN WOMAN



EGYPTIAN BEY



FELLAH

SYRIA, AND THE SYRIANS:

OR,

Turkey in the Dependencies,

BY GREGORY M. WORTABET,

OF BAYROOT, SYRIA.



Mosque of Umm al-Jinn, Jerusalem.

—♦—
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I SPENT a pleasant sabbath at Bayroot, on which day I went to the Protestant church, which the reader will remember to have read of in a former chapter. It was once our school-room, and was then, and for some time after-

wards, divided into two rooms, but as the members of of the church increased, the partition wall between them was broken down, and was substituted by a red screen, running from the pulpit, which was placed on one side, to the wall on the opposite side, thus, reserving it as two rooms to which the minister in the pulpit had access. This division is necessary, because the females do not yet intermingle with the other sex, but both have different apartments. It is the same with the other churches, who have a division of trellissed wood, called *Sharrea*, where they are put; and in order to give them a better view of what is going on, these *Sharreas* are generally a sort of a gallery overhead, which reach half-way across the church, and look down upon the altar. This being the custom of the land for ages, the missionaries have not thought fit to trespass upon it, but have adapted themselves to the customs, and hence you will see on entering a Protestant church in this part of the country, a division by a red screen, which separates the sexes. It does not, however, reach to the roof, but simply to the top of the pulpit, so that the minister can be seen and heard by both parties at one time.

Such was the state of things when I left Syria some six years ago; but now I was pleased to find, that the attendance on sabbath worship had so increased that it was found necessary to break down the wall of one of the dormitories in order to make room for the females, whilst both the former rooms are given up for the use of the men. I would say that this enlarging of churches by pulling down the walls of adjacent rooms, in order to make them one room, is a good idea, which gives a good notion of the Church Extension scheme.

There are three services on the sabbath day in this church; one at nine o'clock, is held in Arabic, at which one of the native brethren officiates; another at half-past ten, in English, when one of the missionaries conducts the service, this finishes at twelve o'clock; there is also another service at three o'clock in the afternoon, in Arabic, which is attended by many natives and the room is often crowded. On this occasion an American missionary also conducts the service. In the interval, between the two latter services, a sabbath school is taught.

The church at Bayroot, I mean the organization of a *native Protestant church* there, was the first of its kind in Syria. It began with a few members, about the year 1845 or 1846, and has since increased to about thirty; I think this is the present number of its native communicants, but I am not certain. The service in English at half-past ten o'clock, is termed the *Mission church*, in order to allow the natives the power of separating themselves from it, and form a distinct Protestant body by themselves when they may be able to choose a pastor and do so. At present Mr. Whiting, an American missionary, is the acting pastor of the native church, and is helped in the English service by some of the other missionaries. The families of the missionaries do not constitute a part of the native church; but, with other European communicants, are called members of the mission church—a distinct body by themselves.

I went to both the forenoon services; the first, at nine o'clock, was conducted by Mr. Tannus El Haddad, one of the deacons of the native church, now residing in Sidon, as helper to the missionaries there, but who had come to Bayroot for a few days. The attendants on this ser-

vice were almost all Syrians. The service at half-past ten, which constituted the European or mission church, was tolerably full; a Mr. Lyon, who had only that day arrived from America, by the Austrian steamer from Smyrna, preached on the vocation and deportment of practical Christians.

The church is now a good-sized one; and when one more dormitory is broken, which is now being used as a store for the printing-press; it will fill the basement of the Mission-house, and may be made to seat from seven to eight hundred persons, if not more. It is a glorious thing, especially for a Christian, to hear the bell ringing from the top of the Mission-house, calling the true worshippers of the only living God to assemble together and praise His holy name. This is certainly a new era in the history of Syria, and worthy of record.

I remained in Bayroot nearly a week, and daily visited the mission premises. I was pleased to find that a small school for boys is established immediately above the Protestant cemetery, which was once used as the dining-hall of the first seminary. I visited the school, and saw about forty boys engaged in learning the alphabet and other primary studies under the tuition of Mâalem (teacher) Tannus Es Sabinji; but, oh! how glad was I to see them in the hours of recess playing in the same yard where I once played when a child. This to me, was exceedingly interesting; and I could not weary of gazing on their innocent games; once or twice I joined in playing ball with them, and it would be needless to add how much I relished such moments—that school and that yard will ever be sacred to me.

Immediately in the yard above the boys' school is a female school, where I saw many girls either engaged in

their studies, in their knitting, or in their plays. It was pleasant to me to hear once more the voices of many children singing in these premises. I was reminded of certain scenes in my life many years ago.

The view from the top of the Mission-house is exceedingly interesting; the town of Bayroot—the Mediterranean, with many a white-winged craft intersecting its bosom—the white flat-roofed houses, embosomed in luxuriant gardens of mulberry trees—the green foliage, and Lebanon rising boldly, crowned with eternal snow, while its slope is dotted with many a village of picturesque beauty, meet the eye of the tourist, and he wonders at a combination of beautiful scenes unequalled elsewhere; then his attention is diverted, and he listens to the sweet singing of the birds which fill the trees, or the voices of many children playing in the yard beneath him. A glorious sky, blue and clear, overtops him, and a balmy atmosphere expands his bosom; an idea of quiet happiness like his mother's blessing, pervades him, and he feels, for the moment that he is in the midst of all that is sublime, grand and beautiful.

The business which had called me to Bayroot being over, I prepared to return to Sidon on my way south. On Thursday morning, the 1st of March, I left Bayroot, and arrived at Sidon on the evening of that day. I was accompanied by Tannus El Haddad, who was returning to his duties; and here I beg to mention a characteristic of that gentleman. He is made up, heart and soul, of Oriental hospitality—a hospitality almost unheard of. Never was a man turned out of his door without a good supper or a clean bed. During his long residence at Bayroot his house was like an hotel. I know not the night when he did not have more than one guest. All

the Protestants, or those of other denominations who had either known him, or heard of him, made at once their way to his house, and without ceremony made themselves comfortable there. At his table the traveller meets people from almost all parts of Syria; but this is not all—his house is on an eminence overtopping one of the principal thoroughfares of the most crowded part of the suburbs, and every evening you are sure to see him seated on the wall of that eminence, with his pipe in hand, and accosting the passers-by, whom he knew, to this effect—

Tannus El Haddad.—"Good evening, brother."

Passer-by (looking up).—"Good evening."

T. H.—"Walk up, brother, and pass the evening with us."

Passer-by (walking on).—"No, thank you, I must go home."

T. H. (following him on the wall of his garden above).—"You had better come and sup with us."

Passer-by (still walking on).—"No, thank you; my family are waiting for me."

T. H. (following him).—"At any rate, come up and take a cup of coffee."

Passer-by (still pursuing his way).—"No, thank you."

By this time the man is disappearing from under the premises of Mr. Tannus El Haddad, but this gentleman, nothing daunted, shouts out to him—

"Will you come up?"

"No, thank you," said the man.

"Well, then," said Mr. Haddad, "fail not to remember me to your family."

He now returns to take his former post, and accost some other passer by in about the same words, and it is

not seldom that two or three passers-by are thus added to his table of an evening, and this, let it be remembered, while his house is full of guests. This, added to his large family, make a numerous band sitting every evening at his board. The reader of the Bible will at once discover a similarity between this patriarch, for he is an old man about sixty years of age, and that good patriarch of olden times. Abraham was wont to sit at the door of his house in like manner, and *press* upon the stranger the hospitalities of his board. He pressed upon me exceedingly to spend a few days with him; but as I was already located there at the house of kind and hospitable friends, I declined his pressing invitation. O may this hospitality, for which this land has been so long famed, never cease to bless the stranger who sojourns in it!

During my stay in Sidon, I went to the bath, called *Hammam El Jedid*, or the new bath. This is the best bath I have been to in Syria; but as I went late I had to make quick work of it. The forenoons are devoted to the men, and the afternoons to the females; and when I went out I saw a host of veiled up females waiting at the door, shrieking and vociferating as if I had robbed them of some of their rights. I was glad to get away; and this reminds me to tell the traveller who intends taking a bath, that he had better go early in the morning, otherwise he will be hurried in his ablutions: in some towns there are baths exclusively for the men, and others for the women; but he will generally find that the best baths are divided for both parties, since both sexes are desirous of availing themselves of its superiority over other baths. If any person wishes to go at night, he can easily do so by sending notice to the lessee of

the bath, who will gladly accommodate him for an extra backsheesh.

I remained in Sidon till the following Tuesday, and thus had an opportunity of attending Protestant worship here. There are two services on the Sabbath-day here, viz., at ten o'clock in the morning, and at three in the afternoon; in addition to this there is a Bible-class in the evening; all of which were attended by about twenty or thirty natives, besides the families of the mission. The two former services were held in the church, which forms the northern basement of the quadrangle of the Mission House; and the Bible-class was held in the reception room, on the opposite side of the court. I measured both. The former I found to be fifty feet long, by fifteen wide; it is a neat room, with a cupola in the centre; the latter, seventeen feet long by sixteen feet wide, and is surrounded by a divan, on which those who came were seated. There are as yet no native communicants that I know of in the church of Sidon. The attendants on the services had seen the errors of their churches and left them; but so far that was all. The missionaries are now labouring hard, both by prayer and otherwise, for the spiritual birth of these people.

Mr. Thomson's house is a neat one, perhaps the best in Sidon, but it has been rendered so at the expense of the lessee. On first entering it by a low doorway, the traveller is ushered into a quadrangular court, fifty feet long by forty wide. Around it are the basement rooms, which form, on the north side, the church mentioned; on the south side, the reception room already referred to, a small court, and a similar room to the reception room, which is occupied for sundry purposes of the

mission; the eastern side comprises Mr. Thomson's library; and the western a staircase, leading to the upper story, which has a gallery looking down on the court, in the middle of which is a garden and a small summer-house. The upper rooms are used by the families of the mission and their guests. The whole house measures eighty-seven feet long, by seventy-two feet wide, and sixty-six feet high, and looks on the gardens outside, as also a Mahomedan cemetery; and any person sitting in the parlour can witness almost daily the ceremony of Mahomedan funerals.

On Monday evening, the night before I left Sidon, was the monthly concert, which is generally attended by a great many people, who like it because it contains so many geographical descriptions, as also accounts of the habits, manners, and mode of worship of other nations. Its influence is very good, and the people present this evening were much pleased. They listened attentively to the spread of the Gospel among the Burmese, and seemed to enjoy it. Immediately after the service was over, all the party adjourned to the reception-room, for the monthly concert was held in the church; and then some animated conversation was held, bearing on the topics related by the preacher; and so great was the interest created, that the party did not break up till very late.

During my stay this time in Sidon, I visited the forts in the upper and lower parts of the city; but I scarcely found anything sufficiently interesting to make them worthy of more than a mere record; if anything can be said of them, it is that they were erected at the time of the Crusaders, but are now going into decay. The Christian cemetery is immediately beyond the gardens,

and is enlivened by a solitary oak, which throws its shadow over the graves.

Sidon was attacked by a British squadron on the 26th of September, 1840, and surrendered after a short siege. The ships employed on this occasion were Her Majesty's ships "Thunderer," "Gorgon," "Cyclops," "Wasp," "Hydra," "Stromboli;" the Austrian frigate "Guerriera," commanded by the Arch-Duke Frederick, and the "Gul Sefide," Turkish frigate. The whole command was given to Commodore (now Admiral) Sir Charles Napier, his broad pennant flying on board the "Gorgon."

The ships having appeared off Sidon, the Commodore summoned the town to surrender; but as no answer was given by the Egyptians, preparations were made to attack. The wind being light, the "Cyclops" towed the "Thunderer" to her position; the "Stromboli" towed the Austrian frigate "Guerriera," and the "Gul Sefide," Turkish frigate. Both these last were placed abreast of the town. The "Wasp" (sloop), and "Stromboli" (steamer), anchored more to the southward, to flank it. The steamers, "Gorgon," "Cyclops," and "Hydra," took up their positions to the northward, close to the castle. The "Gorgon" was the first to open the engagement, and shortly afterwards the whole squadron opened their broadsides, which was warmly returned by the Egyptian garrison, consisting of nearly three thousand men.

After firing shot and shells at the town for a couple of hours, the gallant Commodore made a breach, and landed at the head of his men. The struggle was a sharp one; nor did the town surrender until the Egyptian commander was killed. He died game. With two marines' bayonets at his breast, he refused quarter and

resisted, so they fired and he died. Five hundred of his troops immediately laid down their arms, and fifteen hundred were afterwards taken. This ended the siege, and the disorder attendant upon the surrender of a town having been put a stop to, Commodore Napier returned to Bayroot, from which place he was sent to attack the Egyptian camp at Djooni, which he did with his usual daring and gallantry.

Tuesday, 6th March, 1855.

This morning I was up early, preparing for my tour in Palestine. At eight o'clock I sent Khalil with the baggage to precede me, and half an hour afterwards I was in the saddle; my destination this day was Soor—the ancient Tyre. I rode out of Bab-El-Fowka; galloped among the gardens, which sending forth a delicious scent perfumed the air; crossed the dry beds of one or two winter torrents, and caught up with Khalil on the banks of the Sanik, a small stream, where I watered my horse. We proceeded slowly on our way. In about one hour and a half after leaving Sidon, we forded the Zahrani, and continued our course in a rich plain, on which the peasantry were engaged, at the end of which we made a curve towards the sea, passing a mill and a ruined khan by the way; and at eleven o'clock we reached a *wely*, adjoining a small khan, dedicated to *El Khodr*, or Elijah. Some have supposed it to be St. George, but I think it is a mistake; be it so or not, here we were at the beginning of another narrow plain.

High on a ridge to our left stood the village of *Surfand*, supposed by all writers to be the ancient Sarepta. Robinson thinks, and perhaps correctly, that the ancient

Zarephath or Sarepta must have occupied the site of the *wely* before-mentioned; or, at any rate, was nearer the sea than the present *Surfand*, which is on the shoulder of the ridge, and somewhere about two miles from the sea-shore. It is not unlikely, that the inhabitants emigrated a little east; at any rate, here we have the site of that place where Elijah sojourned with the widow according to the word of the Lord, and where he restored her son to life. The village of *Surfand* is pleasantly located; and overlooks a beautiful little plain, where fields of corn wave in majestic splendour. We were not far from the sea-shore; a fresh breeze was blowing from the south to the detriment of two little schooners who were bound that way; they came down in full sail upon the *wely*, and when close to it, they tacked again. We could hear the sailors singing at the ropes, as they were hauling the sheets on the other tack; away they went; not very far; for by the time we had reached *Nahr El Aswad*, another stream, as large as the Zahrani, which was spanned by a ruined bridge, and where I stopped to luncheon they came down again upon us; but now the wind which was adverse, shifted a little to the north, and away they ran to their destinations, leaving us to find the best of our way to Soor. We continued to see them for a couple of hours; after which they disappeared from our view.

From *Nahr El Aswad* we had a view of Soor; which appeared to us like an island in the sea. Here the ridges recede back and form a curve; the mountains, if so they may be called, now possess a tame appearance of hills or undulations broken here and there, and the traveller now misses the grandeur of Lebanon. We now struck inwards with the curve; and in an hour crossed the

Kasmieh by a substantial bridge. Here again we have the *Leitani*, or *Leontes*, now a deep and wide river; the banks of which are enlivened by oleanders, shrubs, and reeds. Its course to the Mediterranean is now short, watering in its run a portion of the Phœnician plain. I stopped on its banks for a while, and then resumed my course, which was now directed diagonally towards the sea, where Tyre was situated. On a little rise of the land above the *Kasmieh*, is a deserted khan; or, at least, was so when I passed it. Riding on, I started a herd of deer that were grazing on the plains; but who no sooner saw us, than they started pell-mell towards the sea. An hour afterwards, we came to *Ain Berkook*, a saltish pool, and then made for the sea-beach, along which we rode, discovering every now and then a sunken wreck, one of which was said to be of an English ship, and had been there for about twenty years, having brought an English lady out, perhaps the Lady Hester Stanhope; but I was not aware that her vessel was wrecked in Tyre. A little distance from the gate we passed a spring to our left; which is much prized by the inhabitants for its medicinal properties. At four o'clock we entered the respectable village of Soor. I beg its pardon, as it is generally called a town; and found lodgings at the house of the only Protestant family in the place, which was at the end of the peninsula on which the modern city, if city it may be called, of Soor is situated.

City, forsooth! It does not bear comparison with the villages of Deyr el Kamar, Hasbaiya, or Zahle; not to say anything of the activity which pervades her sister towns. It is surrounded by a broken-down wall; over whose crumbling ruins the traveller and the inhabitants

make easy access in and out of it, whenever it may so please them to do; and this is its only pretention to the name of a town. I rode through the streets, and was surprised at the listless inactivity found everywhere. Here was a merchant nodding over a few yards of calico; and there a man trying to sell a net full of fish. One or two women, veiled up, passed us as we rode through the streets; and indeed I never rode in the street of a village, when such possessed streets, which had not double the activity of Soor. An air of indolence and stupidity reigned throughout. In a sort of a square, which we soon passed, and where I was told were the stores of the importing and exporting merchants, I saw a few boys playing at throwing flat stones at a small round one—a game much played in the East, called *Dowsh w'Sara*, which consists in driving the round small stone by the flat one; and the boy who sends the *sara*, or the round stone farthest, gains the game: but even among them I missed the zest and earnestness of boyhood.

The merchants had long closed their stores and gone home, though it was barely four o'clock in the afternoon; and there was not a single store opened from which I could enquire my way to the house of the Protestant family already mentioned. As we stopped to enquire from a solitary person passing by, the boys left their games and crowded around us, each asking me if I would not like to go to his house. I told them where I wanted to go to, on which they sheepishly left me without saying a word, and had it not been for the kindness of the passer-by, already referred to, I should have stood a good chance of spending the night where I was. He, however, led me through a series of narrow lanes, over heaps of ruined houses, to the abode of Abu Zaid, the Protestant.

Whatever credit I may be willing to accord to these boys for hospitality, I cannot refrain from mentioning their obstinate aversion to Protestantism. This was the reason why they left me so insolently, without replying to my enquiry. The Gospel light is a new thing in Soor, and the inhabitants have not yet overcome their bigotry to view it charitably. A Protestant school was commenced here by the missionaries at Sidon, some time ago; but it fell to the ground, on account of the opposition it met; and now, with the exception of the family where I took my abode, no vestige of Protestantism is to be met with in the place.

In guiding me to the house of Abu Zaid, I asked the man about the number of the inhabitants of the place, and their trade. Of the former he had no conception; of the latter he told me that the principal trade of Soor was exporting a few bales of tobacco to Egypt, which is bought from the *Fellahs* (peasantry) of the adjoining villages, and importing rice, mats, and salt, in exchange, from the Egyptians. Some grain is shipped from this port, being the nearest to the fields where it is grown, to European markets, on account of the merchants of Bayroot, from which last place the petty traders import their little stock of dry goods, colonials, and hardware. And this is all that remains of the grandeur and trade of ancient Tyre—that crowning city, whose merchants were “*princes*,” whose traffickers were the honourable of the earth.

Two or three smacks lay in the harbour in front of the town; and the antiquary asks, Can this be Tyre, the joyous city, once the undisputed mistress of the sea, whose mariners founded colonies far and near, rivalling mighty Rome in grandeur and beauty; the boards of whose ships were of the fir trees of Senir, whose masts

were of the cedars of Lebanon, whose oars were of the oaks of Bashan, and whose benches were made by the Ashurites of the ivory of the isles of Chittim—whose sails were of fine linen and brodered work from Egypt, and whose awnings were of blue and purple, from the isles of Elishah?

Yes, traveller; the miserable village of Soor represents the ancient Tyre—that city of ancient antiquity, the history of whose trade comprised that of the whole world, as related by Ezekiel; the mother of many colonies, whose borders were in the midst of the sea, whose builders have perfected its beauty—that city, which was once the scene of activity, noise, joyfulness, gaiety, bustle, and wealth, but which has long since passed away, like a feverish dream of a disturbed sleep. “Ships,” says a writer, “are indeed seen on the broad expanse of the Mediterranean, but none go near the ‘Queen of waters.’ No merchant in any part of the world enters the name of Tyre in his books; and where thousands assembled for centuries in pomp and pride—where the arrival and discharge of ships were almost an hourly occurrence—where the loud voices of the captains directed the ready mariners—where the songs of the boatmen and the dash of the oars enlivened the rolling ocean—where a thousand other scenes peculiar to great commercial cities—is now a scene of melancholy desolation, misery, and wretchedness”; indeed, the history of this city—its former grandeur and its fall—are so touching, that it has been said with much force and truth, that “the noble dust of Alexander, traced by the imagination till found stopping a beer barrel, would scarcely afford a stronger contrast of grandeur and abasement than Tyre at the period of being besieged by

that conqueror, and the modern town of Soor erected on its arches." Well may the antiquary ask, "Who hath taken this counsel against Tyre, the crowning city, whose merchants are princes, and whose traffickers are the honourable of the earth?" Let him find the reply in the following verse: "The Lord of Hosts hath purposed it to stain the pride of all glory, and to bring into contempt all the honourable of the earth."

But this is not all: ancient Tyre, the old town, called Palætyrus, which Strabo situates at thirty stadia south of the insular city, has ceased to exist, and no vestige of it remains; so much so, that able writers are perplexed in determining its exact site; thus leaving us an astounding proof of the fulfilment of the prophecies predicted upon it, that it "shall be a terror, and never be found any more;" yea, even "though thou be sought for, yet thou shalt never be found again." It is, indeed, a terror; and the Christian traveller gazes with wonder and awe at the melancholy but literal fulfilment of God's word on the crowning city.

Determined not to be obstructed in my observations by trivial ceremonies, I left Khalil with the baggage at the door of the lodgings, and, procuring a guide, I sallied forth to view the remains of the "insular city." He led me first over heaps of ruins, the work of the earthquake of 1837, which caused great damage in Syria, and by mean hovels, to the remains of the ancient cathedral, which stands at the south-eastern corner of the city; its interior is now filled up with rubbish and huts of a mean description. Some granite columns, of great dimensions, lay buried in the ground. We ascended a spiral stair-case in its eastern end, which still stands, but could not ascend high, as the government has been pulling

it down, carrying off the stones to build a hospital at Bay-root with them for its troops. This I found was the case in all the remaining buildings of Tyre: there were one or two smacks loading with these remains of former grandeur when I was there. This is, perhaps, the cathedral mentioned by Eusebius, and described by him as the most splendid of all the temples of Phœnicia; and here it was, probably, that the bones of the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa were entombed.

Jumping over the wall, which here is broken, we made our way through a Mahomedan cemetery to the sea-side. Here a scene of devastation presented itself: broken columns, hewn stones and cornices, lined the sea-beach. I saw traces of an ancient wall. A small tower, whose stones were being pulled up for government purposes, stood at its eastern extremity. I followed the wall in a westerly direction; and, from what I saw, was convinced that a great deal of insular Tyre is buried in the sea. A few modern-looking shops, now ruined and deserted, showed clearly that where the sea now beats was once a thoroughfare. At the extremity of the wall, where it breaks to the north, I saw a man fishing with a rod; another was drawing his net, and, as it contained some fine-looking fishes, I bought them from him for a few piastres. I counted three nets drying on the rocks of Tyre. Yes, indeed, the joyous city has become "a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea." A glorious sunset, such as often beamed on the once proud Tyre, was gilding the horizon in gorgeous hues as I retraced my steps to my lodgings.

It has been observed by a lecturer, that "a person in Syria cannot be an infidel." It needs no more than to read the predictions on Tyre, and compare them with

her history, her grandeur, her fall, and her present condition, to see one of the most literal and memorable accomplishments of God's word on a city which had boasted of her strength, and made not God her refuge. But I refrain from further observations. Her grandeur and beauty are buried in the waves of the sea, her commerce is no more, her wealth no longer exists, no architects now perfect her beauty, no harp is now heard in her streets, and her galleys no longer brave the waves of the ocean. "Howl, ye ships of Tarshish, for your strength is laid waste." The whole history of Tyre is a chain of fulfilled prophecy: its overthrow by Nebuchadnezzar; its neglected condition for seventy years; its flourishing afterwards, and "heaping up silver as the dust, and fine gold as the mire of the streets;" its invasion by Alexander; his making up his mole from the ruins of the old city, thus laying "her stones, her timbers, and her dust in the midst of the waters;" its final overthrow and desolation—are so many marked points which testify strongly to the truthfulness of the chain of prophecies predicted concerning her, and crowned by the fact that, though old Tyre has been long sought for, it has not as yet been found. Behold, the waves of the sea bury her, and the fisherman dries his net on her rocks! In view of these facts, how can a reflective mind be an infidel? The thing is impossible! The history of Tyre, no less than that of other unfortunate cities in Syria, utters loudly its testimony to the word of God as given in the Old and New Testaments.

Wednesday, 7th March, 1855.

I was up this morning at four o'clock, and while Khalil was packing the luggage, and loading it, I sauntered to the sea-shore, where, tempted by the placidness of the

waters, I jumped in, and had a delicious bath, after which I returned to my lodging refreshed in mind and body. At six o'clock all was ready, and I mounted my horse. We did not make our exit by the gate, but over the fallen wall, which immediately ushered us into the cemetery already mentioned; we crossed it obliquely, and at ten minutes past six were on the sandy beach out of the insular city. Here I stopped and looked back on the peninsula as it stretches itself into the sea. I had no doubt that where I now stood must have formed part of Alexander's mole. Our course was now along the beach. In half an hour we turned a little to the left in order to ford the stream, which comes down from Ras el Ain. Here I left Khalil to pursue the journey, and rode up alone to look on the stupendous reservoirs mentioned by various travellers, but particularly by William, archbishop of Tyre. The time it took me to come from Tyre to Ras el Ain, was about forty minutes. On leaving Khalil, I rode to the left on the banks of the stream issuing from the reservoirs. About midway between the pools and the sea are the remains of the factories of cloth, erected by Ibrahim Pasha, and afterwards abandoned by him, and now are deserted. It took me five minutes to reach my destination. Here I was shown four pools, substantially built up, with thick walls, and of a height of about fifteen or twenty feet, they were full of beautifully clear water, but not so clear as to discover to the naked eye the bottom of the pools. The natives say that they are unfathomable, but the observations of various travellers who sounded them, confute this statement. Robinson measured the depth of one, and found it to be fourteen feet deep. Sundry large decayed stones are seen in the vicinity, and bear the resemblance of petri-

fied trees. From these reservoirs the water was carried, by means of a substantial aqueduct, parts of which still remain, though in a dilapidated condition, to the city of Tyre. It may be that these are the waters which Shalmaneser, after his unsuccessful invasion of Tyre, tried to cut from the Tyrians, and which forced them to dig wells within the city, and drink therefrom for the space of five years.

The view of Tyre from this place is peculiarly significant; along the coast must have once encamped the armies of Shalmaneser, Nebuchadnezzar, and Alexander, when they besieged Tyre. Here, there, and all along this ground mailed generals, and active soldiers plied in all the energy of warfare. Here were hopes excited and disappointments felt. Shalmaneser, after a five years' siege, gave up the blockade as hopeless; and more than once Alexander bitterly repented his having invested the city at all, and were it not for the dangerous consequences which might ensue, particularly as touching his own reputation, of which he was very tenacious, it is a question whether he would not have preferred following the example of his predecessor, and relinquishing the siege. But Alexander was now in the midst of his Oriental career of conquest, his fame would receive a shock did he retire without overcoming the place—he persevered for seven months, and it was only by building a mole, which converted the island into a peninsula, that he at last succeeded in taking it, and revenged himself on the merchant city by burning it, whilst of its inhabitants he put to the sword eight thousand, crucified two thousand, and sold thirty thousand as slaves.

And the mind of the traveller would also seek in the mazes of imagination the return of the ships of Tarshish

from a three years' voyage; they had left Tyre a flourishing city, beautiful in its buildings, joyous in its circumstances, what must have been their surprise on returning to see no Tyre? How significant must have been their looks as they gazed on each other, or asked for the "*merchant city*"!

About an hour's ride up the hills, Robinson mentions a sarcophagus called, by the natives, Kabr Hairam, or the grave of Hiram; and as the tradition about it is more Mahomedan than monkish, Robinson is inclined to think that it may have been the identical grave of the friend and ally of Solomon.

At seven o'clock, I left the reservoirs, and rode obliquely to the right across sundry gardens, of which I soon got out, and found myself once more on the high road. In about twenty-five minutes I caught up with the baggage.

So far the chain of Libanus was still preserved, but only like the gasps of a dying man—here, and there, a bluff rose up to show that we were still under its shadow, but now it so far receded back, that it was hardly discernible, and hence the scenery became flat and uninteresting; it was, therefore, with no small share of pleasure that my eye once more alighted on something grand and wild. I refer to the white promontory just ahead of us, which we soon reached and began to ascend; our path was cut in the rock, and so much did it resemble a staircase that the people of more ancient days appropriately called it "*the ladder of Tyrus*." I reached it in about one hour from Ras El Ain. In the middle of the craggy ascent is a small khan, which consists of only one room; it is situated on an eminence of about three or four hundred feet above the sea. As we rode up to it the sea seemed immediately under us;

and so clear were its waters that, at this height, I could easily see the bottom, and trace the rocks in it. I was told that the depth of the sea here was from five to ten fathoms. The view from here was majestically, beautiful. High above me, towering many a hundred feet, rose the wild projection, on whose base the sea, like a thing of life, was playing; beneath me a placid sea courted my admiration—one was wild and grand—the other sweet and beautiful. The insular city of Tyre lay before my gaze, as also the more distant plains beyond it.

In this khan once I had the misfortune to spend one night in the early part of the year 1843; and, though twelve years have passed since the event now to be related took place, yet it has never been forgotten, and perhaps never will. I arrived here, in company with an English friend, late at night; our muleteer told us that we could proceed no further, and, truth to say, we were glad to stop, for we had been nearly twelve hours in the saddle, having left Sidon that morning. In this room, which constitutes the whole khan, we found a blazing fire of green wood and dry sticks, the smoke of which filled the room and brought the tears in copious streams from our eyes. We entered in, and tried to make the best of it; we laid our blankets on the ground and ourselves upon them. Hassan, our muleteer, now brought in also his horses and tied them in front of us, whilst he squatted comfortably round the fire and began to puff the smoke of his pipe, filling the interludes between each puff by smoothing down his curly black beard. We had hardly been in ten minutes, when a man brought in three cows and a donkey; these also he domiciliated with us, whilst he sat him near Hassan, with whom he joined

in conversation, which rendered sleep out of the question. We asked for something to eat, and the man brought us a few cakes of *markook*, which were certainly of the worst kind of wheat I ever saw, for they were exceedingly brown, so that we gave them the name of brown paper; the man brought us also a basin of *lebban*, a kind of curdled milk; upon this we tried to satisfy our inner man, but, lo and behold! whilst we were eating, a man and a woman came in, the former leading a camel, the other carrying an infant of, I should suppose, two months' old. These were all housed with us; and now, if we add the khan-keeper and his dog, all of whom found lodging in that solitary room on that eminence above the sea, I shall have acquainted the reader with the number of our room-mates; O no! I beg its pardon, I omitted to mention a one-eyed cat which kept mewling all the while we were eating.

Till the last addition was made to our number, we were tolerably quiet, if we except the bites of the fleas, which swarmed around us in untold numbers; O! how they loved us those fleas! They sucked and they jumped, they jumped and they sucked, that at last, forgetful of the annoyance, we began to feel amused at their eccentric movements. When the last lodgers entered in, a new scene occurred, which upset all our quietness—the child began to cry, at which the dog began to bark, the cat to mew, the donkey to bray, and the camel to roar—the poor cows remained quiet; but now the men began to jabber; the father took the child with the hope of quieting it, but it became the more uproarious. Hassan puffed away at his pipe, and we laid us down to sleep. The reader need hardly be told that we slept but very little, and were off before dawn on our way to Jerusalem.

In recollection of that night, I stopped here a few minutes, and wrote a note to that friend who spent the night with me here, to be posted from Acre, after which I pushed on my way to Iskanderoona, a beautiful spring, where I stopped to breakfast.

I enjoyed the water, which was of the coolest and purest I ever drank. It is said that Alexander built the fountain. An inscription seems to have once been above the orifice; but it has been taken away. The ruins of a modern village testify that the spring was appreciated, and that people resided around it.

Leaving Iskanderoona we now continued our way in a craggy road, which, as we got onward, became worse and worse, till at last riding became out of the question; and we dismounted to lead our horses up the hill. The road here now resembled the entrance to the promontory; in fact, it was a part and parcel of it; and glad was I when I reached the top, where a deserted Khan is located, and where I had a view of Acre, and Carmel in the distance. The day was very warm, and I was very thirsty; but, as no one was in the Khan, I could get no water. Khalil told me that half-an-hour a-head of us was a spring, so I galloped on, and reached it in the time he said. How gladly I hailed it, none know but those who, like me, have felt the torment of thirst. I made a rush to it; but, alack-a-day, what was my disappointment, to see a filthy *dervish* bathing in it.

I proceeded without stopping; but soon found that I was getting faint, and could proceed no further. A large tree, whose shadow looked very friendly, courted me to rest; and, jumping off my horse, I laid me down, and ordered Khalil to hand me a bottle of wine from the case of provisions. I would here say that, though I

carried wine with me, yet I never made use of it when I could get water, and never did I adulterate the water of Syria, that pure, clear, and crystal-like liquid, with any invention of man. It is far too good to admit of being improved.

Half-an-hour I rested here; and then pursued my way in a plain which seems to be newly cultivated. Far to my right lay the village of *Zeeb*. An hour before reaching Acre we saw several gardens of oranges and citrons, which were just being planted; and, from all that I could see around me, I was satisfied that the country was waking up to a better state of things. Half-an-hour afterwards, we passed, to our left, the aqueduct built by Abdalla Pasha, and which conducts the water to Acre, by a series of fine arches. A little nearer to the city are the pleasure-grounds once belonging to His Excellency, but which have now been bought by Mr. G. Giammal, United States Vice-Consul of this place. At four o'clock I entered the gate; and forthwith proceeded to the house of Mr. G., where I was hospitably entertained.

The distance from Tyre to Acre is calculated to be nine full hours. It took me ten; but the reader will observe that I stopped on the way nearly two hours. Besides, there is no going fast on the Promontorium Album, which extends nearly four hours' distance. It is a fearfully craggy piece of road; but is not devoid of interest. I rather like the first and last portions of it; there is something grand in them, which entertains the eye, and amuses the mind: the towering rock above you—the rudely-cut path before you—the sea immediately below you—and a height and depth above and beneath you of many a hundred feet, from which many a rock projects like a castellated buttress. A small lateen-sailed

boat passed under us, and we could see the men plainly. It seemed, at one time, just beneath me. The middle portion of this piece is, however, flat; and, though it is not so craggy, it is by no means so interesting. The other parts of the road, namely, from Tyre to the Promontory, and from that to Acre, are easy plains; the former being a sort of cove, formed between the insular city and the promontory; the latter a series of new gardens.

It was a fortunate thing for me, that on the evening of my arrival at Acre, the pasha paid a friendly visit to Mr. Giammal, and thus I had the pleasure of being introduced to His Excellency Redshid Pasha. He is a fine-looking man in person; and I was told that he was not less so in his manners. The topics of the evening led us to speak of the subject of my travels; and I told him that I intended going to Tiberias, Nazareth, Nablous, Jaffa, and Jerusalem. He at once proposed to send a guard with me to Tiberias; and also to give me letters of introduction to the various governors, on my way, calling upon them to provide me guards whenever I wanted, and to see me safely escorted from place to place.

His arrangement fell in exactly with my plans; and I was confirmed in the original route which I had planned to myself, and which I was wavering about following, on account of the insecurity of the roads. Three Jews had just been robbed and killed, not far from Safed, and all for the paltry sum of 2,000 piastres, something less than 20*l*. A man, it was told me, was robbed on the way to Haifa, a city under the shade of Carmel, about three hours' ride from Acre. Many other instances were rumoured, which made it imprudent for me to go alone;

and, consequently, I was glad to put myself under a government escort.

This escort costs the traveller nothing. The guard is in the Government pay; and, as the Government is bound to look to the safety of those travelling in her territories, she provides them with guards, if asked. I took a guard to Tiberias; there I changed him for another, who took me to Nazareth; another one accompanied me to Mount Tabor; another was sent with me to Nablous; and another brought me to Jaffa. These guards, as soon as they reached a place, the seat of a district like Tiberias, or Nazareth, or Djenin, or Nablous, or Jaffa, proceeded to the Mutsellim, or governor, and, through him, got a receipt from me that I arrived safely at the place, which they take back to their superiors. The next day the Mutsellim sends with me one of his own guards, to carry me through his own district, and so on. These guards are always cavalry. There are some foot-guards; but they are not used for this purpose. I was told that the district of Acre had seventy guards; Tiberias ten; Nazareth five; and Djenin twelve. Their pay is seventy-five piastres a month, including their horses, which are their property. The government, however, provides rations for man and beast.

I said that a guard costs a traveller nothing, but I would inform him, that a backsheesh is generally expected at the end of each guard's district. I generally gave them a present at the rate of half a dollar per day, and also kept them and their horses. I found one guard at a time was quite sufficient.

The historical notices of Acre are interesting to the English reader. Here Richard I. of England attacked the Saracen army; Sir Sidney Smith annihilated the

hopes of Napoleon Bonaparte, in his grand scheme of forming for himself an Eastern empire; and, latterly, the cannons of Sir Charles Napier left their marks upon this place. The city lies on the plain which takes its name and occupies the north western point of a bay, whose south western point is formed by the promontory of Mount Carmel. It has no harbour, and in stress of weather the ships are obliged to run down to Haifa, at the opposite extremity of the bay, for safety. In the storm of December, 1840, which caused great damage to the shipping on the coast of Syria, the British sloop of war *Zebra*, mounting twenty guns, was stranded in this bay, a couple of miles to the north-east of the city of Haifa.

The more ancient name of the place was Accho, but it was afterwards called Ptolemais, from Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt. It has since then reverted to its old name, and the natives now call it Acca. By the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, it was called St. John d'Acre, the Europeans still call it by that name.

The first notice we have of Acre is in the first chapter of Judges and the thirty-first verse, where we see it allotted to the tribe of Asher; it seems then to have been a place of considerable strength, for it is recorded that the Asherites could not drive the Canaanites out of it. In the twenty-first chapter of Acts, we read that St. Paul visited it on his way to Jerusalem, and abode with the *brethren* one day. It has, however, been the scene of many remarkable transactions and struggles, which it is not the object of this work to detail in full; one event in its history is, that during the phrenzy of the religious war excited by Peter the Hermit, it was repeatedly the object of obstinate and bloody contentions

between the Christians and the Saracens. In 1110, it was first taken by the Franks under Baldwin, king of Jerusalem, but in 1187 it was recovered by Salah-ed-Dein, from whom it was wrested ten years afterwards by the united armies of England and France. It was in this siege that the famous lion-hearted Richard of England made such a distinguished figure, which ever afterwards obtained for him the fear and respect of the Saracen chief. A century afterwards, when it was defended by the Knights Hospitallers of Jerusalem, who had fortified it strongly, it was attacked by Khalil Ben Kelwan, Sultan of Egypt, and surrendered to him after a siege of thirty-three days. This event took place on the 5th of April, 1291, and history records that sixty thousand Christians were either massacred or made slaves. The fortress of the Knights was destroyed, their Grand Master slain, and out of the five hundred of them only ten survived. A few of the besieged, among whom were the King of Jerusalem, the Patriarch, and the Grand Master of the Hospital escaped by sea to Cyprus. Since then, Acre has been in the hands of the Saracens, and all attempts on the part of the Franks to regain it have been fruitless. It was here that the military order of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem first existed, and here was their first stronghold.

In 1750, the Arab chief, Daher, who had defied the Sultan, took possession of it, and fortified it. He was succeeded in its government by the barbarous Djezzar, His name is Ahmed, but the nickname Djezzar, which signifies a butcher, was given him on account of his many atrocities. This is not the place, nor have I the desire, to enter upon his cruel career. He was a monster in human flesh; and to this day the mention of his name

in Syria is sufficient to create a shudder. He, however, did much to regain for Acre its former importance. It was during his pashalik that the French warrior, Bonaparte, besieged the city, but was baffled in his design by the intrepidity and skill of Sir Sidney Smith. Sixty-one days after commencing the siege, the hero of Austerlitz and Marengo, un-Alexander-like, whose career he tried to imitate, gave up the contest, and turned his back on Acre. In 1832, it was besieged and taken by Ibrahim Pasha, the intrepid viceroy of Egypt, but was wrested from him and given back to Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid in 1840, by means of the English arms, and in whose hands it has remained ever since. This last attack took place on the third of November, 1840, and only lasted a few hours, when a powder magazine blew up, and the town surrendered.

Acre presents two sides to the sea, one facing to the west and the other to the south. In its last capture it was found necessary to attack it in two divisions. It seems that Admiral Stopford determined to make speedy work of it. On the 29th of September (1840), Omar Bey was ordered to advance from Sidon, with two thousand Turks, upon Tyre, and then to occupy the White Mountains to the northward; while three thousand men under the immediate command of Selim Pasha, and small detachments of Royal Artillery and Sappers, under Major Higgins, of the former corps, and Lieut. Aldrich, Royal Engineers, embarked on board the squadron, which comprised the following ships:

BRITISH.		
Princess Charlotte	104	Captain Fanshawe.
Powerful . . .	84	Commodore Napier.
Thunderer . . .	84	Captain Berkeley.

BRITISH—*continued.*

Bellerophon . . .	80	Captain Austin.
Revenge . . .	76	Captain Waldegrave.
Benbow . . .	72	Captain Stewart.
Edinburgh . . .	72	Captain W. Henderson.
Castor . . .	36	Captain Collier.
Pique . . .	36	Captain Boxer.
Carysfort . . .	26	Captain Martin.
Talbot . . .	26	Captain Codrington.
Hazard . . .	18	Commander Elliot.
Wasp . . .	16	Commander Mansel.
Gorgon . . .	War Steamer	Captain Henderson.
Phoenix . . .	do.	Commander Stopford.
Stromboli . . .	do.	Commander Williams.
Vesuvius . . .	do.	Commander Henderson.

TURKISH.

Flag-Ship . . .	84	Rear-Admiral Walker.
Cutter . . .	8	

AUSTRIAN.

Flag-Ship . . .	60	Admiral Pandiera.
Frigate . . .	46	H.R.H. Archduke Frederick.
Corvette . . .	20	

In order to explain the cause of the bombardment of Syria in 1840, it is necessary to give the reader a short sketch of the political relations of Turkey at that time. The Porte claimed to hold sway over the whole of Syria and Egypt, and appointed pashas to govern them; many of whom, owing to its weakness, gradually became independent.

One of the most remarkable of these men was Mohamed Ali. From a low origin, having become a soldier, he raised himself by his talents and intrigues to a high command in the army of the Sultan; and afterwards being sent to Egypt, he deposed the pasha of that province, and stepped into his shoes. Ever vigilant, he

never lost an opportunity of strengthening his power; and, to reach that end, he was unscrupulous as to the means he used. Finding the Mamelukes who had much assisted him in obtaining his pashalik very troublesome, he invited them, to the number of nearly five hundred, to a feast in the citadel of Cairo, where he had them all massacred with the exception of one chief, who leaped his horse over a high wall and escaped.

Now Mohamed Ali, having consolidated his power in Egypt, and made himself perfectly independent of the Ottoman Empire, began to consider the possibility of rising a step higher, and mounting the throne of the caliphs. To effect this object, which was doubtless his aim, he assembled a large army, which he disciplined under European officers, and at the head of it placed his son Ibrahim Pasha, and sent him into Syria. In the expectation that the Pashas of Syria, who also were unruly, would oppose his march, and thus weaken each other's power by the contest, the Porte did not at first complain of Ibrahim's advance into the country; when, however, he made himself master of Acre and other places, the Turks assembled an army to oppose him. This army he speedily drove before him; and a still larger one having been collected, he finally defeated and dispersed it at the battle of Koniye, where the Grand Vizier himself was taken prisoner. Had Ibrahim at once advanced, said the author of the "Blue Jackets," from whom I am gleaning this narrative, he might have captured Constantinople, but he delayed till the Russians, called in by the Sultan for his protection, had reached the Bosphorus, and with them he had no wish to try the fortune of war; he, therefore, entered into a treaty, by which, in addition to Egypt, he and his father

obtained the government of the whole of Syria and the pashalik of Adana. The Sultan, however, never ceased to long for the recovery of Syria, and at length sent an army to drive out the Egyptians. Hearing of this, Ibrahim Pasha at once collected an army and met the Turks at Nezib, where, on the 24th of June, 1837, he gave them battle, and, after a sanguinary conflict of four hours, completely routed them, with a loss of six thousand in killed and wounded, and ten thousand left in his hands. To add to the difficulties of the Turks, their fleet, under the command of the Capudan Pasha (Admiral), who had been sent to the Dardanelles, sailed for Alexandria, and joined the Egyptians. It was at this juncture that Sultan Mahmood the Second died, and was succeeded by his son, Abd-ul-Medjid, then a youth of seventeen.

The Turkish Empire had for many years been gradually decaying; and Russia, Austria, France, and England, it is supposed, looked with longing eyes each to obtain a portion of it, when it finally fell to pieces; but as each of these three great powers are jealous that one should possess a bit of more value than the rest, they are all interested in maintaining what *they are pleased to call* THE INTEGRITY OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE. Russia, especially, had resolved to make herself mistress of Constantinople, and waited only a plausible excuse for sending an army to take possession of that city; the other powers, therefore, though they had no objection to prevent Turkey from ever regaining sufficient strength to do harm, would not allow her, if they could help it, to be so weakened that she might fall an unresisting victim into the hands of Russia. This it was that induced the European powers to interfere then, and put

a stop to Ibrahim Pasha's career of conquest, and compel him to withdraw his army into Egypt.

Having come to this conclusion, Commodore Napier was despatched to Alexandria with this ultimatum. He (Mohamed Ali) was to have the hereditary sovereignty of Egypt, and the possession of the pashalik of St. Jean d'Acre for life. If, within ten days from the notification of these terms, the Pasha should not accept them, the Sultan was to offer him Egypt alone; and if he still persisted in refusing, the European powers were to compel him by force to assent to the proposed settlement. In spite of the threats held out, he refused to accede to the proposed terms, and made every preparation in his power for resistance. His reply to the ultimatum is worthy of record; he said, "*That the territories he had won with the sword he would defend with the sword.*"

On the 12th of August, Commodore Napier's squadron anchored off Bayroot, and declared the coast in a state of blockade.

Bayroot, Tyre, Sidon, and other places having surrendered, it was deemed necessary to attack Acre. For this purpose the Turkish admiral appeared before it on the 26th of October, and summoned it to surrender. The flag of truce sent with the message was not received, and the garrison threatened to fire into the boat which brought it.

On this, the whole squadron sailed to Acre, and attacked it in two divisions. Commodore Napier led the way in the "Powerful" to the northward, closely followed by the "Princess Charlotte," "Thunderer," "Bellerophon," and "Pique"; while Captain Collier, of the "Castor," commanded the south with the "Benbow," "Edinburgh," "Carysfoot," "Talbot," "Wasp," and "Hazard."

As the ships successively anchored they opened a tremendous fire on the batteries; and so well were the shot directed, that it would have been impossible for any human beings to have stood their ground. The Egyptians, consequently, were soon thrown into confusion, many of them endeavouring to make their escape as they best could. Five guns only, placed in a flanking battery, were well served, and never missed; but they were pointed too high, and did damage only to the spars and rigging of the "Powerful." The maintopmast and mizentopsail-yard of that ship were shot through, and her rigging was much cut. She was twice hulled: one shot struck her in the cut-water, and one hitting the main bits on the quarter-deck. The "Thunderer" had her quarter gallery shot away. Captain Collier's squadron engaged the batteries on the south. The steamers were not idle, as they kept up a hot fire of shot and shell, some of their shells doing much execution.

After an engagement of two hours, the grand magazine blew up, with a most tremendous explosion; whether caused by a shell or by accident it is difficult to say. A large number of the garrison were blown up, and many probably were buried alive in the ruins, or in the casemates. The five guns before mentioned, notwithstanding this catastrophe, kept up their fire with great spirit to the last. About sunset, the signal was given to discontinue the engagement; but the Commodore kept the fire up some time after dusk, lest the enemy should be tempted to re-man their guns. The flag-lieutenant then brought the order to withdraw. The "Revenge" slipped her stern anchor, and made sail without difficulty. The "Princess Charlotte" picked up both her anchors, and made sail; but casting the wrong way, nearly got on

shore. The "Powerful" was towed out by the "Gorgon." The "Thunderer" and the "Bellerophon" remained in their position.

In the course of the night, a small boat brought off the information that the Egyptian troops were leaving the town; and in consequence, at day-light, three hundred Turks and a party of Austrian marines landed, and took unopposed possession of the place. This closed the war in Syria; as, on the fall of Acre, the Egyptian garrisons of Haifa and Jaffa evacuated those places, and endeavoured to fight their way into Egypt. The Syrian tribes declared for the Sultan, and the garrison and inhabitants of Jerusalem returned to their allegiance. Commodore Napier then hastened to Alexandria, and made a convention with Mohamed Ali, in which the pasha agreed to order his son Ibrahim to evacuate Syria, and to restore the Turkish fleet, as soon as he received official notification that the Sultan would grant him the hereditary government of Egypt; the commodore, on his part, undertaking that hostilities should be suspended against Alexandria or any other port of Egypt, and that the Egyptian army under Ibrahim Pasha should have an unmolested passage through Syria. These terms were ratified after a fresh treaty, and on the 11th of January of the following year, the Turkish fleet was given up; and soon after the Sultan sent a *firman* granting to the pasha the hereditary possession of Egypt, without any interference on the part of the Porte, while a yearly tribute of about two millions of pounds sterling was to be paid by the pacha, besides about two millions more of arrears.

Thursday, 8th March, 1855.

Immediately after breakfast, Mr. Giammal took me up to the terrace of his house, and showed me the view, which certainly was beautiful. Immediately before me, to the west, rolled the waters of the Mediterranean, on whose waves, in the year 1840, the English fleet, composed of leviathan islands, gallantly rode before this city. I was shewn where they anchored. What a glorious sight it must have been to have seen those monsters of the deep, with the union-jack flying at the main; or to have gazed on the many boats which swarmed on the waves, plying with all the alacrity of British seamen! To the north lay the Promontorium Album; whilst, at an equal distance to the south, rose the shrubby heights of Carmel, hiding beneath their shade the city of Haifa and the river Kishon, now called El Mukatta, which signifies *cut up*, and which empties itself into the Mediterranean about a mile and a half north-east of Haifa. Gazing to the east, the eye rests on a fruitful plain, dotted with tents here and there, round which hordes of cattle were grazing. Farther back, and almost joining the southernmost chain of the Libanus, rose the fruitful hills of Lower Galilee. Mr. G— directed my attention to the fortifications, which are of no mean strength.

Descending from the terrace, we proceeded to call on the Pasha. Our road led us through a series of lanes, and in about five minutes we reached the Seraglio, where we saw his excellency in the court, surrounded by many people. He invited me to walk in; but I declined, as I wanted to go and see the city, on which he sent a Janissary with me; meanwhile, he ordered his secretary to write for me letters of introduction to the Mutsellims of Tiberias and Nazareth, and promised to send me a guard

early next morning to accompany me to Tiberias. I thanked him, and went out, leaving Mr. G— with him on business.

The streets of Acre, like all those of the Levant, are dirty, narrow, and infested with dogs. We passed before the great mosque built by Djezzar, and shortly afterwards entered a covered street; hitherto I had seen nothing of importance. My guide now led me through a series of thoroughfares, where I witnessed some activity. Mr. G— had told me in the morning, that Acre was now waking to its former importance. I saw some people weighing skins of oil, which I was told were intended for European markets; baskets of rice, imported from Egypt, were huddled here and there.

Immediately near a Greek church I saw the tombs of two English officers: one was that of Lieut.-Col. Walker, who died in this place on the 8th of December, 1840; the other bore the name of Major Oldfield, “of the British Marines, who, in leading a sortie from this garrison, when besieged by Napoleon Buonaparte and the French army, on the 7th April, 1799, at the age of forty-three, terminated a life which from early youth had been devoted to the service of his country. He was buried by the French with military honours; a soldier *‘sans peur et sans reproche.’* He carried with him to the grave the esteem of both friends and foes.” The inscription goes on to say, that the tablet was erected to his memory by his nephew. Near to this is the Greek church already referred to. We now made our way towards the southern wall, close to which I saw one or two cornices in a wall, and some old remains; these, I was told, were the remains of the church of St. John. The walls here, as everywhere, were strongly fortified.

There is a Roman Catholic convent in Acre, which affords lodgings to pilgrims; but, like other institutions of the kind in Syria, its hospitality is limited to three days.

After dinner I accompanied Mr. G— to his newly-bought house, the pleasure-grounds of Abdalla Pasha already referred to. I enjoyed the ride, but still more the walk in the gardens. As for the houses, they were in a dilapidated condition, and would require much repair before they could be rendered habitable. I admired much a large square pool, on the four corners of which have been once erected summer-houses. Mr. G— is improving his purchase by planting new trees; and when all is finished, the place will look beautiful.

CHAPTER XIII.

ACRE TO NAZARETH.

Departure — Reminiscences of Old Times — Recollections of Joseph's Brethren—Carmel—Its Grottos—Fabulous—Carmelite Convent—An Excursion on its Ridge in 1843—The Scene of Elijah's Trial of the False Prophets of Baal—The Kishon—Abelleen—En Route—Cultivation—Water—Turaan—Tell Hattin—Battle—Beer Kerrazé—Loobia—Arrival at Tiberias—The Fleas—An Excursion in 1843—Capernaum—Chorazim—Bethsaida—A Bath in Tiberias—Scene of the Miraculous Draught of Fishes—Dirty Condition of Tiberias—The Mussellim—The Jews—The Earthquake of 1837—Historical Notices of Tiberias—Warm Baths—Situation of the Lake—A Squall—Departure—Hajan-el-Nsara—Kurun Hattin—Views and Ideas—Kefr Kenna—El Mash'had—Er Reineh—Arrival at Nazareth—Casa Nova.

Friday 9th March, 1855.

I FELT greatly refreshed by my rest of yesterday; and therefore I was prepared to start early this morning. My destination this day was Tiberias, which I was told was ten hours' ride from Acre: the caravans perform the distance in twelve hours. I was ready to be on my way by six o'clock; but the guard did not make his appearance till half-past seven, and it was eight o'clock before we made our exit from the gate of Acre.

At last we are off. Sheikh Hassan, the guard, an elderly-looking man of about fifty years of age, armed

with pistols, swords and gun, mounted on a grey horse, whose misfortune was that he had lost one eye, rode ahead. We soon left the sea beach, and struck into a goodly plain, of which the reader will learn enough in the course of the journey. Our course was east slightly by north, over the rich plains, where were hosts of tents, scattered in groups here and there, surrounded by horses and herds of cattle, which grazed *ad libitum*. I was strongly reminded of Joseph's brethren, who, in a similar manner, thirty-six centuries ago, led out their flocks and herds to spots of green pasturage. The custom still remains, as in days of old, for a wealthy man to send a few of his men to watch his cattle during the grazing season. We saw a host of horses belonging a gentleman in Sidon; a little further off we saw a drove of camels, which, I was told, belonged to a man in Damascus; and so on. On eating up all they can find in this plain, the animals and cattle are led somewhere else, and so on till the grazing season, which is generally in the early part of spring, is over, when they are brought home. This is what is understood in Syria by putting the animals to grass. There is another custom in Syria of planting fields of grass on purpose for horses, which grows up just like corn, and upon which the horses are allowed to feed. This, I apprehend, is not what was done by Joseph's brethren; I should rather suppose they were following the first custom, which is still very current in Syria, especially in this part, and further on towards Nazareth and Nablous: the very places to which Joseph's brethren led their flocks from Hebron.

The people who come to watch the animals, on arriving at a green spot affording pasturage, at once pitch a tent, and reside there till the animals have made away

with all the verdure around. I entered one of these tents, and found four young men comfortably housed: the ground was spread with an old carpet, on which their slight mattresses were laid; on a rope, which was fastened to the pole, and extended to different sides of the tent, hung some of their clothes; a jar of water lay at the entrance, and immediately before the tent I saw a man cooking. They had a large supply of tobacco with them, and seemed to be contented and happy. Every now and then they went out to look on the animals, and returned again to smoke or lounge.

At nine o'clock we reached a well, near to a small ruin, topping a conical hill. I found that it was only the remains of an ancient khan; but having once dismounted, I stopped here to breakfast. I located myself on the top of the cistern, whilst our horses were let loose to graze. There was no fear of their running away, as Hassan took the precaution to tie their fore-feet together with their halters, so that we could easily catch them.

Immediately before us, to the south, lay Carmel in all its glory: the river Kishon we could also trace meandering at its base, and pouring into the Mediterranean a little this side of Haifa, which city was also visible to us, and bore, from where we now were, south-west. The bay of Acre on one side, and the low hills of Galilee on the other, completed the picture.

I did not ascend Carmel this time; but I have often done so in former days, and I still have a recollection of the hospitality of the convent situated on its south-western extremity. On one occasion we made an excursion of its whole length from north-west to the south-east. It was in the month of May, 1843; but I must

confess that, though the ridges were covered with a dense growth of shrubbery, I missed the fertility incident on the "excellency of Carmel," which, as a reader of the Bible, I was led to expect. Nowhere does it bear comparison with the verdure or luxuriance of Lebanon; and, as there is no question that this is the Carmel of the Scriptures, I could only account for its present barrenness as a fulfilment of the prophecy of Amos, who predicted that "the Lord will roar from Zion, and utter His voice from Jerusalem . . . and the top of Carmel shall wither." If, therefore, the tourist expects anything in Carmel, superseding Lebanon, either in beauty or fruitfulness, he will only find, on visiting it, a melancholy fulfilment of the above prophecy. Here, and there, the traveller's eye may rest on patches of fertility; but, on the whole, Carmel presents one continued grove of brambles, bushes and shrubbery. Such did it always appear to me whenever I visited it; and this has been no less than five times during the various seasons of the year.

Its sides are full of grottos; and no end of traditions are told about them, most of which are connected with the prophet Elijah. In one of them it is said he hid himself from the vengeance of Ahab and Jezebel, after putting the priests of Baal to death. To shew how utterly unfounded tradition is, in this instance, we have only to refer to sacred writers, and there we shall find that Elijah, alarmed by the threats of Jezebel, did not hide himself in Carmel, but "arose and went for his life, and came to Beersheba, which belonged to Judah." Another grotto is shown, overlooking the sea, where it is said the prophet taught the divine mysteries to a generation of prophets. But enough. I do not doubt the fact that there are grottos or caves in Carmel, which were

once honoured as the abodes of prophets and other religious men. The prophets Elijah and Elisha, we know, often resorted there; but, to be pointed to the spots by modern men, where such and such a thing took place, looks to me very much like the fabulous.

The traveller will enjoy his stay at the Carmelite convent, where the table is unexceptionable. The monks have also built another house for the reception of travellers. The view from both these buildings is beautiful, affording a great scope for the eye; towns, rivers, plains, hills, and the wide sea, fall within its compass. The order of the monks resident here is Carmelites, and they derive, it is said, their name from this mount. They pretend that the prophet Elijah, himself, was their founder.

I mentioned a ride which I made, in 1843, to its southeastern extremity. Here, on a hill, I saw the remains of a blackened altar, if a congregation of stones could be so called, and I was made to understand that this was the scene of Elijah's great miracle, as recorded in 1 Kings xviii, where he made a trial of the false prophets of Baal, and where he uttered those memorable words,—“How long halt ye, between two opinions? if the Lord be God follow him; but if Baal then follow him.” A little lower down the hill we saw the dry bed of a spring, from which it is said water was carried into the trenches around the altar. At the base of the hill ran the river Kishon; and, immediately on the opposite bank, is a mound which tradition says was the place where Elijah slew the prophets of Baal. The hill called *Tell-el-Kassis*, or the *hill of the priest*, is visible from where I now sat. Indeed the whole scene, where this transaction is said to have occurred, was immediately

opposite to me, across the plain. Whatever credence the traveller may wish to attach to these traditionary sites, one thing he should bear in mind, which would outweigh all the interest of these traditions, is the fact that those things *did* occur here, and, if not exactly on the sites shewn, not far from them. Hence is the interest with which Carmel is clothed with in my eyes. Elijah often resorted here; and it was here that he gathered the priests of Baal, and proved to them that the Lord is God. Sufficient for me, therefore, was the knowledge that this was Carmel, and yonder the brook Kishon. Of the river Kishon and its source, I shall speak in later pages. Meanwhile I will inform the reader that it is a narrow stream, fordable in many places. I forded it near Haifa as also at Tell-el-Kassis. The scriptural account of the overthrow of Sisera's host manifestly shews that the stream must have been more considerable than it is now; but it is not improbable that, when the plains of Esdraelon were more wooded, there were also more streams, which, pouring into it, swelled it to more than its present size: but to this point I hope to direct the attention of the reader, in a future chapter.

At half-past nine we left our breakfast-ground, and made our way towards Abelleen, a village, on the hill of which more when we come to it. Here the Nazareth road breaks off to the right. Another hour's ride brought us to another well, where we made a halt of a few minutes; so far we had been riding in the plains of Acre, but now our road shot off a little to the left, and entered a gorge between two hills. Abelleen was now visible to us, occupying the shoulder of a ridge a-head. Passing a grove of olives we ascended the hill on which it stands, and reached it in fifty-five minutes from the

last halting place. We stopped at the door of the Sheik's house for a few moments, while Hassan was having a parley with him. Adjoining the abode of that chief was a mosque and an old ruin, but of which I could make nothing.

Leaving Abelleen, which is wholly inhabited by Mahomedans, we descended the ridge, and for an hour and a half continued to wind through a narrow valley. I was astonished at the extent of cultivation which I saw everywhere; fields, hills, and all, were waving one ocean of wheat. Emerging from this valley we were ushered into a small plain, bounded by low hills on every side save the north, where the peaks were higher and bolder; Hermon, towering above them, added to their romantic appearance. At the entrance of the plain we came upon a well, but as there was no bucket wherewith to draw water, we pushed on without stopping, and in a few minutes reached a winter stream, called El Gadeer, whose waters are very red, but nevertheless are good. It took us nearly one hour to cross this plain, after which we entered a narrow gorge, from whence we were ushered into another plain, smaller and narrower than the last, but more cultivated. Our road kept to the base of the ridge on the left, whilst to our right we could see in a hollow, across the fertile plain, the village of Kefr Kenna, of which more to-morrow. At three o'clock we reached the village of Turâan, where we alighted for a few minutes at the priest's house. This is a Christian village, and the priest a plain unostentatious man; he made no pretensions of ability, but failed not to press upon me his hospitality for the night. This reminded me that I had four hours yet to ride ere I could reach my day's destination, so, declining his kind offer, I bade him

good-bye, and proceeded. He came down with me a short distance of the way, and then returned.

An hour and a half after leaving Turâan we were immediately under Loobea, a large village luxuriantly situated in a grove of olive trees on the top of a hill, commanding two beautiful slopes descending east and north, which we left to our right. In half an hour we passed to our left the hill and plains of Hattin, famous in history for being the battle field between the Franks and the Moslems. Here on the 5th of July, 1187, took place that celebrated battle which expelled the Christians from the government of Palestine, and ignominiously drove the Franks to their own shores.

The day was fast coming to a close—the last streaks of a setting sun were lingering on the battle field as I passed it, and the whole scene of that conflict where Mahomedan union prevailed over Frank treachery, passed in review before my mind. It was fortunate for Salah-ed-Dein that he had no lion-hearted Richard to contend with, otherwise the issue of that struggle might have been doubtful. The feeble and weak-minded Guy of Lusignan was no match for the Saracen Chief; and the discord that reigned in his camp formed a strange contrast to the union of an eager and fanatic race. Under the circumstances who could doubt the result? The Christian army were routed with great slaughter, and the king and some of his nobles surrendered to their powerful antagonist, who treated them mildly and respectfully, with the exception of Raynald of Chatillon, who had once broken truce with Salah-ed-Dein; and thus provoked an oath from the Sultan, that should he ever fall in his hands he would slay him himself; and so he did. On being interrogated, by the Sultan, whether he would become a Moslem, the Frank

warrior answered that he would live and die in the Christian faith; on which the Sultan rose up, and with a single blow of his scimeter, cut the shoulder of the prisoner—Salah-ed-Dein's servants now did the rest, and Raynald of Chattillon was no more! The Moslems now followed up the battle of Hattin by other conquests; and, in less than three months, the Frank dominion in Palestine was at an end.

Whilst riding on this table-land, we were joined by a Bedouin, from whom I determined to learn something about the country. High on a hill to our left lay in full view the town of Safed; the remarks to be made on Tiberias will illustrate the condition of Safed, both being now on a par, with the exception that one is situated on a high hill, and the other in a deep valley. Immediately beneath Safed, though of course some hours from it, bearing north of the lake, I espied a hill, which I expected was Tell Hoom; fancy my surprise then, when the Bedouin told me that it was called "*Beer Kerrazé*," the Well of Kerrazé—and where is Tell Hoom? said I. "Immediately beneath it," he said. I was now very anxious. Could this be the Chorazim of the Scriptures? Now let it be understood, that this is no monkish story; but the name given me was by an illiterate Bedouin. I determined to visit it next day, if I could get the only boat on the lake to take me there, meanwhile, I followed up this discovery, by asking him what is to be found at Beer Kerrazé? He said, "Nothing, save a well and '*rijme*'"—a collection of stones.

I asked if there were any ruins there; "*None that he knew of*," was his answer, "save the well and the black stones around it." I asked him how far it was from the lake? He said, "It was near."

I afterwards learnt at Tiberias that this Beer Kerrazé was about one hour's distance from the shore of the lake; that it was on a hill immediately above the ruins of Tell Hoom. That Tell Hoom is the ancient Capernaum, I have no doubt, though able authors of late years have doubted its identity;—I did not, therefore, make any inquiries about it; but turned my attention to the finding, if possible, some clue to Bethsaida.

Travellers have been in the habit of seeking the lost Bethsaida, near which the "five thousand" were fed, on the shore of the lake. I had for a long time been differently impressed, expecting that if that Bethsaida was at all to be sought for, it must be in the table-land above Tiberias. I asked the Bedouin, if there were any ruins in this vicinity?

"No," he said, "save '*Hajar el Nasara*,' the stones of the Christians."

These I already knew, and as I shall pass them to-morrow, I shall speak of them then; meanwhile I continued my inquiries. He said, "there are no ruins, that he knew of, but yonder was a '*rijme*,'" pointing to a black spot to the south-west from where I stood, the name of which was "*Sayada*." I could see it well from where I was; a heap of stones, more than any other ordinary field, marked a large piece of ground. Its situation is on the table-land, one hour and a half's distance, in a westerly direction, from the lake. It was getting late, or I would have gone to it at once. To confirm the name, I asked Hassan about it, but he averred he never heard of it, though he had passed this road more than a hundred times in his lifetime. Some of the inhabitants of Tiberias knew of its existence, but that was all; and I found none who suspected that it may

be Bethsaida of the Scriptures; and when I ventured the supposition that it may be that lost city, I was contradicted, and they asserted that the Bethsaida I was seeking was on the opposite side of the lake; and they pointed to a promontory on the south-east shore, where they said that a ruin of that name existed.

We had now reached the ridge above Tiberias. Here a view of the lake, bound by a drapery of mountains, burst upon us, and simultaneously with it the last gleams of a glittering sun departed. The view from here is enchantingly beautiful—the placid lake; the bold mountains which fall down to it, topped by high cliffs, above which rose Hermon crowned with snow, and the river Jordan entering the lake at the north, and, least and last of all, the village of Tiberias beneath us, presented an uncommonly interesting picture. It took us about twenty minutes to make the descent, and consequently, we reached Tiberias at a little after six o'clock, and found lodging at a *soi-disant* hotel, kept by a Jew called “Hayem.”

The fleas! Oh the fleas! This is a fearful place for them. I had thought Banias the worst off in that respect, but I am now inclined to give my verdict in favour of the Tiberias fleas. Hundreds—I can safely say, thousands of them were in the bed where I attempted to sleep; as for any repose, that was out of the question; I tried hard to shut my eyes, and keep still, leaving the fleas to do their worst: but in vain. I tumbled about in feverish delirium; I re-lit my candle, and tried to read myself to sleep; but neither the effects of the day's journey, nor the monotony of reading an old newspaper, helped me in the least. Here, there, everywhere, the fleas were biting me fearfully. Oh, yes: Tiberias takes

the palm for fleas over any other place that I have yet visited.

Saturday, 10th March.

It was my intention to have remained in Tiberias over Sabbath, and to-day take a boat excursion on the lake. There is one boat here, but unfortunately for me it was absent; and as the sailors were Jews, I, of course, could not get them to go for it. The next day being Sunday, and as I had to be off on Monday, I was obliged to give up this excursion. It was no great loss to me, for in May, 1853, I had a pleasant sail on the waters of Tiberias; I was then on my way to Safed and Damascus. Having sent the baggage to meet us at Ain el Teen—a fountain some three hours north of the town of Tiberias—we took the boat, and sailed obliquely in a north-easterly direction, to the spot where the Jordan pours into the lake. At first it was calm, and our speed was slow; but a fresh breeze rising up filled the sheet of our little mast, and we soon were at our destination. We landed at Bteea, and walked up for a short distance the banks of the Jordan, which here are very flat, possessing neither the verdure nor the rapidity of the lower Jordan. We swam across it to and fro, and then returned to the shore of the lake, where, under a tree, we enjoyed a luncheon, and then started on foot for *Ain el Teen*, where the tents were to be pitched for the evening. The lake is often ruffled by sudden squalls and violent storms, so much so, that its navigation has been considered dangerous; the winds sweeping down the hollows of the surrounding mountains, break upon it with fury and convulse its waters. It took us three hours to reach our evening encampment on our way, and immediately

between two promontories, the last of which overlooks *Ain-el-teen*, are found some ruins, called by the natives, *Tell Hoom*; these ruins consist of ancient foundations, and a few standing columns and walls. It is, evidently, the site of a town; and almost all writers agree in the fact, that it is the remains of the ill-fated Capernaum. Its situation, name, and present remains, all go to confirm it as that once splendid city. Robinson argues, that Capernaum must have stood at our evening's encampment; namely, at *Ain-el-teen*. His argument is worthy of notice; and the curious will find profit in reading it. I, however, am not aware that there are any remains, or even a gathering of stones sufficient to warrant the idea that Capernaum was situated there.

One or two arguments which Robinson adduces in favour of *Ain-el-Teen*, that it is the site of Capernaum, may with as much propriety, and perhaps more force be applied to the ruins of *Tell Hoom*. I have already said, that the ruins at *Tell Hoom* are evidently the site of a town. This is beyond doubt. Now then for the argument which Robinson adduces, which he says, "*strengthened*" his conclusion, that "*Ain-el-Teen* is the fountain mentioned by Josephus as Capernaum." He says, "that in a skirmish near the Jordan, where it enters the lake of Tiberias, his horse (that is, of Josephus, of whom this incident is related) sank and fell in the marshy ground; by which accident, his wrist being dislocated he was carried to the village of Kepharnome, and thence the next night to Tarichæ, at the south end of the lake." If Robinson's conclusion is worth anything, it would go more in favour of *Tell Hoom*, as being nearer to the place where the accident occurred, and where Josephus was more likely to obtain the medical

aid he required. If Capernaum lay at Ain-el-Teen, what then are those remains on the other side of the promontory? Surely they could not be the site of Chorazim; for St. Jerome tells us that it was on a hill two miles north of the lake, whilst these ruins occupy a tract of land on the lake-shore; and seemingly from the extent of ground over which they are scattered, it was no mean town. Could it be supposed, therefore, that Josephus, in his disabled condition, would go farther than this city for his first day's ride, which is at a distance of two hours from the Jordan? I am led to infer from Robinson's own conclusion, that the city of Capernaum, which was once a great city, must have been the first important one after leaving the Jordan; but if this is not Capernaum, here are the remains of another seemingly important city—what can it be? Will Robinson tell us?

Robinson again adduces another argument which also *strengthened* his conclusion, that Tell Hoom is not the site of Capernaum, and left him more disposed to rest in the conclusion that Ain-el-Teen is the site of that place. He says, that Arculfus, who at the close of the seventh century proceeded northwards along the lake, and then ascended the mountain to the reputed place of feeding the five thousand, whence he saw Capernaum without visiting it, thus describes it. "He (Arculfus) describes the town as without walls, stretching along the shore from west to east in a somewhat narrow tract between the mountain and the lake, having the mountain on the north, and the lake on the south." "This description," says Dr. Robinson, "applies well enough to Khan Minyeh, and to no other place along the lake." On the contrary, this description exactly suits Tell Hoom far more than it does Khan Minyeh. Dr. Robinson further

adds, that "no other spot is thus shut in by a mountain on the north." This is not so; and the learned doctor prejudiced in favour of his idea, is somewhat mistaken on this point, for the hill which is called Beer Kerrazé is immediately north of the ruins, and completely shuts them to the north.

Having located Capernaum, it would not be a hard task to find the site of Chorazim. St. Jerome tells us, that it was about two miles north of the lake on a hill. This description would at once answer for the ridge already mentioned. It is still called by the natives Beer Kerrazé. The well of Kerrazé contains the remains of an ancient well, and a heap of blackened stones sufficient to warrant us in believing that a town once existed there.

The locality of Bethsaida I deem the most difficult task on the canvas; this difficulty has arisen not so much from an ambiguity with which it is clothed, as from the assumptions of various writers. Till the days of Reland, it seems that there was only one Bethsaida known, which, (as also the site of the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes), was located by early commentators on the western border of the lake. That these two places were near to each other we can readily infer from Luke x. 10, where it is said, that the "desert place" to which our Saviour took his disciples privately, belonged "to a city called Bethsaida."

In order, therefore, to locate this city we have to find out first, *where* occurred the miracle referred to. I have already mentioned that before the days of Reland, it was always supposed to have taken place on the western border, but since the days of that writer, who discovers for the first time a Bethsaida on the north-eastern border

of the lake, various writers, among whom is Professor Robinson, have *assumed* its site to be on the eastern border; and in order to reconcile their statement with the Scripture narrative have made out two Bethsaidas; one of the miracle, which they place on the eastern border; and one of Galilee, to which Philip, Andrew, and Peter belonged, and which they locate on the western border. Pococke finds it at Irbid; Seetzen at Khan Minyeh; Nau at Mejdcl; and others at Tabigah—all on the western portion of the lake.

Now, without assuming that the site of the miracle referred to, was on the eastern, or western border, of the lake, I want to prove that it could have been on the western, as well as the eastern border, and that the Scripture narrative does not give any objections to its being there; and I want further to show, that it was more likely that it occurred on the western than on the eastern side of the lake.

In the first place, I doubt the existence of *two* Bethsaidas; in connection with the Scripture narrative of the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves and fishes. I rather regard them as one place, nor does the Scripture narrative afford us any other conclusion. Whether we regard the *Sayada* I have referred to, on the table-land above Tiberias, or the sites found by Pococke, Seetzen, and others, as that lost city, would not alter the circumstances of the case: both could have comprised in their lands the present site of the miracle, which tradition places at *Hajar-el-Nasara*, an hour and a quarter north-west of Tiberias, just as now, all the lands above Tiberias, and not half an hour distant from it, are called "*Ard Loobee*," the Land of Loobee, and not "*Ard Tabaria*," the Land of Tiberias, though

Loobeca is three times as distant from that land as Tiberias.

Now I don't wish to assume that the miracle occurred at Hajar-el-Nasara, but I want to show that it could have occurred *there* as well as not,—my impression is, that it occurred in its vicinity. But this is not the question at present. We must first find out whether the miracle occurred on the eastern or western border of the lake; and in this I will follow the Scripture narrative.

Jesus was in the country of the Gadarenes (Mark v. 1); He then comes to His own country (Mark vi. 1). This we are told by some commentators to be Nazareth; by others, Capernaum. I am inclined to think it was the latter, from the fact that it was on the lake-coast, and our Saviour, it is said, departed to a desert place in a ship (Mark vi. 32). Thus leaving us no doubt of its being on the sea-coast. We hear of no movements of His after coming to His country. Consequently I see no objection in the way of adopting Capernaum as the city, whence He started by ship to go to a desert place. He goes with His disciples in a ship;—it is not said how far. Was it not likely that they coasted on the north side where Capernaum lay, and landing on the western side, ascended the hill, which would at once bring them to the table-land above Tiberias, where the present tradition, as also all commentaries previous to Reland say the miracle occurred.

This argument is further strengthened. We are told (Mark vi. 33) that the people saw Him, and running "*afoot*, outwent Him." Now this could hardly be the case, if they had to go right round the lake; in that case, a ship going by a straight course might outstrip them. But perhaps here the objection will be raised,

that they may have had adverse winds. I do not think it likely that our Saviour would at that moment seek a spot disadvantageously situated. He was not going to any particular place; all it seems He wanted, was to go to a desert place where He could be private. I do not, therefore, suppose that our Saviour had any choice, so long as the spot was at hand where He would not be disturbed. If we assume that Hajar-el-Nasara, the present traditionary site of the miracle, or its vicinity, as the spot where the miracle occurred, I can see no difficulty in the way; for people going from Capernaum, Chorazim, etc., will surely, or at least in all probability, outgo those who have to embark and debark, and then ascend a hill. I know that this argument will answer just as well for the north-eastern border as for the north-western; but the reader will observe that I have not assumed any of these localities for the site of the miracle, I want to show that it could have occurred in the western as well as in the eastern border, and this I want the reader to bear in mind.

So far I have tried to show *equal* weight to both those localities: now I will try and prove, that it is more likely to have occurred in the western than in the eastern border. We know from the Scripture narrative, *that there was a Bethsaida in Galilee*. Taking this for our starting ground, we have so much advantage for the western border. As soon as the miracle was over, our Saviour tells His disciples (Mark vi. 45) to depart in a ship “*before into Bethsaida.*” This I do not apprehend mean that He meant them to precede Him to Bethsaida, as *they did not go to Bethsaida*, as the sequel will show. He wanted them to go to a place over against Bethsaida, as some commentators have it. The word unto, *προς* in

the original, does not necessarily imply *to*, but if the reader will compare Acts ix. 5, he will find that it is rendered there, in the English text, "*against*." What strengthens this idea is, that *the disciples did not go to Bethsaida*: they crossed over (Mark vi. 53) by "the midst of the sea" (Mark vi. 47), and came into the land of Genesaret. Now according to the sacred narrative, this happens to be Capernaum, for unto Capernaum they went (John vi. 17)—not by stress of weather as some may apprehend; but, says the sacred writer, on receiving our Saviour into the ship, it was immediately *at the land whither they went, or whither it was their intention to go*. That the word "*toward*" in John vi. 17 might not be misconstrued for a place near Capernaum, read the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth verses of the same chapter, and it will be found that *it WAS Capernaum*, for the people on coming to the opposite side found Him there. Hence it will be clearly inferred that our Saviour's charge to His disciples to go "*before unto Bethsaida*," did not mean that they should go *to* Bethsaida, but as the circumstances show, *over against it*.

I am so far satisfied, that there was only one Bethsaida in this connection, and that Bethsaida was a city of Galilee, on the western border of the lake. I cannot make out any other.

Now, therefore, for the site of this Bethsaida; I have already said, that a Bedouin pointed out to me a *rijmé*, which signifies a "collection of stones," or "the remains of a place," one hour and a half distant west of the city of Tiberias, which he called "Sayada." I am not sure that this is Bethsaida; but I apprehend it could not have been far from it. It is between it and the lake that we must look for the lost Bethsaida. In that case it

would place Capernaum obliquely *over against it*, bearing from it in a north-easterly direction; and as Capernaum was the most prominent city on the coast of Galilee, and as it has been called the Saviour's city, there is nothing unlikely in the fact, seeing *that they did go there*, that He sent the disciples to Capernaum, whilst He dispersed the crowd, and went up to a mountain to pray. It was this which led me to think, that the table-land above Tiberias was the most suitable place for the site of Bethsaida. In regard to its being too far from the lake to be the city of Philip, Andrew, and Peter, who were fishermen; I do not see the necessary reason why that should be immediately on the sea shore. We are nowhere told that Bethsaida was on the coast, that I know of. It is sufficiently near for that purpose, as is the case with many villages on the borders of the Mediterranean, whose inhabitants are fishermen, but who are not so near to the sea by an hour or two.

In regard to the Bethsaida which some of the Christian population of Tiberias told me was on a promontory to the south-east side of the lake, I could learn nothing definite. Many that I asked knew nothing about it, and even those who told me of its existence, did not know where to locate it; some said that it was a *rijmé* on the shoulder of the cliff, and others on the coast; and others told me it was in the gorge beyond. If any ruin exist there, I apprehend it must be of some other place. I intended to have gone to it, but the absence of the boat to-day prevented me from doing so.

We now return to Tiberias. I was out of bed very early, long before Hayem had dreamt of opening his eyes. The first thing I did was to run over ruined

houses, and heaps of rubbish, to the wall on the southern side, over which I made my way, and had a glorious bath in that lake, whose waters were often honoured by the presence of our Saviour. O it was delicious after contending a night with fleas! I swam to some distance, then came to the shore again; and then, as if regretting to leave the water, I put forth once more. The shore, which is composed of pebbles, slopes down immediately, and the traveller is soon out of his depth. I drank a great deal of the water, and found it pleasant. Returning to the town, I went to the Latin convent, but it was silent, and I could not get it opened. Here the Latins have built a chapel over the spot where it was said Peter, by the advice of our Saviour, let down his net, and which resulted in the miraculous draught of fishes, recorded in Luke v. 1—10.

By this time the place began to be astir; and I was disgusted with the filth which presented itself to my sight as I passed from door to door. Here the Jews revel to their heart's content in dirt. It is beyond my power, and certainly my desire, to describe that morning's scene; it is sufficient for me to say, that I was glad to get out of the town, even without my breakfast! Who could eat after such a sight?

On again going out of the town, I passed by the Mutsellim's house, and finding him up, I walked in, and gave him the letter of introduction which the Pasha of Acre gave me. He read it, placed it on his head, and invited me to sit down and take a cup of coffee and a pipe with him. As I wanted to speak to him about a guard, for Hassan's district was here finished, and he had to go back, I accepted his invitation, and walked in. I found him a pleasant and agreeable young man of, I

should suppose, thirty years of age. He had a small black beard, a fine moustache, and a piercing eye. After the usual Oriental compliments, I asked him about a guard, and he at once furnished me one to accompany me as far as Nazareth. Meanwhile, he would send his son with me, a little fellow of about ten years of age; and also one of his men to show me the warm baths, south of the town. I understood from him, that the number of inhabitants here was about two thousand five hundred, mostly composed of Jews: there were about thirty Christian families in the place. It is altogether in ruins, the effects of the earthquake of 1837, which told so fearfully on a great portion of Syria, but on no place worse than Tiberias or Safed. The condition of these two places is precisely alike; the houses swarm with dirty Jews, and the streets are really unapproachable on account of the odour which the dens, a miserable apology for houses, emit. Safed is, however, built on a hill, something like two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, whereas Tiberias is built on the slope of a narrow plain, over which tower high and perpendicular ridges, and is eighty-four feet below the level of the sea. What, therefore, between the bad smell and the heat in summer, I should think Tiberias a most unhealthy place. Both Safed and Tiberias belong to the four sacred places of the Talmud. If these are their sacred cities, I wonder how dirty will be their profane ones? Could the thing be described at all decently, I should have no objection to relate the condition of the Jews in these places; but their dirt and filth are beyond all conception, and no description, however high coloured it may seem to the reader, can reach it.

The earthquake which caused the devastation which

the tourist now sees around him, occurred at five o'clock of the afternoon of Sunday the 1st of January, 1837. Mr. Calman, of the Jerusalem Mission, who was then travelling in Syria, says that it was very violent. He has written a touching account of it, which is found in the missionary records of the day. He writes—"At nearly all the places which we have passed, and where the earthquake was felt, nothing has been left behind but destruction, desolation, and human misery. The few who have survived this dreadful overthrow are struck with consternation, which makes them appear more like so many lunatics than men of sound reason, brooding over the fragments of their habitation and bemoaning their relatives who were lying under the ruins. The first question put to us everywhere was, 'If the day of judgment had not already begun?'" Mr. Calman tells us, that the well-built village of Gish, situated near Safed, was totally destroyed; and out of two hundred and fifty inhabitants only fifteen escaped. Of them about fifty were assembled in a church for evening prayers, but none of them escaped, save the priest, who was protected by the arch of the altar. In Safed, five thousand and twenty-five, out of a population of nearly eleven thousand, got buried under the ruins. In Tiberias no less than seven hundred and seventy-five were killed besides the wounded. No wonder the people thought the judgment day had begun. The motion of the earthquake was said to have been felt perpendicular and not horizontal, "so that it shook every stone from the foundation out of its place." The noise which attended the shock was very great. "On the north side of Tiberias numberless hot springs burst out during the earthquake, and continued for a short time discharging torrents of

hot mineral water, which made the lake swell to an unusual height. Beyond Jordan, in the district of Bashan, volleys of fire were shot out of the ground to such a height, that those who saw it in its descent were led to believe that it came down from heaven." But the most singular part of the earthquake is, that whilst some places were completely destroyed by it, others in their vicinity were not even slightly affected. Mr. Calman mentioned in his copious details three or four instances of the kind. He says, "While Gish was completely destroyed, a village close to it was not at all injured, nor did its inhabitants feel the shock. While the city walls and towers of Tiberias could not withstand it, the mineral baths, about one mile to the south, and which, especially the new one, are comparatively slight buildings suffered no injury. Lubia, Stedsherah, and Rammah, villages situated near each other, about two hours north-west of Tiberias, were all completely overthrown; while at Cana of Galilee (Kefr Kenna), only half an hour distant from some of these, the motion was not felt. Rainé, about one hour's distance from Nazareth, was completely destroyed; whilst Nazareth itself suffered comparatively little." But we cannot follow the details of Mr. Calman's letter, and the reader is referred to it for more information. Enough devastation, however, remains to confirm all the statements of that gentleman. I would only remark, that Safed, on account of its high situation suffered, if not the most, yet far more than many other places.

The history of Tiberias is brief. It has always been held by the Jews with great veneration; and, as has already been mentioned, it is one of their four sacred cities. After Jerusalem was destroyed, Tiberias submitted to the Romans. In 1110 it was taken by the

Christians under Godfrey, but six years afterwards it was retaken by the Saracens. At the present moment, a new mission has been opened there under the auspices of the London Jewish Missionary Society. I met the missionary going there, as I was crossing the plains of Esdraelon a few days afterwards, on my way to Jerusalem. I am not aware that any mission now exists at Safed, though I know that that station had been occupied for several years. These missions, which are branches of the Jerusalem bishopric, have for their object the evangelization of the Jews.

Leaving the town, I proceeded in a southerly direction towards the warm baths, which are situated on the lake coast, a little better than a mile out of the city. The walk thither is a pleasant one, skirting the shore. Ruins are to be met with all over this tract. I saw sundry tombs in the ridges above. We reached the baths in about twenty minutes after leaving the town. These baths, of which we found two, are a little elevated above the shore of the lake. The spring is under a domed building, near the oldest, which is the southernmost bath. I entered the first one, which was erected by Ibrahim Pasha, the late Viceroy of Egypt. It was surrounded by small rooms, for the convenience of bathers, whilst in the centre was a large basin, which acted as a reservoir for the water, which came pouring down into it, hissing hot, from the mouths of two or four (I forget which) lions cut in stone. The other one is an older building, and going to decay. These baths are much frequented by the sick; especially in the month of July. The springs contain sulphur, salt, and iron; and are resorted to for medicinal purposes.

I left them, and sought the shore of the lake; and at

the spot where, in the year 1843, we encamped, I sat me down to gaze on the lake. Down came the drapery of mountains, on every side; and we seemed to be in a deep pit. The river Jordan could be seen entering it at its north-eastern extremity. To the east and west, ridges of whitish rock came boldly and perpendicularly down to the water. Hoary Hermon appeared, topping the north-eastern hills; a gap or two broke the ridge to the eastern side, which added romance to the picture. Immediately where the town of Tiberias is situated the mountains recede and leave a narrow plain, but afterwards rise up steeply to the level of the table-land above.

I remained here enjoying the scene; my mind, in the interval, was picturing the lake dotted with ships sailing on its bosom. At present there is only one boat on its waters. As I rose up to go, a squall came, breaking the water from the south. My guide told me that he had often seen it worse than the Mediterranean; its waves curling and dashing fearfully. I did not perceive this time, the current of the Jordan dividing the lake, though I have seen it on other occasions.

The morning was fast advancing, and I had made up my mind to leave this day for Nazareth. I now rose up and retraced my steps to the town. On arriving at my hotel, I found the guard already there; so, ordering breakfast, I packed my things; and, while Khalil was loading the baggage, I ate a mouthful of something. If ever I go again to Tiberias I will take a tent with me.

At eleven o'clock, precisely, we were outside the walls of the city. I told the guard that I wanted to go by Hajar-el-Nasara. Instead, therefore, of taking the path up to the table-land by which we descended last night, our road now lay much to the right of that, and,

consequently, was not so steep. We, however, soon got to the table-land; and, in a little better than an hour, we reached a number of large blocks of stones gathered together; all around, was one complete carpet of green grass. This is the site of the miracle of the multiplication of the loaves. I attach no weight to the tradition that these stones are those on which the disciples sat; though I believe that the miracle must have occurred somewhere about here.

It will be noticed, that this site is not on any high road. The present one, from Tiberias, is made on purpose for it. The locality is good; and I can conceive of no better site for such a miracle. Here the ground gradually slopes down, and is densely covered with grass; a person, therefore, standing on the table-land, where the blocks of stone are, can command a large audience easily, which he could not well do if the land was level. I do not pretend that this is the exact site, for there are other spots in this vicinity which resemble it, and which could as well do for it as not. The tradition, in regard to this site, has been handed down since the fourth or fifth century. Both Greeks and Latins unite in locating the miracle on this spot. Immediately south-west of it, and not more than half-an-hour's walk from it, is the *rijmé* of *Sayada*, to which I have already referred. To the north-west are the Tell and Kurun Hattin, which I was told, is regarded by the Latins as the Mount of Beatitudes, where our Saviour delivered the "Sermon on the Mount." This tradition has been held only since the thirteenth century, for it was then that mention was first made of it. The peak on which it is said the sermon was delivered is one of three peaks, or, rather, two peaks, which shoot off from the ridge called Tell Hattin, and it

is hence that they are called Kurun Hattin, or the Horns of Hattin.

Like the site of the miracle above-mentioned, there is nothing in the site of this mount to contradict the scripture narrative. The adjacent grounds are well adapted to the seating of a large congregation, hearing a discourse from the peak referred to. The difficulty with me, however, has been, that I do not believe that the exact spots where such and such a thing occurred should be known to us, lest they should become objects of idolatry; otherwise I see no reason why the Evangelists were not more explicit in giving us details of the sites, so that we may know them at once. In all the narratives of scripture-scenes, we have the geographical localities, but I see no description of the particular sites; and this is sufficient reason for me that they were not meant we should know them. Consequently I am inclined to attach no great credence to the legendary sites of such or such a scripture-scene; so that, without contradicting the site of the tradition, I do not feel at liberty to admit its validity. It may, or may not, be the exact site; other hills in the vicinity may do just as well; and in the absence of accurate scripture details on the precise sites, I think it presumptuous to pronounce in favour of one spot to the exclusion of others, which may hold equally as good claim to it.

But to the Christian traveller, methinks this land is enough invested with deep interest, when he thinks that these localities have been hallowed by the foot-prints of Emmanuel. Before his stretched gaze lies the lake of Tiberias, and the localities where Capernaum, Chorazim, and Bethsaida must have stood; around him are the fields, which doubtless our Saviour traversed when in the

flesh. Here, on a warm summer's day, He might have been seen, eighteen hundred years ago, wearily threading His way through fields of corn. Oh, this is sufficient interest, and I want no more. My eye sees enough to clothe my Saviour's earthly career with a life-like reality. In this I think the object is well attained; further than this, and idolatry may be the consequence; the stones and the fields would then be worshipped instead of the Supreme Being, who was the Creator thereof. It is one of the glorious dispensations of a Divine Providence, that the accurate descriptions of sites were not given us, that we may not be tempted to make more of the creature than of the Creator. Earthly potentates erect for themselves monuments, by which to be remembered in after-days; but the sacred writers have left no *such* monuments for us; on the contrary, we are expressly told that *His Kingdom is not of this earth*; the reality is in heaven. Instead of directing our sympathy to fields and stones, our affections are directed *above*. "Set your affections on things above," said the eloquent apostle of the Gentiles. The traveller, however, cannot help feeling interested and excited, as he threads his way through scenes of such deep interest; and far from me be the wish to deduct from that natural pleasing strain of feeling. I myself confess to it, and acknowledge no pleasure so great as the thrilling interest which always filled me as I journeyed in the Holy Land. Every stone, every pebble, and every stream are associated to my mind with sacred interest.

Leaving Hajar-el-Nasara, we now again passed the battle-field of Hattin, and left Loobeca to our left. We were now again on our yesterday's road; but here, instead of continuing in it, we left Turâan to our right, and

struck diagonally along the base of sundry ridges towards *Kefr Kenna*. This is the plain of El Battauf, mentioned by Robinson. Like all the adjacent grounds, it is very fertile, and was now waving in one green ocean splendour.

At a quarter past two, we reached the village of Kefr Kenna, and passing through the miserable houses, we made our way to the beautiful spring on the other side of it. Here under a grove of olive-trees we stopped to luncheon. This has been long supposed to be the site of Cana of Galilee. Professor Robinson, however, discards this idea; and by a train of arguments, he says, that he feels himself authorized to consider a ruin pointed, to him by a Greek Christian of Nazareth, whom he calls his "kind friend, Abu Nasir," about three hours distant at half-cast from Nazareth, and called *by him* "Kana el-Jelil," to be the identical Cana of Galilee, where our Saviour wrought His first miracle by turning the water, which had been put into water-pots, into wine; and of which Nathanael was a native. Dr. Robinson, forgetting the distance, which makes his ruins more than three hours' ride from Nazareth, consequently more than six miles from that place, which, according to early writers, was the distance of Cana of Galilee from Nazareth, and nearly sixteen miles from Tiberias, he argues that the name Cana-el-Jelil is a sufficient evidence for him that it is the identical site of Cana of Galilee. He assumes that the various descriptions of early writers, among whom he mentions Seawulf, confirm Kana-el-Jelil as the site of Cana, and forgets that their descriptions will equally, and with more strength do for Kefr Kenna. Now his Kana-el-Jelil must at least be ten miles from Nazareth, whilst Seawulf, whose opinion he regards,

"describes Cana as nearly six miles north of Nazareth." This, I think, agrees better with the site of Kefr Kenna than Kana-el-Jalil; the latter being upwards of three hours' distance from Nazareth, whilst the former is only about an hour and a half.

As for the name, I really think Kefr Kenna is far more natural: the other seems to have the appearance of being dubbed over. The situation of Kefr Kenna, which means *the village of Kenna*, near enough to the original to leave it perfectly natural, is also in accordance with early writers; it is situated on the slope of a hill north-east of Nazareth, having before it the rich plain of El Battauf, and lying on the high road between Nazareth and Tiberias, and Nazareth and Capernaum. Fields of corn, and groves of olives, surround it on every side. A beautiful fountain is near to it, whose waters are *very* good. It is evidently, if not the site of Cana of Galilee, the remains of some ancient overthrown city, otherwise whence came the abundance of stones scattered all over the place! We do not find this to be the case with modern villages. Besides the distance of Kefr Kenna from Tiberias, which we are told is sixteen miles; from Capernaum twenty-three miles, and from Nazareth six miles, decidedly go to confirm it as the site of Cana of Galilee, which it does not of Dr. Robinson's Kana-el-Jelil. All things considered, I think that Kefr Kenna has more claims to be the Cana of Galilee than Kana-el-Jelil.

At the spring where I lunched, there is an ancient piece of masonry, very much resembling a sarcophagus, but which was evidently intended as a trough for cattle: it is still used for that purpose. There are here the ruins of a Greek church, where sundry stone vessels, hollowed in the centre, are placed by the walls. This is said to be

the house where the marriage took place. In this, of course, I place no faith; and the hollowed stones, which resemble the *jurns* at the baths, have no appearance of being once used to carry water with. I apprehend the jars mentioned in the scene of the miracle are the same sort of stone jars now in use in the country.

Leaving Kefr Kenna, we now ascended a ridge; the village El Mesh'had was visible on our right, close by. In this village I was told is the tomb of the prophet Jonah. Robinson is inclined to think it the Geth of Jerome and the Geth-hepher, mentioned in 2 Kings, xiv. 25. It is a small Moslem village. Half an hour afterwards, we passed the small Christian village of Er-Rainé, where we saw a beautiful well of water, vaulted over, and descended to by steps. A young damsel went down to the fountain as I passed; and to show me that she was a Christian, made the sign of the cross. It was simply and beautifully done; and I stopped to speak with her, as also drink, which she kindly fetched me from the well beneath. The village is well situated, overlooking endless groves of olive-trees and several fields of wheat.

One more descent, one more ascent, and we are on the ridge overlooking Nazareth. Tabor rose in the distance; but oh the feeling of excitement, as the traveller gets the first view of Nazareth, which has given the name of a Christian to the world, and where the Saviour of mankind spent his boyhood! I leave the reader to conceive my feelings.

We descended this last ridge, passed by the fountain of the Virgin, near which I encamped on previous occasions, and finally stopped at the gate of the Casa Nova, a new building erected by the monks for hospitable

purposes. It was, indeed, a joy to be in it, to lounge once more on clean sofas, to sleep in flealess beds, and to have the comforts of a European hotel. O anything is good after Tiberias; but this is delightful! I hope that all those who enjoy its hospitality pay handsomely for its comforts, in order to have it kept up to befriend the weary pilgrim after his day's toil. I stayed in it the full term of three days, and well did I enjoy them, as also all the civilities of the attending brother, Fra Luigi.

CHAPTER XIV.

NAZARETH.

The Convent — History of the Roman Catholic Church in the East—Jealousy of France and Russia—Fatal Results to Turkey—Suggestions to England.

THE reception of the weary pilgrim at the Casa Nuova is certainly most hospitable; and the first impression of the traveller, as he enters the premises, be he of whatever creed he may, for none are excluded, are delight and gratitude at finding such a home after the toils of a journey in Syria—where the fatigue of riding a whole day on horseback, scorched by a blazing summer's sun, or drenched to the skin by a driving winter's shower, are compensated by a comfortable domicile, possessing almost all the comforts of a European hotel, where the fleas of the past night, which have feasted upon you as if you were *pain à discretion* (if I were to be allowed to quote the words of Eothen), are forgotten in a clean bed, amid the snowy sheets of which it was delightful “to dally with sleep, and to wake, and to sleep, and to wake once more for the sake of sleeping again!” and where the sick traveller not only finds the medical aid his ailments require, but is nursed with care; and, if breathing his last there, is buried decently, and with respect.

Here, in these pages, without the slightest hope that these lines will ever fall under their eyes, I beg to tender

the good and jovial friars, whose *vin d'oro* and their hearty laugh, no less than their jolly faces, I shall ever remember, my cordial gratitude for the hospitalities I received from them here and elsewhere. There is my friend Fra Luigi, of whom I am inclined to use the words of the author of the Ingoldsby legends—

“What squire, or knight of the shire,
Is half so good as a barefooted friar!”

His face is all hospitality, and as his kind gaze is fixed upon you, from eyes “flashing with joyous bonfire,” for the society you afford him to vary the monotony of his life, you feel as if you scarcely need to open your mouth, for he seems to know your wants by instinct. Look in his jolly face, and you think you read there, “Be easy; I know what you want, and if I do not make you comfortable, and once more again yourself in less than two hours, I give you leave to forget me.” He has hardly ushered you into the sitting-room, and seen you reclining on the divan at full length, when he is off, and in less time than it would take you to count a hundred he is back with you, and you enjoy a tumbler full of lemonade with which he presents you. Away, again he goes, and this time comes back with a cup of coffee, which he places before you; this done, a bottle of the golden wine of Lebanon is placed at your disposal. Oh good Fra Luigi! You essay to thank him; but he answers you kindly, and, with an inimitable blink of the eye, he bids you “drink more, and be of good cheer.”

Your bed-room is ready; you enter there; and, O shades of Coleman and Macgregor! you find the comforts of the Astor House of New York, or the Queen’s Hotel of Glasgow, flourishing under the clime of conventual life—you bathe your throbbing temple—you cool your

inflamed eyes—you wash yourself—you rub yourself with ecstasy unimaginable. Never in your wildest dreams did a wash appear to you half so glorious, or produced such refreshing effects. You do not seem to be weary of dipping your face in the clear water before you; you stop for breath, and again go at it; then comes the crowning point—the luxury of clean linen; and then are you not another man? You feel yourself once more above the common herd of mankind.

But you have forgotten yourself. In that delightful wash, time has passed quickly away; and you are astonished to hear Fra Luigi's silvery voice, admonishing you that your dinner will get cold if you do not make haste. You hurry on your clothes, you brush your hair, and follow him to the sitting-room, which serves both the purposes of parlour and dining-room. The dinner is good, and the *cuisine* unexceptionable; and the programme runs thus: macaroni soup, boiled meat, roast meat, cheese, and an abundance of fresh and dried fruits. Wine *à discretion*, and coffee, ends the repast. Fra Luigi waits upon you; he is chatty, and talks with you on everything but religion; he presses you to eat more, and drink more, and make yourself comfortable.

You are satisfied; the table-cloth is taken off, and a fresh bottle of wine is placed on the table for your occasional use. And now Fra Luigi leaves you to look over the register, the leaves of which you are supposed, if not expected, to perfume with your fragrant Lattakia: and O what a register! As Fra Luigi hands it over to you, you expect to see nothing but dry matter in the shape of visitors' names. You were never so mistaken in your life-time. I know not what the present new one may contain, as the register of my day was nearly well filled

up; but it is of that I speak: never did I see such a register in my life-time. It was a conglomeration of things as funny as they were varied. Here were names of travellers without number, many of whom I knew. One the name of a dear friend in Kentucky, U.S.; another, the name of one who lives on the banks of the Clyde, in Scotland. Here were a couple of names I knew in the city of "Brotherly Love," and another now residing in London. Names of clergy and laity of many denominations were interspersed in this register. They came from South America, from North America, from Europe, Africa, Asia, and the isles of the sea. O this register was interesting!

But it was also funny. Not only did it contain the names of the travellers, but a chronicle of their movements and adventures; where they came from, where they were bound to, what interesting sights they had seen, and what enjoyments they had experienced. One was robbed near Djenin, and tells his story with feeling and pathos; another gives us an account of the Christmas he spent at the convent. One is full of pious feelings, and seems thrilled at every step he takes in the Holy Land; another delights in bad weather, since it secures to him his good quarters for a few days longer, and regrets his departure. One warns his fellow-travellers against engaging such a dragoman, and another against putting up at such an hotel. One traveller advises those who follow in his steps not to fail making such and such a tour, and another tells them to be sure to do such and such a thing. One Roman Catholic (from Australia, I believe) is indignant at Protestants stopping there, and asks them why they do not go and encamp in the village? A score of Protestants and more take him

up severely, and assure him that of all schismatics they pay the handsomest.

But the most amusing parts of the book, if one part could be said to be more amusing than another, are the strictures of the travellers upon each other, as also upon the attending brothers. A sense of gratification runs through the whole book, expressed in prose, in rhyme, and in as many different ways as the humours of the writers were varied. For two hours and more I pored over this register, laughing away at a furious rate, and for the time I had actually forgotten the weary ride of to-day, and the preceding sleepless night; and it was not till Fra Luigi bade me good night that I essayed to look at the time, and, lo, it was after ten o'clock. One more tumbler of wine, one more pipe, and I sought my pillow.

The hospitality of these institutions is proverbial, and travellers of all denominations have enjoyed the entertainment, which is gratuitous on the part of the convent; but those who go there, not as pilgrims, generally pay something, though it is in no case asked for. I paid the same as if I were putting up at an hotel, which is something like thirty piastres a day, or a little more than a dollar: when my stay exceeded a week, as it did in the convent at Jerusalem, I paid at the rate of a dollar a day. This will be found ample, and will be gratefully received; not, however, as I was assured by the monks, as a compensation for what I received, but as a donation from me, to be given as charity to such poor people as the "padre superiore" may think proper.

One of the most essential elements to the keeping up of these convents, I thought, was hospitality. Rome is peculiarly happy in that line; not only does she show forth her charity to the world, and hears her praises

from penniless pilgrims, the recipients of her charity, but she thus gives a diversion to the monotony of conventual life; the attending brother is not always the same, but one after another is permitted to act the part of head steward; and thus the poor monk finds some zest in a life which otherwise would be worse than dreary—immured within castellated walls, dead to himself and dead to the world.

I would here except the “padre superiore” and the “padre missionario,” both of whom are continually engaged in active life, the one acting as supreme governor of the establishment, moving always in a lordly manner, and surrounding himself as if it were with a kind of “court.” Glorious glib-tongued Eothen! he describes him well; he says of him, and his words are exactly what I would use if I had his gift of expressing myself: “There were no lords of the bed-chamber, and no gold sticks and stones in waiting, yet everybody who approached him looked as though he were being ‘presented.’ [Exactly what I felt when Fra Luigi took me to call upon him next morning]. Every interview which he granted, wore the air of an ‘audience;’ the brethren, as often as they came near, bowed low and kissed his hand; and if he went out, the Catholics of the place hovering about the convent, would crowd around him with devout affection, and almost scramble for the blessing which his touch could give. He bore his honours all serenely, as though calmly conscious of his power to ‘bind and to loose.’” The “padre missionario” is differently, but not less actively, engaged—rather more if anything—he is to be seen among the pilgrims receiving their confessions and donations, visiting the sick and weary, and praying by the side of the dead corpse.

Here, as in Carmel, the accommodations are good and the table excellent. A medical brother is generally connected with each of these convents; indeed Rome has left out nothing that worldly charity can suggest. Travellers, generally speaking, when in towns where there are hotels or consular agents, do not go to the convents, and, hence, in the towns, unless in the case of Jerusalem, where many poor pilgrims are to be met with annually, the convents suffice for all the claims of hospitality; but in such places as Mount Carmel, Nazareth, and Jerusalem, the convents have an extra building outside of the castellated walls for the accommodation of travellers, and which is called the "Casa Nuova." With the exception of the convent at Jerusalem, hospitality is limited in all the Latin convents of Syria to three days, unless circumstances beyond human control, such as the illness of the traveller, bad weather, or inability to procure animals prevent his departure. At the convent in Jerusalem, thirty days' hospitality is afforded.

But Rome, under the cover of hospitality, serves another purpose of far more import to her than the former. Until these convents were erected, there were few, if any, Roman Catholics in Syria. The Maronites and Greek Catholics, though they acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, can scarcely be called Roman Catholics; indeed, in their creed and ritual, they differ essentially from the Church of Rome. But the Roman pontiff, unwilling to lose his hold of them, accepts them as they are, and has a legate continually residing in Syria, whilst every now and then a cardinal is sent out there "on a mission," as they term it, but what that *mission* is no one can tell, unless it is to keep up the imposing spectacle, and if not increase, at any rate

prevent any slackening of the allegiance to the Roman pontiff.

These cardinals come to Syria in great pomp, and are received on the threshold of the country by the French and other Roman Catholic consuls: hordes of priests and monks from all parts of the land, hasten to swell the train of the "illustrious Monsignore." He travels in state, visiting the various convents; wherever he goes he is received with a flourish exceeding that of trumpets; the petty native consular agents go out to meet him as he enters each town; his arrival is previously announced, and hundreds of Roman Catholics and others, who go out from curiosity, assemble near the gate of the city to see him enter in.

He enters—not in the spirit of his Heavenly Master, who was meek and lowly, but in the spirit of the pontiff whom he professes to serve. A score or more of the Janissaries of the various consulates, with their silver-headed canes, ride in advance, in pairs; then comes the cardinal, with a host of consuls and bishops, all of whom reverentially bow to him. Next to them comes an endless train of priests and monks; and, following these, come the servants. To see him thus enter in amid the hundreds, if not thousands, who line the hedges in order to see his entry, one ignorant of his position would be led to suppose, that he was some Richard Cœur de Lion making his triumphal entry into a vanquished city: indeed so pompous was the entry of one of those emissaries of the pope into the city of Aleppo, in the year 1850, that it excited the jealousy of the Mahomedans, who became frantic at such a Christian display in the heart of their country, and it resulted in a riot. Christian churches were ransacked and burned; Christian property

was plundered; Christian females were dishonoured; and Christian life was at a very low premium. Many Christians were massacred, and a greater number were wounded; and all this the result of the pompous entry of that Romish prelate. And at whose door shall the miseries, still fresh, which resulted from the Aleppo massacre, as it was called—people, once wealthy now impoverished; the child now an orphan; the dishonoured wife; the ravished daughter, or the dying man—be laid? I am no apologist for Mahomedan fanaticism; but at the same time, I cannot forget that Rome is responsible for all that mischief.

But why all this parade? Simply to instil into the hearts of the people an idea of her grandeur, and to give them the strongest motives to respect her power. This is the way Rome does, and the trick succeeds; the people are struck with her imposing titles, robes and cavalcades: they bow their necks, and the Roman yoke is fastened on them. Henceforward, though once hating to be called Roman Catholics, yet, dazzled by all this pomp and parade, they gladly find out, that their allegiance to the pope gives them a share in these proceedings, and they go home more impressed with Rome, and every day finds them nearer to its church; so that at last they think their church is one with Rome; and they no longer attend on the Maronite or Greek Roman Catholic ritual, but repair to the Latin convent, preferring to attend mass there, as in England the people attend the most fashionable church, or run after a popular preacher. It is thus that Rome has made her converts from the Maronite and the Greek Roman Catholic churches. They are not Roman Catholics; but Rome is willing to acknowledge them as such till

she breaks down their scruples — smooths the obstacles in their way, and makes them truly so; *then* there will be no longer a Maronite or a Greek Roman Catholic church, but all will have quietly *dreamt* themselves into the arms of Rome. O cunning Rome! Here she acts by stealth. If they were really Roman Catholics, what needs it for Rome to make all this display? It is because, whilst she would make them believe that they are one with her, she does not think so herself, and is therefore anxious to beguile them over to her creed.

The exertions of Rome to proselyte in the East is no new-born desire, but one of long standing. Long has she been watching her opportunity, and never failed to ingratiate herself whenever an occasion presented itself.

The Maronite Church, which owes its origin to a hermit in the fifth century, was, at the time of the crusades in the Holy Land, greatly divided. Rome seeing that, quietly ingratiated herself with the people. They saw her power and influence; and this, combined with their hatred of Mahomedanism, in which they had a common interest with Rome, prevailed upon one *Hanna Maroon*, one of their monks, to attempt to unite his church to that of Rome. Rome heard that, and was delighted. She made overtures to him; and the stratagem finally succeeded, only so far as it brought this sect under allegiance to the Roman pontiff. This step satisfied Rome; the rest she is doing by stealth and cunning devices; and, unless the Maronites are converted to Protestantism, they will, sooner or later, cease to exist as a sect, and will have become *bona fide* Roman Catholics.

This was Rome's first achievement in the East; her second great effort took place about two centuries ago, when she drew off a great number of the members of

the Greek Church to her allegiance, and who are now called Greek Roman Catholics. It was at a time when the election of one Karolus to the patriarchate of Antioch was not ratified by the head patriarch at Constantinople, on account of some doctrines held by him in contradiction to the tenets of the Greek Church, one of which was, that he asserted that the Holy Spirit proceeded from the Father and the Son; not from the Father only, as the Greek Church believes. Well, this, and other things of lesser import, brought on a dispute, which resulted in another being chosen for the vacant see.

Karolus had now made himself notorious, if not popular, and large numbers crowded around him. He was now in the position for forming a new sect, but what should it be? It was at this time that Rome sent him her emissaries. Up till now, Karolus and his followers were considered simply in the light of rebels to their true church, and that, sooner or later, they would come back and acknowledge their perversion, and make amends for their faults; but no sooner did the patriarch at Constantinople see what Rome was about, than he became uneasy. He wrote to Karolus, solemnly admonishing him not to heed the tempter's voice. Karolus seemed now in a strait: on the one hand was his venerable patriarch, for whom he still had a reverence, entreating him to return to the church; and on the other hand, Rome was trying, in arguments and promises, to induce him to place himself under the allegiance of the see of Peter. On the one hand, she showed him he was ejected from his church; and on the other hand, she placed before him the tempting advantages which his allegiance to the Church of Rome promised him. The stratagem succeeded; his ire was raised against his mother church,

his ambition was excited, and Karolus acknowledged the supremacy of the Roman pontiff, drawing with him a large number of the members of the Greek Church, who, after that, took the title of Greek Roman Catholics. In their liturgy, and many other points, they resemble more the Greek Church than the Roman Catholic; but Rome is daily gaining them over, as she is doing with the Maronites, viz., by making it appear as if there was no essential difference between them, and thus prevailing upon those members to worship in her churches. And it is to this end that such beautiful structures are rising up in Syria, under the titles of convents (one is now being built at Beit Jala), hospitals, colleges, and such like. I often wonder at the amount of money spent by the Propaganda in the erection of these buildings. Thousands upon thousands of pounds have been laid out; and to the query, Why Rome expends these sums, when buildings of lesser magnificence would serve her purpose just as well? the answer is, That parade and subtlety are her arguments in the East—without them she would lose her hold of the people. And it is pleasant for these poor natives to see such structures rising up in their midst; and it is a boast with them to say, that they are one with that Church which is erecting them. Rome notices that, and sees in it, sooner or later, the extinction of the Greek Roman Catholic and Maronite Churches. She is not so foolish as to excite their jealousy; but she lulls them to sleep. She becomes their fashionable church, and they fall into a snare well laid out. O Rome! Rome! Rome! The parents scruple not to send their children to her schools; and the result is, that even now the distinction of the sects is giving way, being merged into Roman Catholicism.

But Rome is doing something else; she has now got a footing in the East, and this footing she is determined to extend: but how? I have already said that the arguments of Rome are display and cunning; and the history of every convent proves it. Where a few years ago there were no Roman Catholics, we now find a fair share of the population belonging to that faith. Indeed, I know of nothing that has helped to put the Roman Catholic Church on the footing she now has more than these convents.

The Easterns, as a race, are sensitive to kindness; the presence, therefore, of the monks among them, going about speaking a kind word here, and doing a kind action there, relieving the poor, visiting the sick, establishing schools for children, and securing French protection to those who would join it, has had its due influence, especially when we add the beautiful structures rising up in their midst, which excite their admiration that *this is their church*, not only in confirming the Greek Roman Catholics, and the Maronites in their Roman Catholic propensities, and in coiling round them still stronger the chains of Rome, but also in making proselytes from the Greek Church. Towards this end she is labouring hard, and it is amusing to watch her efforts. She leaves no stone unturned, that she may get the supremacy in the East. And in this she has decidedly the advantage over the Greek Church.

Those proselytes from the Greek Church who are proof against the seeming kindness of the monks and pecuniary bribes, generally fall before the more tempting inducement of the promised protection, which France extends to all those who become Roman Catholics. And here it would be well to say, that France is considered the protector

of the Roman Catholics, as Russia is the acknowledged protector of the Greek Church. France is always before the people; her ships are there; her commerce is there, and the people see it; her influence is there, for she can make it tell by ordering a line of battle ships to the coast: this the people see. Not so with Russia; it is true they hear that she is a great power, but they hardly ever see her ships; she has no trade with them, and they see not her influence: the result is, that the people prefer French protection if they can get it; and this is at once extended to them if they become Roman Catholics.

But here we are on different ground—the religious touches the political, and in this instance breeds no end of evils, all of which are destructive to the powers that be. It drags in that infamous PROTECTION SYSTEM, which is nothing short of a *vital struggle between European Powers for POLITICAL INFLUENCE, at the Porte's cost, in its dominions.*

But what need the people of protection? They are Turkish subjects; and what want they of any more protection than the law of the country affords them? To those who know not the petty officers of the Turkish government, and are not cognizant of their extreme meanness and oppression, this may be an intelligible question, but the unequally-taxed peasant of Syria knows it; the Christian insulted by the Mahomedan knows it; and they are glad to accept the protection of a power which can redress their grievances or lighten their taxes, even at the expense of their faith. Now if Turkey was such a popular government, how is it that her Christian subjects are glad to put themselves under the protection of a foreign power? If her laws were so just, and satisfactorily carried out, there would be no occasion for the

people to flee from her and take refuge under the wings of another power. But the truth of the fact is, that, notwithstanding all the good intentions of the present Sultan and his cabinet, the benevolent views of the government fail of being carried out, because of the corruption of the pashas and governors, and other petty officers of the Turkish Empire, who, while they do not possess her enlightened policy, have, nevertheless, inherited her spirit of Islam, and her corruption of dealing.

It is herein that the influence of France and Russia appear. Turkey lays herself open to their attacks, because the laws which the Christian powers have forced her to adopt are not carried through, or perhaps the shame to have it known that her officers are corrupt keeps her silent: otherwise the query would be, What right has France and Russia to protect any of the Sultan's subjects? As well may France claim the protectorate over the Roman Catholics of England! I should like to know how John Bull would view such a measure! Yea, so corrupt are her officers, that the Turkish Government cannot place confidence in them. In a recent visit to Smyrna, I was asking an intelligent Armenian, how it was that Turkey lets out her custom-house and her lands. "Surely," said I, "she must be the loser; for no one would be such a fool as to purchase the Government revenues unless he made something by them." "To be sure," was the response, "and Turkey knows that: she would sooner lose a thousand pounds, perhaps one fifth of the revenue, than lose the whole. By letting out her revenues, she knows that she is sure to get so much; whereas if her officers collect her revenues, she is sure to get nothing at all, and perhaps they may bring her in for some liabilities." So much

for Turkey's faith in her own officers! It is the corruption of her officers and their inability to carry out the laws, even if they had the will to do so, which is often very questionable, that gives the foreign consuls a power to interfere in the internal administration of her territories. Hence it is that a consul in the East has so much power: he is looked up to as the head of a party.

And this leads me to notice another great fact in this connection, that Russia and France are no less interested in the question than the Greeks or Roman Catholics are anxious to proselyte from each other, and to increase their own number. Is it out of Christian charity, that Russia or France are so interested in their co-religionists in the East, protecting them so zealously? What matters it to France or Russia who repaired the dome of the church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem? Was that enough cause to bring on a quarrel which finally resulted in the war now pending, as I suppose it is not unknown to my readers, that it is owing to the officiousness of those two powers, resulting from their mutual jealousy, that it has been brought on. But I pass over this subject. I only want to remark how destructive this partizanship is to Turkey. In the first place, it keeps alive in her an anti-national spirit: half of her subjects feel no interest in her, but flee to foreign powers for protection. Now this cannot but be injurious to the interests of Turkey. And things will continue so. Foreign powers will always have a handle to create a quarrel with her, such as the one now pending, unless her laws be better sustained in her own dominions—unless the Christian be put on the same footing as the Mahomedan; and this will never be, until the barrier between the Mahomedan and Christian is broken. Nor will this ever take place, until

Turkey repeals that law which makes a Mahomedan professing Christianity amenable to capital punishment, and protects the convert in the profession of his adopted faith.

Until this takes place, it is in vain to hope for any material improvement in the Ottoman empire; nor even for a cessation of troubles on her account. This war will only be an earnest of more wars. The Christian inhabitants of the East will ever favour Christians, and lean towards those European powers who protect them. Surely the Sultan cannot expect that his Christian subjects will feel an interest in a government in which they have no share, or rejoice in a flag which for ages has been the declared enemy of the Cross, and which they consider as their shame. Does the intelligent reader wonder that there are parties in the East who would welcome any Christian government, even were it Russia; not so much because it would relieve them from any oppressions or exactions of Turkey, for they expect to be ridden over equally as roughshod by any other power, but because it would relieve them from the ignominy which that flag, the Mahomedan crescent, entails upon them, as it floats on the ramparts of their holy cities.

And what will be the result of this? Simply to keep Turkey under the control of the European powers. The cause of this war may be the cause of more wars. And when we come to consider the amount of blood shed on its account, it is well to pause and see if this cannot be remedied.

What the lovers of Turkey want is not to weaken the European powers, for that they cannot do; but to strengthen Turkey, which they can do. And how is that to be done? Certainly by enlisting the sympa-

thies of all her people in her behalf; but I have already shown that her Christian subjects cannot feel any real interest in her. For ages, they have been oppressed by the Mahomedans, looked upon as infidels, and treated as dogs. With what face, I want to know, can we ask them now to feel an interest in that government? Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that the members of the Greek Church in the East are in favour of Russia, and that, could they only rise in arms, they would do so? No! My only wonder is, that they have not shown more warlike demonstrations; and this I account for, from the fact, that they have looked upon the war as a hopeless one for Russia, since England and France took the part of Turkey. Statesmen may rise up in all the powers of oratory and assert to the contrary; but I can tell them an honest truth, which every Christian heart in the East will respond to, that Christians in the East can *never* feel an interest in a Mahomedan government.

And Turkey knows that it is for this reason that she will not have Christian soldiers; she cannot trust them. She knows they have no interest in her.

What then is to be done? How can the interests of all her people be centred in her? In no other way than by repealing the law, which makes the Mahomedan professing Christianity amenable to capital punishment. We do not want to force our Bible upon the Mahomedan, but we want him to have the *liberty* to read it, as we read his Koran. If this takes place, that is, if the Bible be allowed to do its work against the Koran, I have no doubt as to the result. At any rate, this liberty being extended to proselyte from each other, both bodies are put on the same level. They may in course of time either become Christians or Mahomedans.

It is plain, therefore, that until you break this barrier, the feud between Christianity and Islamism will be kept rife, and in course of time cannot but be disastrous to Turkey as a government. Her Mahomedan subjects are daily decreasing by war and pestilence, whilst the Christians as a body are rapidly growing. Is it not, therefore, to her own interest, politically, socially, and morally to grant that liberty which makes all her subjects one?

What is the use of her making laws that Christians are eligible to military and civil offices, when the Christians will not dare to assume them. I should like to see the Christian who would wish to be Pasha of Damascus! His head would not be safe twenty-four hours, unless he was strongly guarded. And even should the laws finally pass and be tolerated by the Mahomedans, shall we forget the difficulties which each of them will have to contend with from the unavoidable collision with Islamism?

No: the great wall of partition requires to be removed first; this root of the whole matter must be struck at first. This one being achieved, and I admit the difficulties in its way are great, all the others then, each of which will have to combat the same difficulties singly, will come in without the slightest opposition. Here, therefore, is the root of the whole evil.

But this point is not only interesting to Turkey, but also to England: England is not seeking to prop up Mahomedanism, but, I apprehend that England is desirous to keep up the integrity of Turkey as a government, to strengthen her and make her a match against Russian aggression; well then, I have pointed out the evil and the remedy. Until Turkey repeals that law, she will every day grow weaker and weaker: and even should

peace be established now, England will find that sooner or later she will have to go over the same ground again. If England care at all for the integrity of Turkey as a government, then she cannot be blind to the fact, that it is essential to strengthen Turkey with her own materials, and this she must do by reconciling her Christian subjects to her. And this can only be done by breaking the barrier between Christianity and Mahomedanism, and by throwing down the gauntlet of fair play for either the Bible or the Koran to prevail.

But aside from political objects: if Turkey repeals that law, she will make her people happier, and I apprehend the happiness of the subjects should always be the highest aim of the government. The Christian will no longer be afraid of a Mahomedan riot, and whilst the Christian can now feel an interest in his country, the Mahomedan, on the other hand, will improve under the blessing of education; the Mahomedan female will no longer be a slave. In fact, the country will wake up to a better state of things; her resources will be developed, and refinement, wealth, and happiness, will be the result of such a measure.

The reader will observe, that I am not one who would cry down Turkey, but I would improve her, if she is capable of improvement; and this is her only chance. If there is any virtue in the Bible, Turkey will, sooner or later, become a Christian government; and, under its blessings, we may hope for a new regime of things.

In a Christian light, too, we must view the subject. Here are thousands of Mahomedan souls daily passing into eternity, without the Bible or the knowledge of salvation through a crucified Saviour. Is it not the duty of *Christian* England to make an effort to bring the

Mahomedan to the light of the gospel? Are not the Mahomedans the creatures of God, and may they not be the elect of Christ as well as the rest of the human family? But how are they to be brought to the knowledge of that Saviour when such a barbarous law hangs over them, declaring them amenable to capital punishment if they should *profess* Him as their Saviour, Lord and Redeemer.

And when is this to be done? Now, if at all. Now, whilst Turkey is under the influence of Christian Europe; while her laws are rearranging; whilst she is undergoing material changes; now is the time to call for a repeal of that law which will eventually strengthen Turkey, and advance her interests politically and socially. It is now, whilst war is pending, that Turkey can be made to listen to the proposals of Christian England. Let peace once be declared; and it will be found inexpedient to stir up any seed of dissension or quarrel, and the mischief will remain. Turkey will grow weaker. European powers will always have a cause to quarrel with her, and England will have to fight out her battles. O, proud England, think of this! Your heart's-blood is interested in this question; your Christianity is interested; and the happiness of your fellow-creatures calls loudly for your present consideration of this point. Think of it for your own sake—think of it for our sake.

What is the use of propping up a house that is always falling? Either repair the house, so that it shall stand, or let it go. And it must come to that. It is not a temporary alleviation of evils that is wanted, but something sure and lasting, that will secure the integrity of Turkey, as an independent government, and as a sure barrier to Russian aggression.

CHAPTER XV.

Nazareth—Its Associations—Romanism and Protestantism—The Damsels at the Fountain—A Visit from the Mutsellim—Start for Mount Tabor—*En Route*—The Ascent—Buildings—Mount Tabor not the Scene of the Transfiguration—The Hermit—Reflections—Plains of Esdraelon—View—Scenery—Leading Features in its History—Return to Nazareth—The Fair—Return the Governor's Visit—Letters to England and America.

"FAIR NAZARETH ! 'mid thy mountains,
Softly where thy waters run,
By thy bright and sparkling fountains
Sit thy daughters in the sun.

"Through thy streets a stranger straying,
Feelings, deep and sad, upspring ;
While I see thy children playing,
While I hear their voices sing.

"Can I wander here, forgetting
Mary—mother undefiled ?
See thy sons, without regretting,
So unlike her holy child.

"Can I breathe without emotion,
Nazareth, thy golden air !
Joyful yet with his devotion,
Poured from lonely mountain there ?

"O the strange, sublime revealing,
God in human form appears !
O the strange and deep-concealing,
Dwelling here a child of years !

“O the joy, and O the sorrow!
Thrilling here His bosom through,
As the cross, each coming morrow,
Darker rose upon His view!

“Cana yonder, famed in story,
First beheld the Godhead’s sign,
When the Word revealed His glory—
Turning water into wine.

“But His mission, great unfolding,
Prophet of the human race,
Here the Synagogue beholding,
Wondering heard His words of grace.

“’Mid thy olives green reposing,
Fair yet sad to see art thou;
Nazareth, thy guilt disclosing,
Ask yon mountain’s rocky brow!”

REV. JOHN ANDERSON’S “*Pencillings in Palestine.*”

IF NAZARETH is not rich in historical matters, its sacred associations are of the deepest interest to the Christian. Dead must be that pilgrim’s heart where the scenes of eighteen hundred years ago, which occurred in this unassuming village, do not waken in him the most solemn thoughts. Here “Jesus of Nazareth,” of whom it was said by the mouth of the angel that, “He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David; and He shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of His kingdom there shall be no end” (Luke i. 32, 33)—spent his boyhood—days of sweet innocence!

Without anything extraordinary about it, yet what charm does it not possess for the pious pilgrim? Weary

has been his day's ride—the sun has overpowered him, and he is well-nigh faint when the first view of Nazareth revives his drooping spirit. Approach it, from where you will, and you cannot be disappointed. The eye rests not on Baalbeck-like ruins, or Tyre-like devastation. No towering column greets the eye; no fallen castle arrests the attention. Situate on the slopes of the hill, overlooking a small plain, mountain-locked on every side, so that you cannot see it until you are close to it, and stretching itself in clusters of white-washed flat-terraced houses in the form of a crescent, is the exceedingly interesting village of Nazareth.

No confused ideas gather around you; it is perfect simplicity throughout. The ideas of early boyhood, in my case, were realized. Nazareth is an unpretending village in the vales of Syria—such did I always deem it to be, and such did I find it. There it lies, perhaps, in the same spot as ever it did. But the first view of Nazareth is deeply interesting—the emotion of a Christian heart, as the pilgrim, for the first time, gazes upon a spot so fraught with deep interest, are such as I cannot describe.

And this feeling increases at every step. May not these fields and these streets be the identical ones which our Saviour often trod: and had the traveller been there eighteen hundred years ago, would he not have seen Him the King of Glory, a boy among a host of village boys—perhaps the most eager one in the sport, or the merriest in the lot? And this is Nazareth, which gave a cognomen to Him who is the supreme Ruler of the universe. Could it be possible that this village should be so highly honoured, that He, unto whom the heavens are as a throne, and the earth a footstool, who rides in

the clouds, and whose name is Jehovah, is called a "Nazarene?" Yes, this is Nazareth—sweet Nazareth! brightened for His sake with the visits of angels, and invested with the undying interest of having witnessed His presence, and been embalmed by His prayers.

But I will not infringe on the thoughts which doubtless fill the traveller's mind, as he gazes on the scene before him. Nor will I weaken the picture by unnecessary remark; I would rather leave Nazareth as it is, shrouded in its sweetness and unassuming beauty.

Certainly, the fact that our Saviour's boyhood was spent there, attaches to Nazareth the deepest interest of any. But it has also other points of attraction. Here Mary lived; and it was here that the angel of the Lord announced to her, that though a virgin, "she shall conceive . . . and bring forth a son, and shall call His name JESUS." This place of the annunciation is shown by the Latins in the chapel of their convent. The grotto, which is hewn into the rock, and where it is said the virgin dwelt, is immediately behind the altar. The Greeks, however, say that it is not, and allege that the angel appeared to Mary as she was drawing water from a fountain, at the south-eastern extremity of the village, which is still called by her name, "*Ain Sitna Mariam*" (the fountain of our lady Mary), and near to which the Greeks have erected a chapel.

The shop where Joseph worked, and the house where he and Mary lived, are also shown by the monks, as also the alleged site of the "Mount of Precipitation," so called, because it is the reputed one from which the Jews "sought to cast our Saviour headlong . . . But He, passing through the midst of them, passed His way."

That Joseph and Mary lived here, and that it was here

that the announcement was made to Mary that JESUS would be born, and that it was from one of the hills hereabouts that the Jews sought to cast our Saviour, I have no doubt; but I do not feel at liberty to admit the sites pointed out; indeed, in the case of the Mount of Precipitation, the tradition, I think, is rather extravagant. We are told, that on thrusting Him out of the city, "they led Him unto the brow of the hill, whereon their city was built," whereas this mount is more than two miles from Nazareth; and unless the town once extended as far as there, I do not see how the monks could make it out, and still keep the site of the Annunciation and that of the Precipitation.

Sunday, 11th March, 1855.

The bell of the convent was chiming sweetly when I woke up next morning. Fra Luigi was in attendance, and immediately after breakfast he acquiesced in my desire of visiting the Chapel of the Annunciation, and then calling on the Superior. In the chapel were a host of men and women at their devotions; not wishing to interrupt them, I took a hasty glance at the grotto, which has already been referred to as the site of the Annunciation, and then followed Fra Luigi through the capacious corridors of the convent, to the room of the Superior. My reception by the Superior was pleasant and agreeable; his welcome was gracious and gentlemanly. He hoped that I had slept well during the preceding night, and trusted that I would make myself at home. I thanked him, and retired.

It was now about ten o'clock, and I repaired to the Protestant Chapel. What! A Protestant Chapel here? Yes; under the shadow of the convent of the Annun-

ciation, so to speak; and within a stone's throw of the Casa Nuova and the Hospital of the Sisters of Mercy is a Protestant Chapel, with a congregation varying from one to two hundred members, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Klein, of the London Church Missionary Society. Thither I repaired on this holy Sabbath, and found a congregation exceeding a hundred engaged in the ritual of the Church of England, the Common Prayer Book having been for several years translated into the Arabic language. Hitherto, and so far south, we had met Protestant congregations who worshipped in the Presbyterian form, because they are the offspring of the American and Scotch missionaries, who are generally Presbyterians. From Nazareth, and further south, the Protestant congregations are Episcopalian in their form, the missionaries being sent out by the London Church Missionary and Jewish Societies. Bishop Gobat has the charge of this part of the field.

Protestantism has ever been a sore thorn in the side of Romanism. Here in Syria, Rome was progressing along quietly, but surely: the Maronite and Greek Roman Catholic churches were dreaming themselves into her open arms: the Greek and Armenian churches were no match for her; and their members who were proof against bribery, fell one after another, before the more tempting bait of the protection of France, which she would extend to them. Everything was going on smoothly with her; and she was dreaming of the time when Syria would be converted to the Roman Catholic faith, when this new champion appeared in the field. Rome at first looked with contempt upon the few Protestant missionaries who landed there, hoping to convert any person; but she soon found that the new competitor was no mean rival.

Before the Protestant missionaries had been three years in the field, she deemed it necessary to take active measures against them. In one year (1824) she sent twenty missionary priests and thirteen thousand dollars to Syria. The Cardinal Soámaglia, then Dean of the Propaganda, wrote urgent letters to the Patriarch of Mount Lebanon, enjoining him to make it his first care to drive away this spiritual evil. The Jesuit College of Antura, which had been let out to Mr. Way for the use of the Protestant missionaries, was taken away from them. The Turkish government was incited against the Protestant missionaries; and on the representation of *Rome to a Mahomedan government, that the SCRIPTURES WERE NOT CHRISTIAN BOOKS, a firman was granted forbidding their distribution.* Priests and people were set against the Protestant missionaries; and from every church anathemas were hurled on their heads, and on all those who joined them, or had any dealings with them. So terrible were these anathemas—so severe were the persecutions inflicted on the converts to this new faith—so unwearied was the zeal and so great were the efforts to crush Protestantism in the bud, that it is a wonder how the movement succeeded.

Backed by France and the treasury of the Propaganda, the Oriental churches were no matches for her. By cunning, stealth, and parade, she was making her way over them; and easy was her task, for the people were ignorant, and she possessed the wisdom of the serpent. This last would have been sufficient for her to proselyte the East with, had not this new movement, which required to be met by the harmlessness of the dove, made its appearance.

The new movement at first progressed slowly, and

Rome was still hoping to crush it when Christian Britain took the cue, and prevailed on Turkey to respect her co-religionists: this was enough, and the movement spread rapidly over the land. It is true that Protestantism is still a new way to the people, but it is fast developing itself; and, from Aleppo in the north to Jerusalem in the south, native Protestant churches are being organized, and the reader of these pages will have already discovered how much has been done. Here we have fair play between truth and error—open-hearted Protestantism and double-dealing Roman Catholicism. Both are operating on the same mass of people; and the result is doubtless in favour of Protestantism, though this latter possesses not the wealth of the Propaganda, nor has it the magnificent buildings which the Romish church has. Nor do the Protestant missionaries make the influence and protection of England a bait to the people. It is true England always exerted herself in behalf of the persecuted converts; but England would do the same to any other of the Turkish government's subjects, be they Roman Catholics, Druzes, Nestorians, Samaritans, or any other that might be oppressed.

But Rome also had another advantage; she had the start over Protestantism by centuries: her converts were there, as also her influence. Protestantism began about thirty-five years ago, with none of the above advantages, and here are the results: and to those who know the East, and how loth the people are to take to novelties, this must speak volumes in behalf of Protestantism. Here we find Rome triumphing over the Oriental churches, but unable to stand her ground against an open Bible. I want here to remark, that England does not make protégés of Protestants, as France does of the Roman

Catholics: England only exerts herself in their behalf when Popery persecutes them; otherwise they remain as before. Indeed, in the beginning of the movement, before the firman recognising Protestantism in the Turkish Empire, was issued which, I admit, is due to the exertions of England, the poor Protestant converts were at the mercy of all the other sects. Even the Mahomedans and Druzes were incensed against them, as I have shown in the history of the Hasbaya Church.

It was now, indeed, that Rome was fairly roused, and woke up to meet the Missionaries in their own element. The Jesuit College of Antura was put into requisition. The Lazarists erected a similar institution at Bayroot. Every Convent now had a school, and, under cover of teaching the pupils the Italian and French languages, Rome made them adepts in her faith. The clever boys were sent to Europe to be educated under the eye of the Propaganda for the priesthood. New Convents were built everywhere, as also hospitals; female education also became a part of their care, seeing the Protestant Missionaries had already adopted it. Rome would rather have had nothing to do with that part, or, in fact, any education at all, beyond the mere rudiments of the alphabet. But the Protestant Missionaries were making headway, and a band of native Protestant females, educated and refined, were rising up in the land. Was it a wonder, therefore, that these would have their influence on society, and might not many an influential Roman Catholic like to marry them? Rome knew that, and to obviate this evil, the Sisters of Mercy, as they are called, were imported to teach the females, and attend upon the hospitals,—in fact, nothing was left undone that could promote the ends of Rome.

This is a new element to Rome ; but it is certainly the only one which will allow her a standing. Speaking of the Sisters of Mercy, I am grateful for the opportunity here afforded me of bearing my unreserved testimony to their self-denial, praiseworthy efforts, and acceptable ministrations during seasons of sickness. The cholera and fever-stricken natives have occasion to bless their unwearied attentions. Mahomedans as well as Christians have been the objects of their benevolent care. From what I have seen of them, I am willing to believe that no feelings of self operate with them against deeds of charity. In seasons of sickness, whilst others flee to the mountains for a better atmosphere, they have been seen going from house to house heedless of contagion from cholera, fever, or holes steaming with heat and stench, enough to make any one sick. They take their watch by the bedside of the sufferer, cherishing him in his illness, or smoothing his dying pillow. And it is not too much to say, that they are not proof against contagion, and one by one falls down by the bedside of the dying sufferer. They die, but their memory lives, and no wonder many rise up to call them blessed. This is decidedly Rome's most charitable effort, and for which she deserves the greatest praise.

But here I will leave this subject; I trust that I have treated it fairly and impartially. In a previous chapter, I gave a brief history of Rome's career prior to the appearance of Protestantism in the field. I have now tried to give the remainder of the history of the Romish career since then. It is interesting; and were it not foreign to the object of this work, I should have been pleased to have gone more fully into detail. But I refer the reader to the early history of the American Mission in Syria, as

given in a foregoing chapter, to illustrate the contest betwixt Roman Catholicism and Protestantism.

In the afternoon, I took a walk down to the Mount of Precipitation, and then returned by the fountain of the Virgin already referred to. Of the former nothing need be said beyond the tradition; of the latter I have a word to say.

It was now about the hour of sunset, the damsels had come to the fountain to fill their earthenware jars; there were at least about thirty of them; and I truly cannot say that one was less beautiful than another. Besides my guide and myself, there were no other men. As we sat on the lawn where in former visits I encamped at some distance from them, they took no notice of us, and therefore their freedom and hilarity were not interrupted—girls all over—the woman altogether. Here, seemingly, they met every evening to discuss sundry matters in their own history. I was not near enough to hear their conversation, nor did I desire it. I was interested in seeing them *telle quelle*. As their jars were filled, they would stroll off in parties towards the village. Their cheerful merry voices still ring in my ears. Oh! it was a pleasant hour which I spent by that fountain; and when I rose to return, the shades of evening had already begun to gather, and the fountain was deserted. I have seen the American, the English, and the Scotch girls in their various moods, and really I cannot say, that they differed much from these. The whole of their manner was exactly what I would expect from a girl had I met her in the West. I returned home perfectly satisfied, that woman is the same all the world over, unless the finer endowments of her soul are crushed by Islamism or tyranny. They were so many Claras, Janes, Emmas,

and Marions; and though disguised under a different garb, and though they spoke a different tongue, and though they they did not belong to the sunny plains of laughing France, nor owned the sweetness of Old England's scenery, though they never gazed on the lochs of bonnie Scotia, or stood on Niagara's foaming precipice, yet I will venture to say that they possessed equally as fine sensibilities, and had a heart and imagination equally as warm, and were the *woman* as much as any that are to be met with there or elsewhere.

On my way home, I learnt that a caravan of Armenian pilgrims had arrived in the course of the afternoon, who were on their way to Jerusalem. They were to rest the following day at Nazareth, and then proceed south on the day after. My intention was to remain quietly at Nazareth till Tuesday morning, on that day visit Tabor, and on Wednesday proceed to Nabloos, but the arrival of the caravan changed my plans; the disturbed state of the country rendered the hills of Samaria dangerous for a single traveller, so I determined to accompany them on Tuesday, whilst I would devote to-morrow to visiting Tabor. I was on the point of sending word to the governor to let me have a guide to accompany me to Tabor, when I learnt that he was already waiting to see me at the Casa Nuova. Thither I repaired, and to my delight found him there with the Padre Missionario, who was entertaining him till I came back. He was a Turk, a native of Asia Minor, and on being told I was the person he called to see, he rose up and saluted me. He then told me that he had received letters from His Excellency Reschid Pasha, of Acre, desiring him to be very attentive to me, and he now wished to know how

he could serve me. I told him my plans; and he promised to have a guard ready to accompany me to Tabor on the morrow, and another to proceed with me to Nabloos the day after. I told him that I did not think this last necessary, as I would go with the caravan; but he would hear of no such thing, and insisted on my having an escort as far as Nabloos. After some consultation with the Padre Missionario, I thought it best to accept of the escort. Matters being thus arranged, he now left me, hoping that I would call and see him on my return from Tabor, a promise which I cheerfully made.

During the course of the evening, I read such Scripture narratives as related to Nazareth, and the interest with which they were invested was beyond description. It requires a trip to Syria to make the Bible a life-like book, and to invest it with an interest which it would never otherwise have. People who never visited this land, much as they may enjoy the Bible, cannot realise it so much as those who have travelled in it. One in Nazareth could almost hear the angel's voice addressing Mary, "Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women!" Thus closed a happy Sabbath in Nazareth, one which I would often revert to with pleasure and delight.

Monday, 12th March, 1855.

The Mutsellim was true to his word. On waking up, I found "*Abbas*," the guard who was to accompany me to Mount Tabor, waiting in the court of the Casa Nuova. He told me that the governor had also sent me his horse to ride to the Mount, supposing I wished to give mine a rest, seeing he was bound on a journey on the morrow;

but this I unhesitatingly declined, and requested Abbas to send him back.

Breakfast was on the table; a good omelette and a warm cup of coffee soon put me in the humour for travelling. Fra Luigi was there, too; and, to my astonishment, I found that he had not neglected to provide for my luncheon. A roast chicken and a cold piece of meat, an ample supply of bread, and two bottles of wine, he had placed in a saddle-bag, which Abbas was to put under him.

All was now ready. Abbas started, and I followed. (Khalil I left in Nazareth, as I had no use for him.) At the "*Fountain of the Virgin*," which we passed at about eight o'clock, we saw again a bevy of Nazareth damsels, who graciously saluted us with the usual salam of "*Alla Makom* (God be with you)!"

Our road now lay due south; at first over the rising ground which shuts the valley of Nazareth, and then over a succession of hills. The loveliest flowers grew on both sides of the path, and their fragrant odour added not a little to the charms of the trip. About half way we passed a tree called the *Tree of the Monks*. The monks annually make a visit to Tabor; and on their way to and fro, they rest under it, and hence the name. We stopped not for a moment, but pushed on amid the greenwood scenery which interspersed the hills which we were ascending and descending. In about one hour and three-quarters we reached the base of Tabor, which rises up to the height of about twelve hundred feet from the plain of Esdraelon. Here we started a wild boar: Abbas shot at him, but missed his aim; and the boar escaped. It now took us an hour to get to the top. We halted midway, and had a drink of warm milk,

which we obtained from some goats that were grazing on the slope of the mount. Shortly after we began our ascent, we left on our right the village of Dabboorea; a small village, but whose name carried us to days long gone by.

Mount Tabor rises abruptly up from the plain in the form of a bee-hive; its sides are clothed with thick shrubbery, brambles, and here and there a small carpet of the richest turf. The ascent is exceedingly tedious; and though it does not absolutely require to be made on foot, yet the traveller hardly ever thinks of riding up the rugged path which leads to the top of the mount. As you reach this latter, you begin to discover the foundations of extensive buildings. You enter by a massive gateway, which, after a little more ascent, introduces you to the area crowning the top of the mountain, which is a crest of table-land, not exceeding six or seven hundred yards from north to south, and about half as much across. The belt of this area seems to have formed the outwork of the fortress that crowned the top. Here, and there, may be seen the foundations of towers, which flanked the walls of the fort. Outside can be seen extensive ditches running all round. Within this fort we saw extensive cisterns, made to catch the rain-water: some were dry, but in others we saw water, which we would have been glad could we have got at; but not having anything to pull it up with, we had to be content with our wine. I know not whether this be the case with any other; but I always found that whenever I drank milk it made me very thirsty afterwards.

On the summit, to the south-east, I saw a vault which I was told was the Latin Chapel of the transfiguration. At another end, the Greeks also have a second chapel of

the same name, and this leads me to say that tradition locates the transfiguration of our Saviour on this mount; though with what right I have never been able to discover. Though this tradition has been handed down since the beginning of the fifth century, perhaps a few years earlier, still it is not sufficient authority, and cannot bear the evidence opposed to it.

In the first place, it is not likely that our Saviour would have chosen a city, as the site of such a scene; and Josephus tells us that a city, called Itabyrion, was erected on the summit of the mount, and existed at the time of our Saviour. I am happy to agree with Lord Nugent on this point; and I think, with him, that this fact alone is sufficient to refute the tradition referred to. As for me, I am willing to consider Hermon the site of the transfiguration.

Our Saviour was at Cæsarea Philippi, which is at the base of Hermon. Without any further history of our Saviour's movements, we are told, that, six days after a certain scene had occurred, He "taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart." The last word I apprehend to mean, that this *party* were taken apart—solitary—alone, by themselves, and has no reference to the mountain (Mark ix. 2) which is described to us as a high one, to distinguish it from any other. Well, now, Mount Tabor is only a hill compared to Hermon. Might it not have been likely that our Saviour took the disciples to the top of Hermon? Here was a *high mountain*, indeed, and it was solitary; for the snow, which covers it perpetually, prevents any person living on its top. The allusion made to the snow (Mark ix. 3), I think, adds weight to the idea that Hermon was the site of the transfiguration.

At any rate, if Hermon is not that *high mountain*, I am inclined to think that it must have been about there. This is, however, mere conjecture; and I do not believe that any person can tell the site of that scene. Six days are allowed to pass; perhaps all the while in Cæsarea Philippi, or, perhaps, in moving about; and then we hear that "He taketh three of His disciples to a high mountain." It may have been any high mountain in Syria for aught any one knows. One thing is evident; the sacred writers do not seem willing to gratify our curiosity on this point. The transfiguration is described by them circumstantially; but not a word of the locality do they say, more than, simply, that it occurred on a high mountain, and if one mountain could be considered as the identical one more than another, I think that Hermon, all things considered, stands the best chance of being the one; its proximity to Cæsarea Philippi, where we are told our Saviour was; indeed the town is exactly on its base, whereas Tabor is about four days' off; its *solitary* top, for the reason I have given, whereas we are told that Tabor then had a fortified city on it—and, finally, the allusion to the snow, all render Hermon the most likely "high mountain" on which the scene of the transfiguration took place.

I have followed this train of thought, not with the idea of showing that Hermon is the identical mountain, nor from any wish to disrobe Tabor of such a glorious scene, but to show how lightly this tradition stands.

A Greek monk had been living here for some time, but he had gone now. He began to build a convent, which still remains only at the basement rooms. Why the *hermit*, as he is called, had left, or whither he had gone to, no one could tell. I made many inquiries, at Naza-

reth, but failed in learning anything about him. I wandered over the premises for nearly an hour, looking into every cavern, and scrutinizing every fallen wall. There is something painfully interesting in an abandoned place. Once a city was here; voices of mirth and love were heard in it. The excitement of a fortified town added not a little also, to the life which once invested this mount, now deserted and silent. You seem as if you were in the land of the dead. The fallen towers, the broken walls, the gateless city, and the ruined archways, all proclaim a builder, and a resident; but where are they? The land that once knew them now knows them no more. A shudder crept over me as I walked through the deserted fort; another convincing proof of the instability of human things. Let them remain. I would not, even if I could, recall the architect who planned, or the general who commanded it. Let the sepulchral vault be sacred over them. The interest, as it is, is enough; and the deserted fort is a sufficient warning that *we too must go*. The time may also come when we may become a matter of conjecture to others.

Wearisome has been the ascent; but where is the stoical traveller, who, now that he has gained the heights of Tabor, and looks on the scenery around him, does not forget his fatigue. Here, on this area, Barak gathered his ten thousand warriors, and, at the instigation of Deborah the Prophetess, who assured him of success, he swept down on the mighty host of Sisera, whom he discomfited. Beneath him lies the plain of Esdraelon, whose every portion is fraught with the deepest interest. He looks down and beholds, under a little hill, the lesser Hermon, the small village of Endor (still retaining its name), where Saul in his despair

sought the woman of a *familiar spirit*. Further on, to the south-east, is the village of Shunem, now the modern village of Sholam, where the Philistines gathered themselves together to give him battle. Hard by is the hill of Gilboa, now called *Jabel-El-Fukua*, where he terminated his career by committing suicide. Close at hand, and stretching itself to the west, is Carmel, where Elijah discomfited the false prophets of Baal; underneath it, meanders the river Kishon, by whose banks they were slain, and whose waters carried on their current the mangled corpses of Sisera's mighty host. Well may the mother of that general ask, "Why is his chariot so long in coming?" Ah, lady! he, whom you once called a son, is no more. He has not sped, and instead of receiving "a prey of divers colors of needle-work on both sides, meet for the necks of them that take the spoil," he has been discomfited, and has fallen before the hand of a woman; with a nail in her hand and a workman's hammer she smote the head of your son and he bowed and fell.

And there is Zerin, the ancient Jezreel, where Naboth had a vineyard, which, because he inherited from his father, he would not sell or barter to Ahab, King of Samaria, and for which he was murdered at the instigation of Jezebel, that woman of notorious character, who afterwards, at the behest of Jehu, was thrown from the window of her palace and became food unto dogs.—"Throw her down," said he; and they threw her down, and thus ended her vicious career.

But scenes of deeper interest now gather around the traveller. Behind him, and only hidden by the hills, is the vale of Nazareth, where Jesus spent his boyhood; a few miles further on is the village of Kefr Kenna,

where He changed the water into wine. To the north-east of the plain is the Mount of Beatitude, where He preached His sermon, recorded in Matthew vi., close by to which is visible the site of the miraculous feeding of the five thousand. In yonder hollow; where the mountains fall so abruptly under the shadow of Hermon, are the waters of Gennesaret, on the waves of which His voice rose, bidding his disciples, "be of good cheer." "It is I, be not afraid." Immediately beneath you, at the foot of *Jabel-el-Duhee*, the lesser Hermon, so called to distinguish it from the greater Hermon, is the village of Nain, where our Saviour compassionated the sorrow-stricken widow, and restored her son to life again.

And, later still in the chain of history, we read of the Crusaders and Saracens alternately encamping on this plain. To the north-east, is the scene of their last conflict, a conflict which made Saleh-ed-Dein master of Palestine; and, later still, this plain was the scene of General Kleber's resistance to the Turkish Vizier. This last conflict ended better for the honour of the West than the former; Kleber had only a small force of infantry, whereas the Turkish Vizier had an overwhelming army; but nothing daunted, he stood his ground, until Napoleon, after a forced march, reinforced him, and though still inferior to their adversary, the victory on the part of the French was decisive. History relates, that Napoleon, after having achieved his victory, dined at Nazareth, and that night slept at Acre.

But I have only touched on the leading features in the history of this plain—the battle field of every army that invaded Palestine "from Saul to Kleber." Oh had this plain but tongue to speak, how it would afford

us matters of deep interest; how it would tell us of high hopes bitterly disappointed; of great armies routed by an inferior antagonist. What conflicting scenes occurred here; war and all its horrors, on the one hand, and deepest love exhibited on the other. Here one brother sought the life of another; and, on the same field, acts of compassion were performed by him who is Lord of all, and whose wearied feet must have oft traversed this plain: Oh stoical indeed must be that traveller who can gaze on all this and not feel absorbed!

It was now one o'clock. I had been nearly two hours and half gazing with unwearied attention on the localities around me. I now made a hasty luncheon, and bade Abbas to lead the way home. This we did, and reached Nazareth about four o'clock. On the way, we saw a host of the peasantry coming from a fair, which was held that day *Khan-el-Tajjar* in the plains of Esdraelon. This is the same fair which we had met near Has-baiya. It is held every day in a different place, and people come from far and from near to trade with it. We also passed a little to the left of the road, the source of the stream Esh-Sherar, which the traveller will see meandering in the plains of Esdraelon.

On my return to Nazareth, I immediately called on the Governor and thanked him for the guard. I wished Abbas to go with me on the morrow, but I found that he could not do that, as Abbas was otherwise engaged, but he would send with me another guard to Nabloos. This satisfied me. I now left him, and sauntered again to the fountain where I spent a pleasant hour, talking to some boys whom I met there of Him who, like them perhaps, was wont to come to this fountain to quench His thirst. They listened to me with apparent interest.

On my return home, Khalil told me that there were a party of travellers going to Bayroot in the morning, and as I knew how delighted some of my friends in England and America would be to get a line from me *from this interesting spot*, I spent most of the evening in writing letters, and having enclosed them to the care of my friend Mr. Heald in Bayroot, I retired to take my last sleep in Nazareth.

CHAPTER XVI.

NAZARETH TO JERUSALEM.

Tuesday, 13th March, 1855.—Regret at Leaving Nazareth—En Route—Plains of Esdraelon—The Rain—Caught up with the Caravan—Desolation—Djenin—The Guards—“*A Fix*”—A Scene in our House—Human Nature the same everywhere—The Visit of the Mutsellim—How I got off—A Sunset—Expense of a Night at Djenin—The Guards—The Caravan—East and West compared—True Christianity—Abatia—Sennoor—The Secret of the heavy Yoke of Turkey—Siege of Sennoor—Sebastia—The Valley of Nabloos—Route from Nabloos to Jerusalem.

It was nine o'clock, but yet I lingered. I felt a regret at leaving Nazareth. The caravan had already gone these two hours past, and with them Khalil. Hassan was waiting for me; but I yet tarried. I felt as if I could not leave this sweet vale so soon. But go I must. My baggage had already preceded me, so I bade farewell to Nazareth.

Hassan was my guard for to-day. He was a Herculean-looking fellow; his face was intelligent; his eye beamed with fire.

“Don't hurry yourself, sir,” said he; “we will catch up with the caravan before they are half through the plain.”

I scarcely know when I looked more sober in my lifetime—the fact was, I was downhearted at leaving Naza-

reth. Hassan saw this, and thinking that an hour or two longer might gratify me, he bade me take my time.

But I had already bade adieu to Fra Luigi, and was now standing by my horse—a boy who sat down, lazily holding the bridle, now sprang up, and held the stirrup—there was nothing for it now but to go, so, motioning to Hassan my wish, we jumped into our saddles and rode down the gorge towards the great plain, which excited my interest on the preceding day. Our course was now due south, a little to the right of the road which led to Tabor. At the end of the little plain, which closes the view of Nazareth, I made a halt, and looked back on the unpretending village, and once more bidding it farewell, we dashed down the gorge, a piece of exceedingly bad road, and, notwithstanding our rapid pace, it took us nearly an hour before it introduced us into the plains of Esdraelon.

So far the day was fine, and the sun shone brightly, from which I augured a pleasant ride on the plain; but we had hardly got into it when the sun was overcast, and heavy drops of rain began to fall down. Here was no shelter, and we had to stand it out. Not a single tree was in sight; and, what was worse, my cloak, plaid and all, were with Khalil, who I could see with the caravan a long way off. Our hope was that it would only be a passing shower; but no, it was a heavy pelting rain—not the thin rain known in England, which has more the resemblance of mist—and such large drops, too. In a few minutes we were drenched through; my boots were half full of water.

On we galloped, and down came the rain. One hour passed, and yet the rain was pouring down on our devoted heads. A little longer, and it began to abate, when we found ourselves a short distance from the

caravan, between the villages of Foolea and Afoolea. Nain and Endor were close at hand on our left, and further on we could see Zerin and Sholam.

The plain of Esdraelon is an exceedingly rich plain, and extends east and west from the heights above Tiberias to the shores of the Mediterranean. The soil is the most fertile that I have ever yet seen. I was sorry to see that a great portion of it lay uncultivated; but this I knew how to account for. Still, however, there were many patches of land which owned the care of man, in which the wheat waved in ocean-like majesty. Not far from Zerin we saw an encampment of Arabs.

We had now reached the caravan, which I suppose must have numbered from four to five hundred persons. We did not stop with them, as I thought that the sooner I got to Djenin the better. I bade Khalil make haste, whilst Hassan and I pushed on. On we galloped without stopping; and even Jehu would have been surprised had he seen us going over the plain, for we rode furiously. As we reached its southern boundary, we met a large party of English ladies and gentlemen. I was afterwards informed that they were missionaries, on their way to the new station at Tiberias. They, too, had suffered from the rain, and were in a pitiable condition.

We only exchanged nods, and pushed on. We had only gone a little further, when the rain again descended even more furiously than before. Hassan espied a small ruin to our left; and he proposed that we should repair thither till the rain should subside. This we did; but owing to a combination of discomforts—first, the place leaked so badly, that its shelter did not amount to much; besides, we were already wet—so, all things considered,

I thought we might as well brave it out, and get to Djenin as soon as possible. Hassan made no objection, and we were again on our way. We now passed several olive-trees, cut to the stumps. I asked Hassan the reason of this devastation, and he told me that there was a quarrel between the village of Djenin and a neighbouring one, and the result was, that these two villages made a point of impoverishing each other as much as possible, by destroying each other's property. One night the inhabitants of the other village came down, and cut all the trees: so much for the state of property here! No wonder the plain of Esdraelon was but partially cultivated! I asked Hassan why the government did not interfere? "O," said he, "this is a long story, and the arm of the government can't reach here; so it leaves them alone to take care of themselves." A pretty state of things, to be sure!

At last we reached Djenin, just as the sun once more made its appearance. I looked at my watch, it was *half-past twelve*—three hours and a half after leaving Nazareth. Khalil arrived half an hour afterwards. He had left at seven o'clock, and thus performed the journey in six hours, which I understood was about the average length of time it takes.

On my arrival, I at once called on the governor, and asked him to provide me with a room. This he did, and for which I was to pay three piastres, or about sixpence, for the night. The room was in a house situated about the centre of the village, and was attached to two other rooms, where resided two families, each occupying one. This room, it seems, was always left uninhabited, for the sake of being let out to wayfarers. Immediately before it was a small shed for the horses.

I went there; but imagine my surprise when I found that I was followed by eight stalwart persons armed with guns and pistols. I asked Hassan what they wanted, and he told me that the governor had sent them to guard the house, for the people were great thieves.

“And where are they to sleep?” said I.

“Four of them will sleep in the room with us, and four with the horses,” responded Hassan.

“But that will not do,” said I.

“It is necessary, nevertheless,” answered Hassan; “otherwise you will most assuredly be robbed.”

“But who is to pay them?” again asked I.

“Leave it to me,” said Hassan, “I will take care that you pay nothing; but by all means let them stop with us, otherwise I will not answer for the results.”

I had nothing to do but to acquiesce, seeing it was useless to argue with Hassan; the more so, as he seemed determined to have them, which proved to me that there was something very doubtful about this village in His Imperial Majesty's dominions. And so it is; we have now come on *robber-ground*. Djenin is famous for its pilfering propensities; and the traveller is most earnestly cautioned against it, as also against another village a little further off, called Abatia; and should he find it necessary to sleep in them, he had better at once repair to the Sheik's house, who is a sort of a governor, or be strongly guarded.

When we got to our quarters, Hassan arranged that the guards should take their post outside the door till sleeping time, when they will be called in. He then had the room swept, spread a mat for me to sit upon, and to fill up the time till Khalil's arrival, he offered me

the luncheon which Fra Luigi had put in his saddle-bags for me. O kind Fra Luigi!

Khalil arrived at last; and thanks to a waterproof cover which he had over the luggage, I found my clothes dry. I need hardly say that before ten minutes were over, I was once more in dry attire. The room was now put into a little order, a couple of fowls were sent for to be cooked for dinner, and a girl in the neighbouring room was engaged to help Khalil in preparing that repast. By two o'clock the house, which had been besieged by men, women, and boys, who had come to look at the new comer, but who had now gone to look at the caravan, wore a quiet, and, I may even add, a domestic air.

And these are the robbers who would not scruple at taking your life for the most trifling plunder! I have already remarked that a girl was engaged to help Khalil in preparing the dinner. The cooking was done in an adjoining room, where, for want of something to do, I went, not intending to remain more than a moment; but I lingered there a long hour and more.

The girl who was engaged in cooking was a young wife. Near her sat her mother, a woman of, I suppose, forty years of age. Both of them were squatted near the fire, with a large basket of cotton, which they were cleaning. On seeing me enter, they rose up and greeted me. I returned the salutation, and stood for a moment talking with them on their work. They said that for every basket of cotton they cleaned they received as wages, from the petty merchant who employs them, half a piastre.

“And how many baskets do you clean a day?”

“About two,” they said, “on an average; and for which we receive a piastre between us both.”

Khalil now brought me my camp-stool, and I sat down and helped them, talking with them on different subjects. In the interval a little urchin, whom I had omitted to introduce, went off, and shortly afterwards returned, accompanied by two pleasant-looking dames. On seeing me, they *blushed* and stopped; but encouraged by the greeting of the hostess and her mother, they muttered forth the never-failing *Allah Mákom*; and after exchanging kisses with the family, sat down near the young wife. I afterwards learnt that they were friends of the family, and had been invited to see me, just as in the West friends were invited to meet me at a dinner or a tea-party.

And these were the ruthless inhabitants of Djenin!

“Surely,” thought I, “even here, in the very stronghold of robbers, the milk of human nature runs the same as it does all-over the world.” I was encouraged, and asked them why the people of the village were not more honest in their callings. On which they immediately answered—

“O no, sir! It is not this village which plunders travellers, but it is Abatia.”

“But,” said I, “the very fact that these guards are here is a proof that neither my property nor my life are safe; and yet I can hardly think you would murder me for the sake of a trifle.”

“*Stiffened be that arm that would be stretched to harm you!*” was their spontaneous ejaculation.

Hereupon one of the guards exclaimed from outside—

“Believe them not, *ya Kawadga*; they will murder you for five paras” (equivalent to an English farthing).

I have seen the eye of the lady of the West burn with indignation, but never more than these did on this occasion. Hurt by the accusation, the eyes of the four females present seemed to emit fire.

"Is that you, Mustafa?" said the mother of our hostess; and on his not answering, she continued, addressing me, "*Ya Kawadga*, he measures others by himself. I would not harm one single hair of a man's head. *I am a mother*, and know how to feel for other mothers."

"But still, nevertheless," I said, "people are robbed, and killed here."

"So they say," she answered, still smarting under the accusation; "but we do not know anything about it."

And I was inclined to believe her; the females take no part in these scenes; to them the domestic duty of the house, or the drudgery of the farm, is appointed; whilst it is the men who prowl about to waylay the traveller. I needed but to look at them to be convinced that under many a soiled *gimbaz* (gown) a Pochahontas may be found. The words, "*I am a mother*," spoke volumes for her veracity; and, sooth to say, I felt more inclined to trust my life with these females than with the guards.

But I have been digressing. The caravan had now arrived, and the village of Djenin was now a scene of excitement unparalleled save on such occasions; and, though now and then I could hear the distant voices, I was grateful for a little quiet in my abode; but this was doomed to be interrupted.

The basket of cotton being finished, and feeling weary, I went to my room and laid me down. I had scarcely closed my eyes, when a messenger came to

announce a visit from the Mutsellim. Knowing that it would be a long time before I would be able to get him off again—if, indeed, he and his suite, which I supposed would have been a score or more, did not think it necessary for my safety that they also should share my room for the night—I returned word, politely declining the visit on the plea of weariness. This, I thought, would at once settle the matter, and I was dozing myself into a quiet nap, when voices in the court arrested my attention—it was that functionary and his suite; nothing daunted, he had come; my hopes were now centred in Hassan, who like a faithful terrier sat in a corner of the room watching over me. “I beseech you, by all that you hold dear, keep him away.” Hassan obeyed; and the Mutsellim went off, leaving word that he would come early in the morning to see me. But long before he came, I was off, so he saw no more of me.

Immediately before dinner I took a walk out into the village. The caravan had taken their abode in the khan. Here and there we met straggling parties of them walking about the streets, followed by numberless ferocious-looking fellows. Djenin is supposed, by able topographers of the Holy Land, to be the Gina of Josephus, and the Engannim of the Scriptures, mentioned in the nineteenth and twenty-first chapters of Joshua. Some travellers have supposed it to be Jezreel; but the former supposition strikes me as being the correct one; the semblance of the names, Jenin and Gannim, is a great argument in favour of that supposition. Whatever might have been its pretensions in days gone by, it is now a miserable village; but boasting, however, of a khan, a bath, and a mill; the last, being out of the village, was deserted,

because, I suppose, no one dares to tenant it. The pure water of the spring, at the entrance of the village, was, I thought, its best acquisition. Immediately near it, is the *seraia*, or mutsellim's palace, an old and dilapidated building.

A sunset is glorious to look upon at any time; but hardly any where with that interest as when its last streaks linger on a plain like Esdraelon—a plain whose history involves almost every age and clime. Nations from far, and from near, have been mustered upon it—the shout of war, the clang of arms, and the rushing of chariots, have oft been heard on it. The same sun that witnessed their conflicts, still sheds its beams on a plain, which would take volumes to tell its history.

To call this land only interesting, would be an insult to the sensitive pilgrim who now scans its scenery. It is not only interesting, but thrilling! and the absorbed traveller lingers and returns to every theme of interest. People in the West, who have not visited this land, and who know not the pleasure of lingering on a scene like the present, may, perhaps, be astonished at the manner in which the tourist of the Holy Land seems to delight in recurring again and again to the same scene—in fact he only regrets that he has to leave it. I wish I could, for one moment, inspire my readers with an ideal of my feelings as I gazed on this plain of varied associations. Waterloo is interesting to the Englishman, and Marengo to the Frenchman, but Esdraelon bears on its name deeper interest than any battle-field elsewhere, inasmuch as it connects itself with the history of the world at large. It is as interesting to the Chinese as to the Englishman. In fact, it is common property to all the readers of the Bible—the battle-field of Sisera and Barak—of Saul and

the Philistines—of Ahab and Benhadad—the scene of the Old Testament sites of Jezreel and of Endor—the history of Jezebel, Ahab, Naboth, Elijah, and Jehu—and last, but not least, the footsteps of Him who compassionated the sorrow-stricken widow, and who oft might have wandered on it, makes this plain peculiarly interesting to every individual Christian of every clime or nation. But we pass on—the sun had set.

Wednesday, 14th March, 1855.

We were up at four, and off by six. The caravan had just started, and was only ahead; so that there was no fear, and yet we were anxious to be with it for safety's sake. And here I will tell the traveller, that once you have crossed the plains of Esdraelon, on your way south, keep good eye on your baggage. From Djenin to Jerusalem, the roads are insecure; in fact, this very morning the intelligence reached us, that a government guard, who had been sent on duty to collect some government-revenues, was waylaid, robbed, and wounded! These things are so now; but they were not so always. Time was, when a girl could travel the length and breadth of Syria without molestation; but those days belonged to the palmy rule of Mohamed Ali, and they are gone.

It will interest the readers of this journal to know what the night cost me at Djenin, and herewith I give it forthwith:—

	Piast.	Paras.
Room-hire - - - - -	3	
2 Chickens for dinner - - -	5	
1 Fowl for the next day's luncheon -	2	20
Backsheesh to the girl - - -	2	
		12 20, or 2s. 1 <i>d.</i>

Of course I paid something extra for barley; but as the traveller is not supposed to keep a horse of his own, and as he does not provide for a hired horse, I omit that item. I wish it also to be remembered, that out of this 2s. 1d. I was providing for three persons; myself, Khalil, and the guard.

As for the eight guards whom the governor had sent to watch the house—it is true, they pestered me about *backsheesh*, but I did not heed their request. I told them that I did not know them, and did not engage them.

“But the governor sent us,” they said.

“Well then, go to him,” said I; “I am not going to support the imbecility of the Turkish government.”

Only fancy the surprise of an Englishman, on arriving in London or Liverpool, to find the mayor sending him a dozen policemen to see that no harm befell him, either from robbery, or otherwise!!!

Our road now lay in a romantic gorge, between two hills covered with olive trees. At the end of it we caught up with the caravan; which was made up of a motley crew of five hundred Armenians,—men, women, and children; ecclesiastics and laity. They had come from Zeiton—a village not far from Aleppo—for the purpose of visiting the holy shrines of our Saviour, and of worshipping in Jerusalem. The order of the caravan ran thus:—the women and the children were put in the centre; whilst around them rode the men. Stalwart-looking fellows those Armenians were: they had already had an encounter with the Bedouins near Homs, the ancient Emessa; and had beaten those who would have robbed them. One elderly woman who rode in the centre, had received a shot in her arm; another young one was slightly wounded; one man's horse was killed

under him; but excepting these, the caravan came best off.

I have already said that this caravan from Zeiton: the parties composing it, like all other caravans which visit Jerusalem annually, were mostly poor people. One woman told me, that in order to make this journey she had sold all she had, with the most of which she bought two mules (one of which her daughter rode); the remainder was for her current expences. On her return home, she will again sell the two mules, and set up house again.

“But supposing the mules were to die, what then will become of you in your old age?” asked I.

“‘God will provide,’” answered she, with the utmost simplicity and perfect reliance on Him whose “love casteth out fear.”

It is to the credit of these people to say, that what they believe, *that they do sincerely*. It is very often the case that they do not know the tenets of their creed, but still their faith in their church is strong, and whatever it bids them, *that they do* without grumbling or arguing. In making their pilgrimage, they believe that they have done a virtuous act, for which heaven would be a recompense. They think, therefore, that no trouble, sacrifice, or self-denial, can be too much. The title *hadgi*, which is ever afterwards given them, is deemed a sufficient recompense for all their toil, and expense of the trip. In their circles they become little oracles, and their word is respected. If a *hadgi* becomes poor, his neighbours and friends will not allow him to suffer, but club round him and contribute to his wants — *a trait worthy of imitation by more civilized nations*.

It is a great thing to say for a country like Syria,

that we do not know what it is for a man to starve. Let it but be known, and that man is at once sought out by his own sect and relieved. The Quaker acts on the same principles; hence we see none of that society begging. Friend Richard or Friend Sarah are ready to meet the wants of the poverty-stricken. The Freemason has only to make himself known, and he is not long in want. The medical fraternity are ready to help each other, when one of the profession gets in distress. The sailor and the soldier, be they ever so poor, are never known to hold back when a fellow-tar or comrade wants their help. There is hardly a class of people, even among the most degraded, where there is not a fellow-feeling for each other—I wish I could say as much of the Christianity of the day; were it so, a Doctor of Divinity, who had contributed much to Biblical literature, would not have died the other day in the greatest penury; and his case is only one of thousands. A temperance orator—once himself a hard case—because he has talent enough to move the crowd, is received by his society, paraded, crammed, and feasted, whilst a learned divine, who has, perhaps, spent his last penny to advance Biblical interests, is allowed to die almost in a garret!

I do not wish to question the sympathy of true Christianity—that is indeed large and abounding—nor do I wish to insinuate that there are no Christians in this land; on the contrary, some of the most holy and most philanthropic men that I know belong to it. But it strikes me as a singular fact, that notwithstanding all this Christianity, for this is a professedly Christian land, so many Christians are allowed to end their days in poverty and distress, leaving families behind them still worse off. There certainly must be something at fault

where this is the case. I am not speaking of the fallen of our race, though even these should not be forgotten nor allowed to perish. "Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him? till seven times?" was Peter's inquiry of our Saviour, but "Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, until seven times: but until *seventy times seven*." But I am now referring to a more more deserving class; I mean to those true Christians who are allowed to descend to the grave penniless and heart-broken, dying, perhaps, from lack of those necessities which they had not the means to procure.

Dost thou ask why infidelity is increasing in the land? Cease thy wonder. It is not because *true* Christianity is a fiction, nor the Bible a fable. Both are true and earnest, and the very infidel feels their influence and trembles, but it is because a great many who *profess* to be Christians, who subscribe largely to benevolent societies—those huge bodies which profess to do good by wholesale, and whose monster meetings tell the world far and near what they are doing, and whose presidents are the nobles of the land—do not act up to their profession. Without wishing to deteriorate from their praiseworthy exertions to do good by means of these large bodies, may I not be allowed to tell them, that the greatest acts of kindness and self-denial are those done in private. It is the little trivial acts of life which makes it up. It is not our lot every day to save a drowning creature, or the crew of a shipwrecked vessel, but ten thousand acts of little kindnesses fall in our way daily which we should improve. A brother has sinned, a sister has fallen, and you shut your heart against them—you say they have made their bed, and let them lie on it. Is that Christianity? *Have you never sinned?* But ah, your

faults are hidden from the gaze of the world by a large fortune; you give liberally to societies, they laud your name, and you are deceived into piety—you begin to think yourself a pious man. “Surely all the world cannot be wrong; they say I am a good man, hence I must be so; I rob no one, wish no one any harm, am willing to subscribe largely to all benevolent associations; I attend regularly on the ministrations of the Gospel, and the ordinances of salvation.” Even your faults are hidden from your gaze. Dost thou know that there are such things as faults of Omission as well as of Commission? Our Saviour died for us—a great deed to be sure—but our Saviour did not limit His benevolence to that act, which reconciles us to our Father. Follow Him in His daily course of life, and see His tender kindness. Here He sees a poor mother, sorrow-stricken on account of the death of her son, and He has compassion on her, and restores the dead to life again. Here a woman is brought to Him accused of adultery, and all the judgment He passeth on her is, “*Daughter, go, and sin no more.*” On two occasions He sees a hungry crowd and feeds them—the sick and the possessed came not to him in vain. His life was like a gentle stream running in a meadow, making no noise, but creating health and verdure around.

Christian, if thou wouldst be like Him, seek to do likewise. Be satisfied, that “thy Father who seeth in secret will reward thee openly.” In everything which pertains to this world, your motto seems to be “*Excelsior;*” let your Christianity have a similar aim. In making of money, and pursuit of pleasure, you are active and untiring. The merchant loses no chance of making money; he is ever watchful for the opportunity when he can double his gains. Money becomes no object to a man of

pleasure when his comfort is concerned; his daily thoughts and nightly vigils are to possess every comfort in this world. Christian brother! if your soul is worth saving, let your Christian energies be at least equal to your worldly ones, and fear not the blessing of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob will rest on you and all that you do.

Considering my youth, and my many short comings, I wish to be pardoned in presuming to be an oracle to others; but, if it is any consolation to them, I assure all, that my desire is not to offend, but to wake the Christian from his lethargy. In writing this article, I am not conscious, to myself, of any ill-will to any person or persons. I have simply written it as a matter of duty.

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About half-past seven we reached the village of *Abatia*, "at which," in the words of Lord Nugent, in his *Lands Classical and Sacred*, "we found it advisable not to halt, even to give food or half-an-hour's rest to our horses." This is the notorious robber village; and, if one could be said to exceed another, it even supersedes Djenin and Howara, in its pilfering propensities. As we passed through, the villagers sent many a searching look after us; but we, fortunately, were too many for them. This, however, did not prevent them from dogging our footsteps for some distance; and, on the occasion of a small party being left a little behind, failed not to exhibit their malevolence. In passing through the village of *Abatia* my horse lost a shoe, and I became very anxious lest he should become lame before the end of the journey, so I informed an Armenian of my predicament, who, to my joy, said he was the farrier of the company, and would

shoe my horse on the spot. We were now a quarter of an hour's distance from Abatia. I jumped down, and the horse was shod. The caravan was now a little a-head of us; and we, a small party, were left behind. The villagers now prowled about us: first they saw a leathern pouch, which I had, and they came to look at it, wanting to know what it was: then they wanted to know what this or that thing was;—questions which we did not feel inclined to answer, on which they became insolent, and said they would slay us. This was no joke; things had come to a crisis; and we at once showed them that we were their match. A whistle, also, from one of the party, soon arrested the march of the caravan; and, all things being considered, the villagers thought it best to retire, the more so as they saw the blood of the Armenians getting up; on which we joined the caravan.

We now descended into a small valley, from which we again ascended to the table-land, leaving, on our right, the mountainous boundary which runs between the countries of Manasseh and Issachar, from the top of which a fine view of the sea can be obtained. About half-past eight we were under the village of Sennoor, a fortified village, situated on the top of a hill, and which forms the residence of the Jerrar family, one of the four great factions of this part of the country, from whom the mutsellim, or governor of Nabloos, is generally appointed. It is said that this village sustained, in 1831, a siege from Abdalla Pasha, who was then Viceroy of Syria, and resided in Acre.

To understand the nature of this siege, I must first initiate the traveller into some of the mysteries of the Turkish government. I have said that the Jerrar family was one of four factions who were promoted by the

Pashas to the governorship of Nabloos. "When, after any offence, a governor, from his inability to satisfy the rapacity of the effendis of council, and other followers of the Pasha, at head-quarters, is put out of office, some member of the rival faction immediately repairs thither, and with large sums of money ingratiates himself into the favour of the effendis, secretaries, etc.; who speak well of him to the Pasha, and he is then installed as succeeding governor. He then uses all means in his power, foul or fair, to reimburse himself for his great outlay in obtaining the official title. He, with impunity, levies impositions upon all who have too little influence to be able to complain. It devolves upon him to appoint the sheiks or chiefs of the villages: those who were already in office, under his predecessor, are allowed to remain if they make suitable and sufficient presents at the time of his accession; otherwise the offices are given to those who make larger offers."—E. L. ROGERS, in "Notices on the-Samaritans," p. 14.

Herein is the secret; it is not the taxes of the Turkish government that are burdensome, but the rapacity of the understrappers in office. The pasha is handsomely bribed by the effendis of the council, who in turn are bribed by the governors they appoint, and who also are bribed by the chiefs of the village under them; and this all, and more, must be made out of the peasant. A history of the Samaritans, lately published by Mr. Rogers, British Vice-Consul at Haifa (a small sea-port at the foot of Carmel), and formerly Chancellor to the British Consulate at Jerusalem, exhibits a curious system of extortion and oppression carried on by those petty governors. The cruel spoliation to which the Samaritans have been subjected has lately roused the ire of the British govern-

ment, and Lord Clarendon nobly interposed to protect this hitherto friendless tribe from similar oppression. Long live the British Lion! May he ever remain the champion of the oppressed of every nation and clime! On the petition of the Samaritan community to the British government for protection, Lord Clarendon not only favourably responded to it, but sent instructions to the consuls resident in Palestine, expressing the interest which Her Britannic Majesty's government take in the Samaritans of Nabloos, and directing them to afford, in case of need, such protection as may be proper towards subjects of the Porte. His lordship, at the same time, instructed his excellency Lord Stratford de Redcliffe to use his good offices with the Porte in favour of the Samaritan community.

But to return to the siege of Sennoor. One of the factions, of the name of *Abd-ul-Hady*, inflamed by jealousy against the Jerrar family, determined to work their ruin; and on Abdalla Pasha being, in 1831, appointed Pasha of Acre, he repaired to that city; and under cover of paying his respectful visit of ceremony, he laid plots with the Pasha for the overthrow of his formidable rivals—the Jerrar family. The Pasha lent a willing ear to these statements, and then summoned the heads of all the rival families. Some of them went; but others, among whom were the Jerrar family, did not venture to obey the summons; on which, Abd-ul-Hady represented them to Abdalla Pasha as a set of rebellious robbers; who set all superiors at defiance, and who deserved to be punished. Abdalla Pasha was somewhat piqued at their not presenting themselves according to his summons; so he wrote again “that, unless the elders of the family immediately repaired to Acre, he would himself ride with his army,

and take the village by storm." They sent back a very insolent answer; to the effect, that their defence was powder and shot; but that, in case His Excellency had not enough, they would lend him some, to be returned at the end of the fight.

Abdalla Pasha was now extremely enraged; and collecting his forces, he dispatched his vizier to storm the village of Sennoor; but from the sturdy hardihood and bravery of the peasantry of the Jerrar family, and the extreme difficulty of access to the village, the vizier besieged it for thirty days, without any result other than the loss of his ammunition and provisions. The Pasha, now more determined than ever to reduce it, went in person, taking with him much heavy artillery, and claiming the assistance of the Emir Bsheer and the Druzes from Mount Lebanon. He built a small tower on an adjacent hill-side; but after the loss of several months, was obliged to raise the siege, and make a truce with the family of Jerrar, through the mediation of other sheiks. Peace was thus effected, on terms very humiliating to the Viceroy; who, upon returning to Acre, was greatly enraged with Abd-ul-Hady, and accused him of having by his intrigues caused disgrace to the government—the loss of many lives, and much ammunition and provisions. Abd-ul-Hady, fearing that his life was in danger, made his escape to his village, Arabeh; a walled-village with iron-gates, situated about twenty miles northwest of Nabloos, which was the stronghold of the Abd-ul-Hady family. Arabeh is equally as well fortified as Sennoor; but not so well situated. Some horsemen were sent after him, but he was safely lodged before they arrived. Abdalla Pasha, after his defeat, was not willing to measure arms with another rebel; so he wisely let the matter drop.

Such is the history of the village topping yonder peak; immediately beneath it is a rich plain, where we saw some of the peasantry at work tilling the soil.

An hour afterwards brought us to a fountain, where the caravan halted, for the purpose of taking their breakfasts, and of giving rest to their animals. Here we remained till twelve o'clock. But I will not detain the reader on the manner we spent the time. The pilgrims spread themselves on the green sward, taking their morning-meal; whilst the animals were allowed to graze at liberty.

At twelve o'clock the bugle was sounded, and we were once again on the move; in five minutes, we were at the village of Djebaâ. Hence our road lay on a succession of hills. Here I parted company with the caravan; intending to visit Sebastia, the capital of Samaria, on my way to Nabloos. Hassan and I pushed on; but we lost our road; and instead of finding ourselves at Sebastia, as we anticipated, we found that we were at Sarêca, a small village on a hill, this side of Ebal. It is true, that I was vexed at this mishap; but the pleasant situation of the village, and the view from it quite repaid me for my disappointment. Nor was I greatly disappointed; for I had been at Sebastia before; my object in now visiting it was to connect it in the link of my narrative. As I felt too tired to go to it, I pushed on towards Nabloos.

Sebastia, however, lies to the left of the road on the brow of a hill, from which the Mediterranean is visible. The village consists of a few poor houses; and the only claim which the former capital of Samaria lays to the attention of the traveller, are a few ruins dedicated to St. John the Baptist, which tradition marks

as the place of his burial; a few standing columns are also to be seen in a garden on the top of the hill.

As we gained the heights of Ebal we once more caught up with the caravan. The landscape that now broke on our view was really enchanting. Never did I look on a picture of such lovely luxuriance—on the opposite side lay the mountain Gerizim, between us and which ran a deep and beautiful valley. Lord Nugent said, whilst writing of this valley in his excellent work, entitled, “Lands Classical and Sacred,” “The richness of the whole valley is hardly to be described. Between the gardens and the road, the margin is lined with a natural and abundant growth of aromatic bay trees of great size, and pomegranates and medlars in full bloom thus early in the year (this was in the early part of March). In many places, they overreach the road for some distance. Bright streams and fountains gush forth on all sides, to join in a wild and rapid stream that flows westward in the opposite direction from those on the other side of the heights we had just left. This is the vale of many waters, and we had passed the boundary which divides their course.”

Almost at the end of the valley, covered with a luxuriant growth of green leaves, were to be seen the minarets and houses of the town of Nabloos. We rode slowly down towards it, and about two o'clock I was wending my way through its streets towards the only hotel—if so it may be called—kept by one Audé Azzam, an excellent man, who is the head of the Protestant community here.

My plans now were to remain in Nabloos a couple of days, and then proceed to Jerusalem, by way of Jaffa, I therefore bade farewell to many of the members of

the caravan with whom I had scraped a decent acquaintance. They left early next morning for Jerusalem, by the regular route.

I have on more than one occasion traversed that road, and as the traveller will, in all likelihood, wish to take it, in preference to the route I now intended to take, I will therefore conclude this chapter by conducting him thither.

The traveller is now one day's ride from the Holy City; the road lies by Jacob's Well, then it passes through a succession of vales. At the distance of three hours from Nabloos is another famous robber village; Howara is its name, and I have occasion to remember it. Whilst making a tour of the Holy Land in 1842, with Sir Archibald Macdonald, we were waylaid here, and should have been robbed, had we not proved more than a match for the scoundrels. Passing this, you see on your right a white building topping a high hill, called, Nebi Samweel—it is a Moslem wely, dedicated to the Prophet Samuel; and said to be, by some, the ancient Shiloh or Silo, where Joshua assembled the people to make a second distribution of the Land of Promise, and where the Tabernacle of the Lord was set up when they were settled in the country. The ark and the tabernacle remained at Shiloh upwards of three hundred years, when it was taken by the Philistines, under the administration of the high priest Eli. Samuel began to prophesy at Shiloh, and it was there that the prophet Abijah dwelt.

Far on his right the hills of Gibeon appear, behind which lie the villages of Beit ûr El Fowka and Beit ûr El Tahta, the Upper and Lower Beth Horons; to the East of which lay the village of Ajloon, where Joshua

charged the moon to stand, whilst the sun stood still upon Gibeon, the present "Djeeb," until he smote the five kings of the Amorites.

Further on, the traveller reaches the village of El Briéh, the ancient Beer, unto which Jotham, the son of Gideon, retired to avoid falling into the hands of Abimelech, his brother (Judges ix. 21); some travellers have supposed it to be the Beeroth of the Gibeonites. There is a wely here, and near to it a fine gushing spring, of which a legend is told among Moslems and Christians, that it was, whilst refreshing themselves at this fountain, that Joseph and the Mother of Jesus began to be anxious about Him; and it was from here they turned back, sorrowing, to Jerusalem, seeking the lost one, and found Him reasoning with the doctors in the Temple. At this village, the traveller generally stops for the night; but others, more anxious to reach the Holy City, push on.

The next place of interest the traveller reaches, is the village of Jifna, the ancient Gophna or Gophnith, the principal place of one of the ten Toparchies of Judea. The country hereabouts abounds in vineyards.

Two hours of gradual ascent bring the traveller to the heights of Shafat, from which the valley of Jehoshaphat breaks down, dividing the Holy City from the Mount of Olives.

And now the weary pilgrim looks on a scene of deepest interest. Beneath him is the City of Jerusalem. He has reached the goal of his travels. Half an hour longer, and he threads his way through the streets of the earthly Jerusalem. May it be his lot also to be accepted in the *Heavenly one*!

CHAPTER XVII.

NABLOOS TO JERUSALEM, VIA JAFFA.

Mahomedan Fanaticism—Treatment of Samaritans—Nabloos and its Associations—The Woman of Samaria and the Samaritans—The Pentateuch—Mr. B— ; his Labours—School—Departure—Hospitality of Azzoom—A Letter from a Soldier in the War—Refusal of Backsheesh—The French Soldier—Jaljulia—The River Auja—Gardens—Arrival at Jaffa—Its Harbour and a History—The Armenians—The expected Arrival of the Duke of Brabant—Departure for Jerusalem—Beit Dajan—Ramla—Lydda—A Weary Ride—Abo Gosh—Arrival at Jerusalem.

NABLOOS is a small town, of about twelve or fourteen thousand inhabitants, most of whom are Mahomedans of a most fierce and fanatic disposition. Eothen calls Nabloos “the very furnace of Mahomedan bigotry”; and so it is. Before the time of Mohamed Ali, a European dared not show himself in the streets in a Frank costume. These things have improved of late; but the manners of the Mahomedans of Nabloos, though it does not exhibit itself in more than curses when they see a hat, are, nevertheless, intolerable to the other denominations who inhabit the same town with them. It is not long since their virulence broke out with unrestrained fury upon the poor Samaritans, the only remnant of an old race. A Samaritan widow having embraced Islamism, it was declared by the Mahomedans that her son and daughter

must follow the religion of their mother. Mahmoud Abd-el-Hady, who was shortly afterwards made Governor of Nabloos, entered into the spirit of the Ulemas, and sought to make the children submit. The boy was about fourteen years old; and after a fortnight's imprisonment, with threats and frequent lashes, he embraced the Mahomedan religion; but the girl died from fright of the dreadful torture about to be inflicted on her. The boy's name was Isaac, but he is now known under the newly-adopted Mahomedan name of Asâad. After the submission of this youth, the Ulemas assembled and conspired to murder the whole Samaritan people, unless they would embrace the Moslem faith. One Samaritan, named M'Barak, alarmed at the threats held out, confessed faith in Mahomed. He was carried in triumph through the city on horseback, whilst his former co-religionists were being sought for. These, however, had obtained information of the scheme on foot, and some of them fled, whilst others concealed themselves. Nor was the fury of the fanatics appeased until the poor Samaritans gave them immense pecuniary presents, consisting of money, jewellery, and plate, to a very large amount.

Not so bad, however, is the town of Nabloos; it is beautifully located in a valley, between Ebal and Gerizim, well hemmed in with olive-groves, and abounding in murmuring springs. As the traveller descends towards it from the hills, it appears luxuriantly embosomed in the most delightful and fragrant bowers, half concealed by rich gardens, and by stately trees collected into groves, all around the beautiful valley in which it stands: a furnace it is within, but without, it is green and smiling. It is the Neapolis of the Romans, and the Shechem of the Scriptures, where Abraham sojourned, and where

Jacob bought the parcel of land from Hamor, the father of Shechem, which he gave to Joseph.

Its associations, also, are interesting, and the localities shown out are, perhaps, the most accurate in the land. No traditional aid is necessary to point to us Gerizim, where Israel was commanded to build an altar to the Lord, and where the blessing of the law was pronounced in a loud voice to the people; or show us Ebal, the mount of curses: there they stand, on each side of Nabloos, of the former of which it was said by the woman of Samaria, as she discoursed with our Saviour at the well of Jacob—"Our fathers worshipped in this mountain."

But we are now on Samaritan ground, and we think of the race of her who once reminded our Saviour that she was a woman of Samaria: "For the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans." Jacob's Well is still shown, about half an hour's ride from Nabloos; and a deeply interesting spot it is, situated at the entrance of the valley of Nabloos, overlooking the plain of Moré, where Abraham first pitched his tent in the Land of Promise, and where God appeared unto him and said, "Unto thy seed will I give this land." Near it are the foundations of a church. The well is deep, and is now covered up. When I visited it on former occasions it was open, and I descended into a small chamber which was above the well. At this well our Saviour arrives, once tired, weary, and thirsty, and sits down, waiting for some one to come and draw water, since the well was deep, and He had nothing to draw water with. A Samaritan woman comes, and He asks her for a drink. She indignantly replies—"How is it that thou, being a Jew, askest drink of me, who am a woman of Samaria?"

The last remnant of the Samaritan race still exist in Nabloos; and, notwithstanding all the persecution they endured in the time of Justinian, or the oppression under which they groan from Mahomedan misrule, they still cling with pertinacity to the place where their fathers worshipped. Mount Gerizim is still as sacred to them as ever. To it in the days of unleavened bread the Samaritans repair, and live in tents near the site of their ancient temple. On the fifteenth day of the month, the congregation being assembled, the priest stands forth on a mound, and reads, in a most solemn and impressive voice, the animated description of the Exodus. The labourers having previously prepared a trench of ten feet long, by ten feet deep, and two feet wide, on which two cauldrons of water are placed, fire being kindled in the trench, and a round pit dug in the form of a well for a bake-oven, in which fire is kindled, lambs are brought in sufficiency for the whole community: seven is now the usual number. Seven men in white dresses take each a lamb before him, and at the utterance by the priest of a particular word in the service appointed for the day, all the seven lambs are slain at one instant. Every member of the congregation then dips his hand in the blood of the dying victim, and besmears his forehead with it. The boiling water from the cauldrons being poured over the fleece, causes the wool to leave the skin without much difficulty: it is plucked off with great nicety. The bodies of the lambs are examined, lest there be any blemish; the right shoulder and the hamstrings are cut off and thrown on the heap of offal, to be burnt with the wool. The seven bodies are then spitted and forced into the hot bake-oven. A trellis-work is then placed over the top of the oven, which is

covered with grass and mud to keep in all the heat. A few hours after sunset they are withdrawn, and the Samaritans, each with his loins girt and a staff in his hand, eats most heartily and greedily of the food thus prepared. The scraps of meat, wool, and bone are carefully sought for, and burnt on the heap, that not a morsel remain.

The Samaritans, who are chiefly interesting to us on account of the discourse of the woman of Samaria with our Saviour, which renders the fourth chapter of St. John an exceedingly interesting one, by reason of the numerous internal evidences of truth which crowd upon the mind in its perusal, are now a small body of one hundred and ninety-five souls in all. They call themselves Beni Israel (children of Israel), and trace their origin chiefly to Ephraim and Manasseh, the two sons of Joseph. They have among them the sepulchre of "Joseph the Just," the son of Jacob, who rests in peace according to that saying, "the bones also of Joseph, which the children of Israel brought up with them out of Egypt, buried they in Shechem." Besides Joseph's tomb, they show the sepulchres of Phineas and his father Eleazar in Mount Ephraim, and of Caleb and Joshua in Kipher Hares.

They date their separation from the Jews as far back as the time of Eli, the high-priest in Shiloh, who is an object of their special execration, as having first introduced division into the inheritance of the Lord, which had been before united in one federal bond by their common worship in Mount Gerizim, the place divinely appointed according to their reading of Deuteronomy as that which God had chosen to place his name there—the only legitimate seat of the worship of Jehovah, and the

only actual seat, as they maintain, from the time of Joshua to the days of Eli.

Now this Eli, they allege, not being of the family of Phineas, the son of Eleazar, to whom the covenant of an everlasting *priesthood* was made, but of the collateral branch of Ithamar, the brother of Eleazar, having usurped the office of high-priest, their ancestors continued steadfast in their allegiance to their legitimate priesthood, and maintained the true worship in Mount Gerizim. They believe themselves to possess a copy of the Pentateuch written by Phineas, the son of Eleazar, the son of Aaron the priest.

Thursday, 15th March, 1855.

Accompanied by the Rev. Mr. B—— I called on Amran, the Samaritan Levite, and desired to see the Pentateuch. He led me into an inner chamber covered with old carpets, in one of the recesses of which are their religious books. He showed me three copies written on rolls of vellum. One was very old, and the handwriting was very small, the other two were written in a large and a more legible hand—the former they say is the copy written by Phineas, the son of Eleazar.

Mr. B—— is the self-devoted missionary of Nabloos. He has a living in England, but having a leave of absence for a year, came hither to labour. An interesting Protestant community of about thirty members has risen about him, who have a native preacher over them. He is not ordained. He simply expounds the *word* to them. Mr. B—— takes charge of the services.

He has also a school in Nabloos, and in the afternoon, previous to going out on a ride to Jacob's well, he took

me there. I forget now the exact number of boys I saw in the school, but one class I remember were reciting their lesson in geography. A chart was before them, and they were pointing out the spots which the teacher asked for. I asked one boy—

“What is the shape of the earth?”

“Round;” he answered.

“What proof have you got that the world is round?” said I.

“Because,” said he, “a ship continually sailing to the eastward will finally come back to its starting ground.”

“Have you got any other proof?” I asked.

“Yes,” said he; “when I go down to Jaffa, and take the first view of the harbour, the first thing of a ship that I see is its mast, and last of all its hull.”

I was satisfied with what I saw of the progress of the scholars; a more spiritual feeling exists in Nabloos than I found at Nazareth. We had prayer-meetings on the two evenings I was in Nabloos, and I was pleased with the earnest and simple Christianity, which, I thought, pervaded this community.

But Mr. B——, not content with his scriptural work among the people, or his school, addresses himself also to the agricultural interest of the country. When I was there he bought a piece of ground, in order to show the people (I believe that is the reason) how the English cultivate their land. He had also imported an oil press into the country, and which he set up under his house, but how that was going on, I could not tell. He is indeed a good man, and the people love him. I have heard them speak of him with the deepest affection and respect. May many more of his spirit and stamp bless

Syria with their presence! He lives not in high style, nor keeps aloof from the people, as some others do who consider themselves above the natives, whom they call "*Common Arabs*," but he lives in a very plain way, and mixes freely with the people receiving them in his own house, and going out with them. By this way he has won their affection and esteem, and hence it was that in a short time he smoothed down their prejudices. Even the Mahomedans now love him.

It was on account of the work of the Gospel in this place, and Nazareth, that some of the clergy of the Church of England protested against the course of Bishop Gobat. The anti-Gobat movement, as it was called, is still in the remembrance of all the readers of this work,—I am happy, however, to add that the course pursued by Bishop Gobat was sympathized with by the four Archbishops of the united kingdom, who frowned on the hostile movement, and acknowledged not the clergy who made the protest, representing in any way the Church of England.

Friday, 16th March, 1855.

At mid-day we left Nabloos for Jaffa. Hassan had left me here, and in his stead the Governor had sent me another, his name was Abaid. We now ascended the heights of Gerizim, from which we had a last view of the vale of Nabloos. Our road now lay over a succession of ridges and valleys; it was a cold and windy day, and very much reminded me of the one in which our party made its entry into Damascus—that unfortunate day which will ever live in my memory. At five o'clock we reached the Moslem village of Azzoon. Here I found lodgings in the abode of the only Christian

family in the village; who, on my alighting at their house, received me cordially. Never shall I forget their unostentatious hospitality. I had hardly dismounted from my horse when the females of the house were set apart to prepare a supper for myself and party. Our horses were cared for in like manner. A pleasant evening was that which I spent at the house of the Christian Abdalla Abu Shtara of Azzoon.

Immediately after supper, the Sheikh of the village and others came to see me. Even here the excitement of the war is not without its due influence. A man from an adjoining village had gone as a soldier, and was then on the banks of the Danube; he wrote home to say that he had been in so many engagements, and had been wounded, and for which he was allowed to return home, and would soon be with them. He told them of the war and its progress. Now this letter made as much excitement in these villages here, as I have seen in England, when a letter from an absent one would reach his home. This letter had not only been read by the parents and family of the soldier, but to all the inhabitants of the village where he resided. Every man, woman, and child heard it, and looked upon it with interest, as if its news were common property. But this was not all, the letter had been read in his village, and now was going the round of other villages, and this evening it had reached Azzoon, and as I was about the only person able to read in that place, the letter was brought to me to decipher—its calligraphy was not the most legible, nevertheless, I managed to get through it to the extreme pleasure of the score or more who heard me. I had hardly finished when they announced their intention to go down to Jaffa on the day the steamer would arrive, and conduct

him home with drums. I was amused at the interest they took in him, and, I do believe, had he been among them now, I should have been forgotten, and he would have been received rejoicingly, and feasted—in fact, his reception would equal, if not surpass that of any European political agitator on landing on the shores of the United States.

The Sheikh told me, that many years ago, when he was a child, the French army came here, on its way to besiege Nabloos.

“There,” said he, pointing to a cliff visible by moonlight, “they encamped. On the morrow, they moved into the valley beneath, and here we fell upon them and routed them. We took possession of their ammunition and other things of value; but the most curious thing,” continued he, “was the sole prisoner we took. He was a beardless boy, and very sweet-looking; and though dressed up as a soldier, turned out to be at last *a woman*.”

“What became of her?” says I, interested in her fate.

“O,” said the Sheikh, “she became a Mahomedan, and married a man in (or near) Nabloos.”

“Is she still alive?” I inquired.

“I do not know,” was the answer.

Here they began to argue about her being alive or dead, and the result was, as is often the case when half a dozen talk at once, that I could not arrive at any satisfactory clue to her.

The next morning (Saturday, 17th March, 1855) they pointed out to me the spot of the action, and where she was taken. The French army were hemmed-in in the valley, and my surprise was how they ever escaped. It had been raining during the night, and even now (seven

o'clock in the morning) it was still pouring down a thin shower.

At eight it cleared up, on which I bade farewell to my kind host, who had entertained me so hospitably and so unostentatiously. His son was holding my horse, and as I vaulted into the saddle, I put something into the boy's hand; on which the old man cried out, "La ya Kawaja (No, Sir)," and taking the money from the boy, he tried to force it back upon me. I parleyed with him for about five minutes before I could get him to allow his boy to take it. Who, reading this, will not confess that true nobility is not limited in its universal sovereignty by the restraint of rank? The duke may possess little of true nobility in his title, while a peasant reposing in yonder lowly hut may make good a title to the name.

But we pass on. A couple of hours' tedious ride in a craggy path brought us to a small meadow where the village of Jaljulia is situated. This I apprehend to be the Gilgal placed by Moses near to Gerizim and Ebal (Deut. xi. 30), and should not be confounded with the Gilgal of Joshua, which was about six miles west of the Jordan and of Jericho, and where the Israelites first encamped after the passage of that river. Jaljulia is a small village with nothing remarkable about it.

Emerging from this meadow, we came upon a small village, after which the road to Jaffa was in the beautiful plain of Sharon. Here again, as in the plain of Esdraelon, we were overtaken by a shower, which made us put our horses to the gallop; it did not last long.

Two hours further on we crossed the river Auja, perhaps the ancient Kanah, mentioned in Joshua as dividing the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh. On the banks of this river we saw some small mills in operation.

An hour before reaching Jaffa the air seemed impregnated with the most delicious odours. Nothing can describe the pleasure of the ride hence to Jaffa; it was amid a series of gardens, whose rich groves of oranges, and whose hedges of diversified flowers, sent a smell which perfumed the whole air for miles. As we rode into the town we could see the orange-tree groaning under its load of fruit: and what oranges! Talk of the oranges of St. Michael: Bah! they will not bear comparison with the oranges of Syria.

We entered Jaffa by its only gateway, the town had been long visible to us; its position makes it very conspicuous. The nearer we approached it, the farther off it seemed to be, till at last the promontory on which it is situated appeared to throw it out into the sea, rising to a height of about one hundred and fifty feet above its level. We got into it at last.

Whatever may have been its former glory when it was the sea-port of Judea, where Solomon received his timber from Tyre, and which was used by the succeeding kings of Judah as their port of communication with foreign nations, Jaffa is now a dirty and miserable town with narrow and uneven streets which would make a better title to the appellation of alleys. Ascending up as it does from the sea, and rising to the height of about one hundred and fifty feet, it presents so many flights of staircases. The houses seem to stand one upon another.

As a harbour it is the worst on the coast, and in stormy seasons ships cannot lie in it; in fact, many vessels which might be quietly taking in their cargo, and not expecting to take a cruise, have, nevertheless, often been obliged to cut their cables at a moment's notice and run

out to sea till the storm has blown over, which may, perhaps, be a week or more. The merchants of Jaffa are often tantalized with the view of the mail steamer which comes near enough to Jaffa simply to tell them "Here am I;" but, on account of the heavy sea unable to land, leaves them and proceeds on her course, carrying with her their mails, goods, remittances, and friends. They strain their eyes after her, but in vain; with distance she becomes less visible, till at last a speck, the horizon hides her from their view, and they go home disappointed. . . . And yet there must have been a harbour here once. . . . Yes, once; but it was in days long gone by, when the sovereigns of the land spared no expence to build and adorn it.

If the present Jaffa has any attractions, they most undoubtedly belong to its gardens in the suburbs, which, from their contiguity one to the other, present the appearance of a luxuriant forest of the orange, the pomegranate, the plum, the apricot, the citron, the banana, the pear, and the apple, forming a waving grove of many a mile in circuit, possessing such delicious odours as well may be compared to the "prayers of the saints" in the sight of God; a rich tint, as glowing and as varied as the rainbow; and a truly picturesque appearance from the peculiar density and luxuriance of the foliage—and, when I add an exceeding fertility of land, the reader will be prepared to learn that a company of American farmers have settled there. They live in the gardens which they have purchased or hired. The houses, too, in these gardens are superior to the miserable hovels of Jaffa, and hence I say, that a stranger desiring to reside in Jaffa will prefer the suburbs to the city.

The trade of Jaffa has also increased of late; steamers

touch there every week, which not only carry the traveller up and down the coast, but correspond with others which will carry him to every part of Europe, and from thence to America; the only pity is that the port of Jerusalem has no secure haven. On the evening of my arrival at Jaffa an Austrian steamer appeared in the offing, but on account of the heavy sea rolling in, she could not communicate with the shore, and hence, had to go to Haifa (at the foot of Carmel) fifty miles north of Jaffa where she disembarked her passengers. If it is tantalizing to the Jaffa merchant to see his letters and goods come within reach of him and then glide away from his vision, how much more tantalizing and provoking must it be to the traveller, who, arriving within view of his destination, cannot land there, but has to be carried to a long distance from it, and after a week's delay, coming by another steamer, to find that even then he cannot land, but has to be carried to another place in an opposite direction. It is hardly possible to conceive his disappointment; one must experience it before he can understand it. This double disappointment is however rare, as it seldom occurs that a steamer is debarred from landing its passengers on two consecutive occasions.

But we gladly pass from the present state of Jaffa to its more ancient history, and then we find themes of interest enough to dwell upon. It is a place of high antiquity, and Pliny assigns its foundation to a period anterior to the flood; and a tradition is preserved, that here Noah lived and built his ark. Some authors ascribe its origin to Japhet, son of Noah, and thence derive its name. It is stated that here it was that Andromeda, the daughter of Cepheus and Cassiopeia, was fastened to a rock by the nymphs, in order to be devoured by a sea

monster; but, being seen by Perseus, the son of Jupiter, who had acquired great reputation in slaying Medusa, and conquering Atlas, she was loosened by him, and restored to her father, who gave her to him in marriage. In the time of Pliny, the natives pretended to exhibit the marks of the chains with which Andromeda was fastened. The skeleton of the huge sea-monster to which she was exposed, is said, by Pliny, to have been brought to Rome, by Scaurus, and then carefully preserved. It was from this port that Jonah, the disobedient prophet, embarked, to flee to Tarsus from the presence of the Lord, and was subsequently swallowed by a whale, who, according to the tradition of the country, spat him out on the sea beach, between Sidon and Bayroot, and, in marking which spot, the Moslems have built a *wely*, known under the name of *Nebi-Yonas*, the prophet Jonah.

Without attempting to trace the history of Jaffa, during the war of the Maccabees, we will at once carry the reader to the time when Peter was here, and lodged in the house of "one Simon, a tanner" (Acts x. 6). Now this house of Simon is still shown by the sea-side. I visited it, but saw nothing there very remarkable; a well and a piece of ancient masonry are shown as belonging to the establishment of the tanner. The water in the well is rather brackish.

Again, we pass over the history of Jaffa for a long time: suffice it to say, that it shared the fate of all the other parts of Palestine in government and horrors of war, and we come, at once, to the last scene of painful interest of which it is a relic. In the Armenian convent is shown a large room which served the purpose of hospital to Napoleon's army, and where history records a lamentable occurrence. Rather than allow his sick to

fall into the hands of the enemy, Napoleon poisoned them, and they died.

I have mentioned the Armenian convent; and here I will add, that there is, besides, a Greek and a Latin convent. The former is a new building, just erecting, and is exceedingly beautiful. They had an old one; but, that being insufficient for their purposes, they have built a new one. In the ceiling of the new Greek church, there is the picture of God, as the FATHER. The Latin convent is a large, gloomy building; and, of all the others, it is the dirtiest and most inhospitable of its kind. I am glad, however, that I had no occasion to lodge there, as my friend, Dr. Assad Yakub Kayat, the British Consul here, invited me to take up my abode with him during my sojourn in Jaffa.

Generally speaking, there are few Armenians in Syria. They properly inhabit that part of Asia Minor known by their name; hence it is that I have not mentioned any of their convents before. As they do not properly belong to the land, I shall give a short account of their faith, and dismiss them at once. They are Christians of the Eutychian sect; that is, they own but one nature in JESUS CHRIST; and, when they speak of the hypostatical union, they say that He is perfect God and perfect Man, without mixture. They have a high esteem for a book they call the *Little Gospel*, which treats of the infancy of JESUS, and says, that the Virgin Mary being pregnant, her sister Salome accused her of having prostituted herself; to which the Virgin answered her that she needed only lay her hand on her stomach, and she would know how she came to be with child; which Salome accordingly did, and fire came of her stomach, which scorched her arm; upon which she acknowledged

her fault, and drew it back; after which it was healed by putting it to the same place.

The Armenians are honest, civil, polite, shrewd, exceedingly intelligent, remarkably handsome, and active. They are determined, generous, brave, and open-hearted; the very opposite to the Maronites, who are wavering, imbecile, niggardly, and mean. They are fond of trade, which they carry into almost all parts of the world; and so "*cute*" and clever are they, that they have won for themselves the title of *the Yankees of the East*.

Their clergy consist of Patriarchs, Archbishops, Vartabeds (or Doctors of Divinity), secular priests and monks. The secular priests marry once, but not a second time; their first marriage must occur before their ordination. The monks are of the order of St. Basil, and every Wednesday and Friday they eat neither fish nor eggs nor oil, nor anything made of milk, and during Lent they eat nothing but herbs. They are allowed wine only on the Saturday in the Holy Week, and meat on the Easter Sunday. Besides the great Lent, they have four others of eight days each, which are instituted to prepare for the four great festivals of the Nativity, the Ascension, the Annunciation, and of St. George, in which times they must not so much as speak of eggs, fish, oil, or butter.

They have seven sacraments, Baptism, Confirmation, Penance, the Eucharist, Extreme Unction, Orders, and Matrimony. In Baptism, the child is plunged three times into the water, and the same form of words that is used in the English Church is repeated every time; the priest then puts a small cord, made with silk and cotton, on the neck of the infant, and anoints his fore-

head, chin, stomach, arm-pits, hands, and feet, making the sign of the cross on each part. When the child is baptized, he is carried home by the godfather, with the sound of drums and trumpets. The women do not go to the church till forty days after their delivery. At the Communion, the priests give a piece of the consecrated host, soaked in the consecrated wine. The elements are covered with a great veil, and placed in a cupboard near the altar, on the side of the gospels. When he takes the chalice and patin he is followed by his deacons and sub-deacons, with flambeaux and plates of copper furnished with bells; in this manner, with a censer before him, he goes in procession round the sanctuary; the priest then sets them on the altar and pronounces the words of consecration, and then turns himself to the people, who fall down, kiss the earth, beat their breasts, then, after taking it himself, he distributes the host soaked in wine to the people. They consecrate holy water but once a year, at which time every one fills a pot and carries it home, which brings in a considerable revenue to the church.

The reader of this work will at once observe that the *Armenians* of the East, are not unlike the *Arminians* of the West, a body of Christians who arose in Holland in the sixteenth century, by a separation from the Calvinists. They are great assertors of free will; and maintain that as CHRIST died for all mankind, all are capable of obtaining salvation by fulfilling the conditions prescribed in the gospel; and that the doctrines of Predestination and Reprobation are inconsistent with the goodness of God, and highly blasphemous.

During my stay at Jaffa, I called more than once on the Superior of the Armenian convent. He is a vene-

nable-looking man, with a pleasant countenance and an agreeable eye. The American consul of Jaffa is an Armenian; both he and Signor Antonio Yanni, of Tripoli, do credit to the Republic which has appointed them as her consuls; they are both of them gentlemen of the first standing and respectability; their moral character, if anything, transcends their public worth, and I am glad of having an opportunity here of testifying to their excellence and integrity.

Here is a small Protestant community, but as yet in its infancy; it has only recently been established. Mr. Kruse, the minister, is a missionary of the Church Missionary Society, and I had the pleasure of hearing him preach on the sabbath. A female school is also established here under the direction of Mrs. Kruse, who is assisted in its management by my sister.

It was whilst I was here, that news arrived of the death of the Emperor Nicholas. At first it was not believed, but was rejected as a trumped up story. Soon, however, it was confirmed, and all doubt was set at rest; Nicholas was gone, and Alexander was now Czar of all the Russias.

During my stay in Jaffa, the town was in continued excitement; the Latin Convent was being furnished anew; the French and Austrian consuls of Jerusalem had come to Jaffa; the guns in the dilapidated fort were being put into order; the Pasha's secretary had also been despatched from Jerusalem hither; and all because the Duke de Brabant was expected. Having nothing to do at Jerusalem, and wanting still a long time to Easter, I lingered a week in Jaffa; and it was not till the departure of an agreeable English party to Jerusalem that I made any attempt to leave the town. The party in question were Lord and Lady Napier and family,

Mr. Noel Moore, of Bayroot, and my friend Mr. Graham, of Jerusalem, to whom I was introduced by Dr. Kayat. My only regret was now leaving my worthy host, who had so kindly entertained me. He is a Syrian, and having also been in England, we had many mutual points of interest on which we discoursed every evening, which made the time slide pleasantly away; I do not think that he or I are likely soon to forget the enjoyment of the few evenings I spent with him.

There are two paths which lead hither to the holy city: one, the easiest but longest, is by Lydda and Bethhoron; the other by Ramla and Abu Goth. The advantage of the latter is, however, that there is better accommodation for those who wish to make two days' easy ride of it; they can stop for the night at the Latin convent in Ramla; whereas, in the other, if they do not make the trip in one day, and have no tents with them, they will have to take up with whatever accommodation they find. We chose the Ramla road.

At three o'clock on Friday, the 23rd March, we left the gates of Jaffa, and after riding for about half an hour amid the orange groves already mentioned, we struck into the beautiful plain of Sharon—beautiful, indeed, for the whole scenery was one vast carpet of flowers. The rose of Sharon is not, however, the common rose, but a small, tiny flower, exceedingly beautiful and delicate, well adapted to represent the matchless excellence of a bride: "I am the rose of Sharon" (Cant. ii. 1). An hour after leaving Jaffa, we came upon a wely: here was a spring of water. In another hour we left the villages of Gazoom and Beit Dajan to our left; the latter the Beth Dagon of Judah, so called from the fact that a temple of Dagon existed here. As we approached Ramla,

we had a view of Lydda, about half an hour distant to the left. It is the place where Peter cured a man who was sick of the palsy (Acts ix. 30, 34). After the destruction of Jerusalem, the Jews set up an academy in it, of which the famous Akiba was professor; Gamaliel, the preceptor of Paul, also taught there. Justinian, it is said, built a church in Lydda, which tradition further adds he dedicated to St. George. It is now a small village of no importance.

We reached Ramla about half-past six, taking half an hour more to perform the journey than is otherwise necessary. It was a pleasant afternoon, and we enjoyed our ride. The soil of the plain of Sharon is exceedingly rich and fertile. Long before we entered Ramla, we could see the tower, said to be that of the forty martyrs, and to have been built by the crusaders. This place is considered to be the Arimathea of Joseph the Counsellor, who begged of Pilate the body of Jesus, and had it interred "in a sepulchre that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was laid" (Luke xxiii. 50—54). This is not, however, the Ramah of Samuel, as some have supposed it to be: such an opinion cannot well be supported.

We stopped at the Latin convent, which we found to be full. The superior, however, awarded us three rooms, two of which we assigned to the ladies and children, and the third was occupied by Lord N—, Mr. G—, Mr. M—, and myself.

The next day we were *en route* by half-past seven in the morning. We hoped to reach Jerusalem early in the afternoon, in time for luncheon, so that most of the party had not thought of taking with them anything to satisfy the wants of that meal, and O such

a hungry day we had of it! But let us not anticipate the evil.

Half an hour after leaving Ramla, we lost the last view of it, and simultaneously with our loss we saw the city of Lydda on our right. Both are situated in this delightful plain, surrounded by a grove of palm-trees. We continued our course for four hours in the plain of Sharon, where many flowers afforded us various matters for conversation. All went well so long as we were in the plain, but when we reached the mountains we found it slow and tedious work. Immediately on reaching the hill country, we passed the ruined modern village of Amwas, supposed by some to be the Emmaus of the evangelists; but it is too far distant from Jerusalem to allow of its being the identical village celebrated for our Lord's conversation with the two disciples who went thither on the day of His resurrection. An hour after passing Amwas, we reached a well of water, where we halted for half an hour to rest. Another hour brought us to a large tree, situated half-way between Ramla and Jerusalem. It was now one o'clock, and most of the party, fatigued with their ride, and faint with hunger, now sat down to rest. We now gave up the idea of reaching Jerusalem at any reasonable hour; on this Mr. G— proposed to precede us to Jerusalem, in order to have some dinner ready for us; and having engaged us all to dine with him, he left us.

Here we remained for one hour in a tent which was put up to receive the Duke de Brabant as he passed on his way to the holy city. We asked for something to eat, but the man, a Maltese, would not give it to us for love or for money. I think that fellow must have been born without a conscience. I did not care for myself so much

as for the lady who lay almost faint in the tent. Nor was I unprovided: I had enough with me to satisfy the cravings of two or three; but all my provisions were with Khalil; and as our party moved slowly along, the baggage had preceded us by a long way, and there was no getting at him or the provisions.

Our road now lay through a series of hills and valleys, and it was not till a late hour, that we found ourselves at the famous village of Abu Gosh—famous on more than one account. It is the reputed Emmaus, and with more justice than Amwas. Here we saw an old church, built, as tradition tells us, on the site of the house of Cleopas. But this village has been rendered famous of late on account of the rebel chief who governs it, and from whom it takes its name.

The first time this man came into notice was when Ibrahim Pasha made a conquest of Syria. He rendered that general great assistance in subduing Nabloos, and the country thereabouts, for which Ibrahim Pasha rewarded him with the governorship of Jerusalem. This he held for some time, until displaced by the Turkish government, which succeeded the Egyptian rule in Syria, at which he went to his village, and became a highway-robber. No traveller was allowed to pass unmolested; they all had to pay him a certain tribute of money. This caused so much indignation that the government was obliged to take the matter up, and she now pays him a certain income annually to let the travellers alone!

Abu Gosh is about three hours distant from Jerusalem; the road is exceedingly bad, and one part of it is even dangerous for riding. At an hour's ride from the last-mentioned village, we met the British Consul and Mr. N——, who had come to meet Lord N——. We now

journeyed slowly—faint, hungry, and tired; and a little after sunset we came to the remains of a Roman village in a picturesque valley—the most beautiful part of this day's ride. Here was a Roman bridge and some gardens. High on our right was a village, whose lights we could see. Our road hence was now an ascent, so wearisome, that I thought we should never reach the Holy City; at last we got to the heights from which we could see Jerusalem—but, alas! there was no Jerusalem to be seen; the darkness prevented our seeing it; nor did we know that we were anywhere near it till we were under its walls. The Pasha hearing of Lord N—— being on the way, kept the gates open for him, which otherwise would have been shut at sunset. At eight o'clock precisely, we entered the gates of Jerusalem, and proceeded at once to Mr. G——'s house, where we dined; after which I retired to the Latin convent, where I had already secured rooms.

Unpoetical as our entry to the Holy City may have been, let me assure you, gentle reader, that it was not the less interesting; if we did not have the excitement of a day's first view of it, we still entered it thoughtfully and solemnly.

“Of Judah's crown, the brightest gem,
Joy of the earth—Jerusalem!”

CHAPTER XVIII.

First Impressions on seeing Jerusalem—On entering it—Streets
—the Church of the Sepulchre—Topography of Jerusalem.

THE first view of Jerusalem, taken from any point whence the city is visible, cannot fail to fill the heart of the Christian with emotions of inconceivable interest—perhaps, at first, with disappointment, but nevertheless with an interest so deep, so impressive, that it can scarcely be equalled by any other view seen elsewhere. For days and days has the Christian tourist been travelling to reach this goal of his journeyings—every day as he approached it, his sense of fatigue has lessened, and his interest been excited and heightened,—and now, after many a weary hours' ride, behold him for the first time taking a view of the earthly Jerusalem!

Nor, methinks, for him to be thus impressed, need the tourist be a pious man, a Sabbath-school scholar, one who has read the Bible, though he were a sceptic of the faith and hope which it illustrates and holds forth, gazing on Jerusalem for the first time, can hardly help feeling more or less awed, as after the fatigues of a journey in the East, he views, by the last rays of a lingering sun, Jerusalem before him, and the mountains encompassing it. I have looked carefully over the sundry accounts given us by divers travellers of all creeds, and of no

creed at all; and their various impressions, on first gazing on the Holy City, penned in different forms, seems to me be alike throughout—an emotion of inconceivable interest, which filled their hearts as seemingly it never did before.

And this is not owing to the fact that Jerusalem, when first viewed, is calculated to strike the beholder with an idea of grandeur, sublimity, or beauty, which thus inspires him with interest: no majestic ruins present themselves to his astonished vision: he marks no kindly entwined ivy clinging with friendly pertinacity to some falling piece of architecture: no lightly-moulded columns shoot up amid the last rays of a setting sun to enchant him with their beauty: his gaze alights not on a single monument of former grandeur—but it is the *absence of them* that tells upon him so powerfully. A feeling of melancholly creeps over him as he observes that time, merciless in his devastation, has not added any of these telling touches, that in other places make us almost forgive him for the deed. One can hardly believe as for the first time he gazes on the small city, circumscribed by a wall of two miles and a half, encumbered with rubbish and ruined hovels, amid a rugged soil, and surrounded by the dry channels of torrents and steep hills, remote from every great road, that this is the Jerusalem over which the Saviour of the world wept, and concerning which the author of the “Fall of Jerusalem” pens the following passage, and puts it into the mouth of Vespasian as he gazes on it from the Mount of Olives:—

“It must be—

And yet it moves me, Romans! it confounds
The counsels of my firm philosophy,
That Ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er

And barren salt be sown on yon proud city.
As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,
Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters
Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion,
As through a valley sacred to sweet Peace.
How boldly doth it front us ! how majestically !
Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill side
Is hung with marble fabrics line on line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer
To the blue heavens. Here bright and sumptuous palaces,
With cool and verdant gardens interspersed ;
Here towers of war that frown in massy strength,
While over all hangs the rich purple eve,
As conscious of its being her last farewell
Of light and glory to that fated city.
And as our clouds of battle, dust, and smoke
Are melted into air, behold the *Temple*
In undisturb'd and lone serenity,
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven ! It stands before us
A mount of snow fretted with golden pinnacles !
The very sun, as though he worshipped them,
Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs ;
And down the long and branching porticoes,
On every flowery sculptured capital
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.
By Hercules ! the sight might almost win
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy."

In vain the traveller now seeks these monuments of grandeur—the proud city; the luxuriant vineyards; the bright and sumptuous palaces; the towers of war; the gilded temple—all, save the rich purple canopy of Eve, which still hangs over the fated city, have been demolished. If the traveller, now gazing for the first time on Jerusalem, seeks to see traces of grandeur in the desolate city before him, or hopes to find in the dirty, small, and half-ruined city of *El Kuds* the celebrated metropolis

which formerly withstood the efforts of the most powerful empires, his journey hitherto has been in vain—he is sadly disappointed! The knowledge of its ancient greatness, and its once captivating features, now only add to its desolation. The author of *Notices of the Holy Land*, says, it has rocks, but they have no sublimity; hills, but they have no beauty; fields and gardens, but they have no richness; valleys, but they have no fertility; a wide-spreading lake, but it is the Dead Sea!

Yet strange as it may appear, it is this very desolation—Jerusalem, once the joy of the whole earth, now transformed into the forsaken city, whose bare and blasted rocks present no sublimity; whose streets, deserted and narrow, possess no symptoms of commerce; whose dirty and ill-modelled houses, prepossess you not with an idea of comfort or happiness—which forms one of the leading features of interest that now pervade your feelings. In my case, it was not the sympathy we generally feel with fallen grandeur that first made me so melancholy; but the idea that Jehovah in his anger had passed by, and cursed the city for its sins.

But the principal feature of interest to me was, that yonder was Jerusalem, the city of the Lord; where David and Solomon reigned, and where Jesus died! Herein to the Christian is the greatest interest. In view of this, he comes not any longer to look upon monuments of earthly grandeur; he seeks to see no longer a crowning city, whose terraces of houses rise one above the other;—

Nearer still and nearer
To the blue heavens!

Sufficient to him is the interest that his eyes rest on Jerusalem—the scene of man's redemption.

If asked, I can hardly describe my feelings, as for the first time I gazed on the Holy City; it was in the year 1842, and I was then only a boy scarcely thirteen years of age. My first view of it was from the north. I had been that day upwards of eleven hours in the saddle, my excitement every moment increasing in proportion to my fatigue. At last we reached the heights of Shafat; and then for the first time, by the last rays of the setting sun, ere he sank in a flood of glory behind the hills which encompassed it, it was that I first viewed Jerusalem; and the deep impression it then left on my mind is such as I can never forget. All idea of fatigue vanished at the sight of the Holy City. The voice of wit in which I had engaged with my companions during the day, had ceased, and we all felt as if we were on sacred ground. For a few minutes we stood silently and reverentially gazing on Jerusalem; and to my youthful mind it seemed so solemn a sight that it reminded me of a death-chamber, when for the first time I confronted death. Breathless with attention, I listened to our guide, as he pointed out to us the scenes of interest around Jerusalem. Never shall I forget the marked reverence with which we crowded around him; it seemed to me as if we were in a church, listening to some funeral sermon. No orator, however eloquent or telling, has since then touched my inmost core so feelingly or so deeply. I wept as he pointed to us the various memorials of a dying Saviour.

Stretching itself, on our left, and only divided from Jerusalem by the valley of Jehoshaphat, was the Mount, called Olivet, unto which Jesus often repaired; and from which He finally ascended into heaven, leading captivity captive. With deeper interest we gazed on the garden of Gethsemane; that scene of agony and suffering; and

thought of that night when *He was betrayed*. There, beneath, was the brook Kedron, over which He must have crossed on that memorable night, and there was Jerusalem, the scene of His labours of love; and where He was tried before a perjured court—beaten on the face—condemned—scourged—a crown of thorns put on his head—crucified amid the shouts of a maddened populace, “Away with Him! Away with Him! Crucify Him! Crucify Him!” and the jeers of Roman soldiers, who presented Him with vinegar for water; and where, finally, for our sake, for *my sake* I then thought, He bowed His head, and yielded up the ghost.

O ye stiffnecked generation! Ye who were His own and unto whom He came, but ye who would not receive Him, well have ye deserved the righteous indignation of heaven; behold your city is left unto you desolate! Behold His blood is upon you, and upon your children! Ask no longer why ye are scattered far from your own land—that land promised unto your father Abraham and his seed after him; and dispersed on the face of the globe; nor, how comes it that you are objects of contempt and persecution all over the world. Have you forgotten that day when the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent on that act of perfidy of yours when ye put the Messiah to death. Well may the sun hide his face and the temple groan! What evil hath He done? What cause of death found ye in Him, that when a Gentile governor would willingly release Him ye shout out all the more, “Crucify Him! Crucify Him!” Yes, weep by yonder stones; not that the temple may be restored unto you, but for that sin which has so righteously called upon you and yours the just retribution of an offended heaven!

O moment of all moments the most thrilling to me! O sight of all sights the most touching! as I looked on the record of events such as have not come to pass in any other land—memorials of a belief which it were vain now to argue since it has connected itself with the destiny of the whole human race, and whose effects on society exceed all calculation; a faith, notwithstanding all the consuming powers of the prince of darkness, the world, the devil, and the flesh; hated by the natural heart; malignantly opposed by Satan; scorned and persecuted; betrayed, denied, and forsaken by its friends; and the wild cry went forth, “Crucify it! Crucify it!” It was crucified and laid in the grave, though it promised no earthly fame, nor wealth, nor glory, but only poverty, distress and persecution. Unlike paganism, it forbade the unhallowed indulgence of the flesh; unlike Mahomedanism, it wielded no sword of terror; unlike Popery, it had no Inquisition—yet it burst asunder the barriers of the tomb, and came forth with marvellous power, fragrance, foliage, fruit, and glory—it scattered polytheism to the winds—it sent its idols to the moles and the bats—it laid its proudest temples in the dust, and on their ruins reared the pillars of eternal truth—a faith born in a manger, behold it now in the closets of royalty. Amidst opposition, persecution, and flame, has been its march, but onward it pushed till it displayed its heaven-born majesty—inspired fear, awakened confidence, commanded homage, and became terrible as an army with banners, till it stretched forth its hand, clothed itself with the imperial robe, placed upon its brow the diadem of the Cæsars, made the banner of the cross float triumphant from the world’s capital, and Rome—proud, imperious Rome—was made to bow and confess that Christ was

Lord; a faith whose benign influence has carried with it happiness, civilization, science, freedom, and security to those races who have embraced it; and, finally, a faith which is filling the whole world!

Nor, till that moment of all moments to me, when first I gazed on this thrilling theatre, where the greatest of all events in the annals of the world have occurred, had I comprehended the enthusiasm of the zealous hermit whose single voice roused the whole of Christendom to rescue the scenes where Christianity was realized from the hands of the infidel Moslem, or the humbling effect which the first view of Jerusalem has, even on the most depraved heart. Scarcely can I imagine any Bible reader—though he were an infidel—who can look upon Jerusalem with indifference. . . . Truly is the scene God-forsaken—mercilessly has time obliterated every trace of grandeur; but, nevertheless, the scene he now gazes upon, excites within him strange feelings—feelings of the deepest emotion. The momentous facts of that religion of which he has read, and whose influence on the world he may have tried to dispute, now rushes upon him in life-like colours; and, unable to resist its overwhelming power, he succumbs before it. As a torrent madly leaps from the crevices of the mountains, forcing itself amid rocks and shrubberies, tearing trees by the roots, and starting rocks from their positions of long ago; creating health and verdure in some sterile glen through which it passes or sprinkles; so now does Christianity rush with an avalanche power through the heart—heaving the bosom, making vivid the events of eighteen hundred years ago. Doubting, for the moment, is forgotten—the heart is softened, melted and humbled, and every portion of the picture before him now becomes conse-

crated in his eyes with celestial qualities, as he gazes on the scenery—

“Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage to the Cross.”

I could no longer doubt the sincerity of the pilgrim bands who every year visit Jerusalem; or the unfeigned devotion of the Palmer of olden times, who travelled thousands of miles amid the most appalling dangers simply to gaze on a scene so fraught with interest to all mankind; and well, indeed, did he deserve on his return home the cordial reception which was graciously accorded to him by all classes; it was his passport to the first circles of the time in which he lived; he was entertained by the rich and the poor; even the mansions of the nobility were opened unto him; and the fairest of the fair bent their heads and wept as he recited to them the incidents of his tour in the Holy Land. Now, indeed, could I appreciate the truthful description of the ardent muse of Tasso, as he describes the effect which the first view of the Holy City had upon the Christian army.

“Now from the golden East the zephyrs borne,
Proclaim'd with balmy gales the approach of morn;
And fair Aurora deck'd her radiant head
With roses crompt from Eden's flowery bed;
When from the sounding camp was heard afar
The noise of troops preparing for the war;
To this succeed the trumpet's loud alarms,
And rouse with shriller notes the hosts to arms.

“With holy zeal their swelling hearts abound,
And their wing'd footsteps scarcely print the ground.
When now the sun ascends the ethereal way,
And strikes the dusty fields with warmer ray;

Behold, Jerusalem in prospect lies!
Behold, Jerusalem salutes their eyes!
At once a thousand tongues repeat the name,
And hail Jerusalem with loud acclaim!

“At first transported with the pleasing sight,
Each Christian bosom glow’d with full delight
But deep contrition soon their joy suppress’d,
And holy sorrow sadden’d every breast;
Scarce dare their eyes the city wall survey,
Where clothed in flesh their dear Redeemer lay;
Whose sacred earth did once their Lord enclose,
And where triumphant from the grave He rose!

“Each faltering tongue imperfect speech supplies,
Each labouring bosom heaves with frequent sighs.
Each took the example as their chieftain led,
With naked feet the hallow’d soil they tread;
Each throws his martial ornaments aside,
The crested helmets with their plummy pride;
To humble thoughts their lofty hearts they bend,
And down their cheeks the pious tears descend.”

Such, indeed, were the feelings which took possession of, and actuated me as I first gazed on Jerusalem; and I can honestly say (though many years have now passed since then, during which time I have not only often visited the Holy City, but resided in it for several months at a time) that the impression then made on my youthful mind has never forsaken me; and I have the feeling within me now very strong, that to the end of my days I can never forget that impression.

I felt thrilled, melted, and absorbed as I gazed on localities of which I had read and studied from my earliest childhood. Silently, with sober looks and chastened thoughts as if following a hearse, did I descend towards the city of Jerusalem. And now my feelings waxed stronger and more intense, as entering its narrow and

almost deserted streets, I gazed on its God-forsaken condition. Here and there we met a man slowly groping his way along, amid lanes made more wretched by the hollow echo which seemed to reverberate from the high castellated walls of the houses and convents between which we wended our way towards the Casa Nuova! Well may one ask if this is the city of David, where the majesty of JEHOVAH delighted to dwell between the cherubim, and where JESUS taught and died—the perfection of beauty, the joy of the whole earth! Every house had the gloomy air of a castle. Jerusalem seemed to me like a tomb, or, if you prefer it better, a long sepulchral vault. So dismal, indeed, was its appearance, that the clattering of the hoofs of our horses on the hard uneven pavement sounded like echoes from another world!

Speaking of the deserted streets of Jerusalem, I would here remark, that, with the exception of one or two thoroughfares, which are partially enlivened by the voice of business, all the rest of its streets are silent; and so little sign of life is there in them, that the traveller, to judge of them, would almost imagine the place untenanted. The two streets to which I have referred, as being the only ones which possess symptoms of life—hardly to be called activity—are *Christian-street*, a street running north and south (about the middle of which, on the east, is the church of the Holy Sepulchre). Here the tourist will see sundry articles, manufactured by the natives, as relics of the Holy City, such as beads, crosses, folders and rulers made of olive wood, vases made of the bitumen which is found on the shores of the Dead Sea, etc., exposed for sale in the shops, or spread out on a mat in the open streets. At the season of Easter, when

Jerusalem is full of pilgrims and travellers, this street reaches its climax of glory, and outshines any other part of Jerusalem for life; the throng in it then is so great, that it is with difficulty the traveller can pick his way, amid Armenians, Greeks, Latins, Copts, Chaldeans, Jews, Mahomedans, and a tolerable sprinkling of representatives from Europe and America. I would here say, that it is at this season only, when this street assumes this unwonted activity, owing to the continual influx of strangers, who are constantly squeezing their way into the church of the Holy Sepulchre, or stopping to purchase Jerusalem relics. Nor only a scene of activity does this street then present, but also a scene of unbounded interest, men speaking different languages, and dressed in different garbs, European ladies, and Eastern females; a constant din is going on; purchases are being made; and the chinking of silver and gold, as it exchanges hands, adds not a little to the interest of the scene. The other street, where also some activity is to be met with, is one intersecting it at right angles, and running east and west, from the Jaffa Gate nearly to the mosque of Omar. In this street the creatures of life are exposed for sale; it is a mixture of shops of every species and trades; butchers and blacksmiths, vendors of calicoes, and sellers of hardware, are to be met with in "confusion worse confounded," interspersed, here and there, by a greengrocer's. Jews and Turks are mainly to be found in it. Nearly at the bottom of it, is a covered bazaar, where are the most respectable shops, mostly calico vendors, and sellers of hardware; here the eye alights on many a sparsely clad Bedouin, who squeezes his way, a head and shoulder above his fellow-creatures. So varied are the shops, and so singular in their contents—for it is

not a very uncommon thing to find a little of everything in one shop—that I have despaired of giving it an appropriate name, unless it be that of *Miscellaneous-street*, which, at last, I adopted, for want of a better. Robinson and others call it the Tyropeon, or Valley of the Cheesemongers. Beside these two streets, all else seems deserted, silent, and forsaken.

But here I am in Jerusalem! I sought not in my walks to tell her towers and mark her bulwarks; nor came I hither to discuss and to dispute, by measurement of calculation, or line, her ancient size; nor even to fix sites of spots which I think, in God's own providence, were withheld from our knowledge—withheld most mysteriously; for whilst the circumstances attending our Saviour's death, and the miracles He wrought, are impressively, wonderfully, and pathetically described by the holy evangelists, yet, by a common assent, they are all silent on the topography of the sites where they occurred, and which the Christian pilgrim now seeks with ardent devotion. The scene of the transfiguration is circumstantially detailed by the inspired writers; but not one of them adds, for our information, where this scene occurred, save that it was on a mount: it may have been any mount in Palestine, within the reach of six days' travel. The same is true as regards the site of the miracle of the loaves and fishes; it is minutely described, but of the locality where it occurred, we are simply told that it was "in a desert place belonging to the city called Bethsaida": it may have been north or south, east or west of the city, for aught we may know. Many instances of the kind could be adduced, where the scene is circumstantially described, but the topography of the site is omitted, or simply spoken of, in general terms. Of these

instances, I will now mention no more, but come at once to the chief object of interest—the sepulchre of our Saviour. It is a singular fact, and worthy of record, that neither the evangelists nor the apostles refer once to the topography of the sepulchre, save in general terms. Mark how differently, however, are their prolonged descriptions of the scene of the crucifixion—how accurately the tomb is described, *a new tomb hewn out of the rock*, and to whom it belonged—how that rich and just man, Joseph of Arimathea, wrapped the body of JESUS and laid it therein—and how a great stone was rolled “to the door of the sepulchre.” Observe, also, how circumstantially the resurrection of our Saviour is detailed—how Mary Magdalene and the other Mary go to the sepulchre—how they met the angel of the Lord—and how he showed them the vacant sepulchre. All these, and many other incidents connected with that event, are minutely described; but of the topography of that sepulchre we are absolutely told nothing, save that it was “in a garden nigh at hand,” but out of what part of the city it was, we are not told.

I have all along maintained my belief, that God, for a wise purpose, has kept away from us the knowledge of the precise sites whereon CHRIST has been pleased to work miracles and die, on the same principle, I suppose, as He withheld from the Israelites the knowledge of the tomb of Moses. It is certainly very clear to my mind, that the unanimity of the evangelists, in not pointing out to us more accurately the sites which are now the objects of reverential search by Christian pilgrims, is purposed, and not a mere oversight on their part. This feeling pervaded me in all my travels in Palestine; hence I come not with some to refute the local traditions, nor do I come with

others prepared to assert the precise localities which tradition has assigned as sacred shrines. I think it in the providence of God that things are as they are. The traditional sites are enough to awaken our love and excite our sympathy. So much is good for us; whilst the doubt which hangs over their authenticity is enough to keep us back from idolatrous worship. Sufficient for me that I was in Jerusalem—the city where Jesus suffered. I allowed not my mind to be withdrawn from the hallowed associations which the suffering of the Redeemer of the world provoke in the Christian heart to discuss and cavil. Standing by the side of the sepulchre, I forgot the world, and was not disposed to stand there reasoning and calculating. Little is that Christian to be envied, who, gazing on this triumphant grave, can stand cold and indifferent—whose deepest affections are not called forth. As for me, humbled and trembling, I felt as if I could fall down on my knees, and pour forth a fervent prayer for pardon. Notwithstanding the doubts which I had entertained regarding its site, yet, standing by the sepulchre, so powerful was the effect of sympathy within me, that I felt myself like Christian in the “Pilgrim’s Progress,” at the foot of the Cross, when his burden fell off. The narrative of my Saviour’s death and resurrection took possession of my soul; and, for the moment, I felt in the presence of Him who died for man, and who rose triumphant over the grave. I thought I saw Him, the Lamb that taketh away the sins of the world, with His head bearing the marks where the crown of thorns lacerated Him; His side pierced, and a stream of mingled gore gushing therefrom; His hands bleeding; His feet bearing the impress of the nails; His eye was sweet; His countenance mournful; and I thought I heard

Him say—"It is ye that will not come unto me, that ye might have life." To stand here doubting, cavilling, and calculating, would have been, in my case, a sacrilege of the deepest dye . . . I did not require to believe in the site of the sepulchre, nor absolutely to deny it. Faith required none to sustain my devotion . . . My thoughts rose from the grave to Him that lay in the grave, and the wrongs which He bore for me—His death on the Cross to save me.

This leads me to speak of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and in doing so, I am not premature, as it is the first object of interest which the traveller seeks in the Holy City. Hardly does he reach his lodgings, when, impelled with an ardent desire, he turns his footsteps towards that Church, which, for many centuries, has been the reputed site of the Crucifixion and burial of the Saviour of the world. It is situated nearly in the centre of the modern city, on the lower part of a sloping hill, distinguished by Professor Robinson and others as the hill *Acra*. My first visit to this edifice was most fortunate, as it was early in the morning, and there was scarcely any person within it, save the recluses who trimmed the lamps, and who at that time were chanting in plaintive strains their matin praises.

On entering the sacred enclosure, a singular and mysterious spirit came over me. The effect of the sombre light of a multitude of lamps, whose ghastly shadows contrasted strangely with the dim illumination of the place, and the perfume of incense which pervaded the building—both alike favourable to solemnity and devotion—acting on the interest already heaving in my bosom, filled me with awe and reverence; I felt as

if I was walking in the midst of the dead, or passing into the presence of the Great JEHOVAH.

My attention was first directed to an oblong slab of marble, about the length of a man, over which many lamps were suspended. This, I was told, was the stone, or the site of the stone on which the body of our Lord is said to have been washed, anointed, and prepared for the tomb. Turning to the left, my guide ushered me into a circular space supported by columns and surmounted by a dome, the very identical one to repair which the Greek and Romish Churches quarrelled, and which ended in the war which is now convulsing the East. This dome is still unrepaired. In the centre of this area is a marble house of oblong dimensions and containing two chambers; numberless lamps of massive silver were suspended from this building, which is rounded at one end and squared off and finished with a platform at the other. We entered it by a narrow low door; the first chamber contained in the centre of it a block of stone, which some say rolled from the mouth of the grave, and where it is said the angel sat who announced to Mary Magdalene and her companions that "Jesus had risen from the dead." In the next chamber we stood by that TRIUMPHANT SEPULCHRE. The sarcophagus is of white marble and occupies, in width, about one half of the sepulchral chamber, extending from one end of it to the other; a small space which cannot conveniently hold more than four at a time, is all that remains for the accommodation of visitors. Several costly lamps constantly burn over it. They are the gifts, I understand, of various sovereigns.

At the back of the building, enclosing the sepulchre are the oratories of the Copts, Abyssinians, and Syriacs.

In the latter is shown the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea. Fronting the Holy Sepulchre is the Greek Chapel, in the centre of which is a globe, which they say is the centre of the earth; thus transferring from Delphi to Jerusalem the absurd notion of the pagan priest, relative to the figure of the habitable world. This is not, however, the most ridiculous of Greek pretensions.

We now pressed forward to the opposite side of the Rotunda, in which the Holy Sepulchre is; and here I was shown into the Latin Chapel, where it is said Jesus first appeared unto many after his Resurrection; hence they call it the Chapel of the Apparition. In a small cell at the door of this chapel is the pillar of the flagellation, where it is said our Saviour was scourged. Our course now lay in a corridor, surrounding the Greek Chapel. In this passage it is said our Saviour, after being scourged, was led. First of all, we came upon an altar, marking, I was told, the site of the spot where the soldiers waited; the next altar was represented to me as the place where they divided His clothes. We now passed the Chapel of St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, where it is said the true Cross was found. We descended and saw the vault; it is a place which would hold thirty or forty individuals. Here, on the third of May of every year, the event of finding the Cross is celebrated by an appropriate mass. Ascending again to the corridor we made our way to Calvary, passing an altar, where it is said the crown of thorns was placed on the head of our Lord. Calvary is only a few paces from the Holy Sepulchre, and to reach the place of the Crucifixion we had to ascend some twenty steps. This, if I remember aright, is the chapel of the Armenians. Here I was shown two altars; one, where it is said, our

Saviour was nailed to the cross; and another where His cross was erected. At the latter altar, is a hole in the natural rock, said to be the same where the foot of our Lord's cross was put. Not far from this, is seen a rock cleft in twain, said to have been made by the earthquake at the Passion of our Saviour. This rent is perfectly natural and runs deep into the earth. At the foot of Calvary is the stone already mentioned, where the body of our Redeemer is said to have been washed.

Once more, ere leaving the premises, I stood by the side of the sepulchre of Him who spake as man never spake. The shrines which I had been now visiting awoke within me a solemn strain of piety which banished all unbelief. It was not the sites themselves, but the recollection of that wonderful event—the memorials of the crucifixion—that worked on my senses. And wonderful it was, indeed! The little stone rejected by the builders has become a mountain, and fills the whole earth. Despised and scorned as this spot may be, yet what an influence has it not exerted on the world at large? Behold, the East and the West, notwithstanding their proud monuments, once of pagan superstition, consecrated by the worship of a thousand years, and supported by the authority of their mighty monarchs—from the king on his throne to the beggar in his wretchedness—glorying now in the name of the humble Galilean! Behold, the doctrines He taught are gaining ground everywhere! Foolish were the mighty efforts then made to destroy the Word! Insane was the order of Herod to kill the babe of Bethlehem! Behold, He who was born in a manger—whose disciples were few and poor—who was betrayed, denied, and crucified—now the Loved One of Israel, the Glory of the earth!

And this, His sepulchre, what momentous events has it not called forth? Gaze on the countless myriads of pilgrims of every clime and rank, who, forgetful of the dangers and fatigues they have endured, find a solace to their faith in being permitted to kiss the threshold of His tomb. Think of the revolutions it has excited—the crusading armies, who swarmed into Asia with the sole view of possessing it, and the war which is now directly caused by it. Indeed, in verity, has the rejected Nazarene become the corner-stone! What an interesting problem is here presented to the sceptic! Unlike the temporary influences of ordinary revolutions, which hardly survive their generation, behold this event, one of humble origin, affecting the whole human family in all generations, changing the face of nations; and though wonderful in its triumphs already, the Christian mind contemplating its destiny—that its glory shall fill the universe—deems the work yet in its infancy! And if this it is, in its infancy, what will it be when it shall become the praise of the whole earth?

Writers have not been wanting to maintain or dispute the authenticity of the shrines already recorded, and the evidence on both sides is equally powerful, but none is irresistible. On the site of tradition the evidence is what is called first class; it not only goes back to the days of the Empress Helena, in the fourth century, but a series of events previous to that seem to have combined to strengthen the testimony. The Romans had erected a temple on the site of Golgotha to Venus, cherishing the expectation, and rejoicing in the idea, as the historian Sozomen expresses it, that the Christians would not be prevented by that from visiting Calvary, and thus they would appear to the public eye as worshipping the

daughter of Jupiter. On the site of this temple the empress found the cross, and, after diligent inquiries, arrived at the conclusion that this was the scene of the crucifixion, and erected upon it a magnificent church. This statement is confirmed by Eusebius and Jerome, who, it seems to me, could not have any motive whatever for practising a deception upon others. Even Robinson, the great assailant of traditionary lore in the East, admits that, "could this be regarded as a well-ascertained fact [viz., the erection of pagan temples on the sites of the cross and the place of the resurrection], it would certainly have great weight in the decision of the question." So far it seems that it was so; and therefore the Empress Helena appears to have acted with great circumspection and fidelity, in locating shrines of such great interest to the Christian world. Since then that site has been preserved undisputed.

Robinson and others contend against this fact from topographical observation; viz., that the present site of Golgotha could not have been without the city; and they proceed to give their plans of the ancient Jerusalem, which of course lead them to reject the tradition that this can be the real site. To this, and on the same grounds, viz., topographical observations, we find able replies from the pens of the Rev. George Williams, for sometime chaplain to Dr. Alexander, Anglican bishop of Jerusalem; Dr. Schultz, the Prussian consul, and Lord Nugent, who appear to have given great attention to the subject, as well as many others; and their arguments are by no means unworthy of notice. Indeed, were I at liberty to choose between both, I would lean more to the arguments of the latter than the former.

But one more idea strikes me; that here we are

after eighteen hundred years speculating on the plan of the Jerusalem of our Saviour's time; now I should think, that the people who lived in the second and third century after our Saviour, were more likely to know the topography of that city than we who are so far removed from it; and therefore their testimony, however traditionary it may seem, is worthy of respect.

Save to those who are on the spot, it would be uninteresting and tedious, were I to enter upon the discussion of the respective arguments held by both these antagonistic writers; and I refer the curious to them in their own works, already published to the world; nor do I wish to seem as siding with any of these parties. I am glad of the existence of the traditionary sites to awake our dormant love and devotion; and I thank God for the mystery and doubt which hangs over them to check any idolatrous practices to which we may be inclined, were we sure that these sites are, beyond a shadow of doubt, what they profess to be.

The evidence on both sides I said is strong; but not irresistible. Were it not for the single objection which I am now going to relate, and which Robinson's argument does not at all explain, thus, under all considerations, leaving his argument the most doubtful, I would have no scruple in subscribing to the evidence on the side of tradition; but my difficulty is—could Jerusalem have been so small? It is true, that a great portion of Zion to the south is without the walls; yet bringing that in, could it be possible, considering the many towers which flanked it—the large place occupied by the temple—and the palaces of kings and governors, that enough room could have been left for the many hundred thousands of people who inhabited the city, and the almost as many

people, who came from all parts of Palestine to the feast of the Passover? As it is, their topographical researches do not make the town much larger than it now is; and it now only holds seventeen thousand inhabitants—true, not crowded, save in some places; but, nevertheless, not possessing the open places and squares which we should suppose the ancient Jerusalem had. Might not that space, now to the north of the city—the Jaffa plain; the grove of olive-trees reaching as far back as the tombs of the kings, and covering all the space on the brow of Jehoshaphat's valley, have once formed a portion of it?

Until this difficulty is removed, and I am afraid it cannot be done, until excavations should take the place of mere theory; until the courses of the walls should be made more definite, it would be difficult to decide on the question at issue; and this remark I am led to make from the fact, that on erecting a Protestant church on Mount Zion, the builders thereof had to dig about fifty feet before they reached the solid rock on which to place their foundation. Clear away all this rubbish, and in all probability, you have left no Tyropeon for Professor Robinson's arguments, or the arguments of others of the opposite side; for all seem to have placed the Hippicus at the tower commonly called the tower of David by the Bethlehem gate. When once this is undermined, all their theory falls to the ground.

In regard to what they consider as the Tyropeon, it seems to me, that the division between Acra and Zion, and the depth of a valley like the Tyropeon, are not so clear as they would make them to be. It may be the Tyropeon; but certainly the face of the thing is no great evidence to it. Were excavations made, we could then get more light on the subject.

I make these remarks, not to overthrow any theories already made, but to show that our knowledge of the topography of the ancient Jerusalem is only haphazard. A new theory I found at Jerusalem, during my last visit, and which certainly seems to bear more plausibility on its face than any of the other theories already given by antagonistic writers; and were it not for one single objection, I should feel much inclined to lean towards it. It makes away with my former objection; but it replaces it with another equally as objectionable. This theory enlarges Jerusalem to a size of what we may suppose it to have been. It places the Hippicus on the north-western angle of the Jaffa plain; and makes the Tyropeon the bed of a very prominent valley intersecting the city north-west by south-east. This valley is very distinctly marked out to the eye. It begins at the grove of olives just beneath the Jaffa plain, immediately at the spot where Robinson discovers his third wall, and running through the city, divides it into two portions. The table-lands, therefore, west of this valley, viz.: the Jaffa plain; the site of the Latin convent (considered by Robinson as Acra) and what is understood now as Mount Zion (as far as its brow on the south) are considered by this theorist as Mount Zion. This would indeed give Zion a respectable appearance. The first wall, therefore, ran from this Hippicus and surrounded the Mount, keeping always on its brow till it reached Moriah, where the temple stood. This would make its western, southern, and south-eastern sides. Its northern side ran a few paces, as far as the gate Gennath, which is placed on the mouth of the Tyropeon valley, and here ended. A wall then ran from this gate Gennath to the

western corner of the temple, keeping on the western brow of the Tyropeon valley. This would take in the pool of Hezekiah; but I am doubtful whether it would take within its enclosure the present site of the sepulchre. I am inclined to think it would not.

Leaving Zion and Moriah, the theorist now goes on to draw the second wall. He begins at the gate Gennath, which has already been referred to, as commanding the mouth of the valley of the Tyropeon, and taking the foundation of the wall which Robinson considered to be Jerusalem's third wall, he proceeds to the grove of olives, and takes in the hill where tradition points out the grotto of Jeremiah, as also that part of the northern town, which Robinson considers as Bezetha and ends at the Fort Antonia, which was at the north-western angle of the Temple, now, perhaps, occupied by the site of the Pasha's palace. This he makes Acra, and in doing so, takes in the site of the sepulchre.

His third wall runs from the gate Gennath, northwards in the grove of olive-trees, nearly as far as the tombs of the kings; there he places the Psephinos, and then engirdling a small declivity beyond the hill of the grotto of Jeremiah, keeps on the brow of the valley of Jehoshaphat until he reaches the temple. This is his third wall, and the space within it and the second wall is his Bezetha.

This plan, indeed, and *only this*, would realize to our minds the grandeur and size of the ancient Jerusalem. And this plan is better appreciated when viewed from the Mount of Olives. Then it would appear to the eyes of the topographist, as it appeared to our Saviour, a great and crowning city, worthy of royalty. Zion would ap-

pear respectable, and would answer well to the term, "Upper City," whilst the slopes of the Tyropeon would give us the idea that,

"Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill side
Is hung with marble fabrics, line on line,
Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still and nearer
To the blue heavens!"

Then comes Acra, sweeping along to the temple. At that time it had only two walls. Add the third, and you have completed the picture.

Nor does this plan at all antagonise with early descriptions of Jerusalem, or with common sense. On the east and south-east, it commanded the deep defile of Jehoshaphat; on the west and south-west it equally commanded that of Hinnom. The situation of the Hippicus, and the position of the Psephinos are just where such towers ought to be, commanding the only vulnerable portions of the city. The Scopus lay north of them. Now I can hardly suppose that those who planned a royal city, like Jerusalem, would for a moment have left the northern wall so unprotected, that is, supposing we consider that the city, in the time of our Saviour, did not embrace to the north more than the limits of the modern city. Would they not rather fill up all this vulnerable part, and encircle it by a wall well flanked by towers? This is done in this theory, and the defences of the town are much strengthened and less pregnable than they would otherwise be.

This plan, I must confess, prepossessed me very much, and many are the walks I made to the vacant plain north of the walls. Everywhere you see signs that once this place was occupied by building. There are many cisterns on the Jaffa plain. The valley here answers better

for the Tyropeon than that of Robinson's, and the strength of the place is much enhanced by this theory. My only objection to it is, that it does not tally with the idea of the topography of Jerusalem, in the second and third centuries, otherwise how comes it that the site of the sepulchre was placed by them where it is? Did they deem it between the first and second walls? If so, I see no objection to this plan. And this reminds me to say, that I could find no authority for placing the sepulchre without the second wall. The limits of the *City* of London do not take in the Strand or Westminster; but who will say they are not in London? May it not have been also, that what was considered the city then, may have been within the first wall?

But of this I am not able to judge. Here, therefore, enveloped in mystery I leave this matter, preferring to believe rather than doubt. I cannot shake off the idea that the people of the second, third, or fourth centuries were more capable of knowing the topography of the Jerusalem of our Saviour's days, than we do, removed so far from it. If for the last fourteen or fifteen centuries we have not forgotten the site given us by the Empress Helena, was it likely that the early Christians would in so short a space of time have forgotten the scene of our Saviour's suffering? I can hardly believe it. It strikes me that the very means taken by Pagan conquerors to ridicule, if not obliterate, the recollections of those localities, were the very ones most likely to perpetuate them.

Be it so or not, far be it from me to be arrogant and dogmatic in a matter of this kind; but this much I would say for myself, that I agree with Lieut. Lynch (of the American exploring expedition to the Jordan and the

Dead Sea), in the manner he gives vent to his excited feelings, that "at all events, on such a subject, an excess of enthusiasm is preferable to insensibility; and he who believes and bows down is more to be envied than he that stands scornfully erect, because unconvinced by *so many feet and inches.*"

CHAPTER XIX.

Walk outside Jerusalem—The Mount of Olives—The Garden of Gethsemane—The Tomb of the Virgin—The Brook Kedron—Valley of Jehoshaphat—St. Stephen's Gate—Pool of Bethesda—Tombs of the Kings—Northern Area—Jaffa Plain—Valley and Pools of Gihon—View within the City—Protestant Cemetery—School-House—Bishop Gobat and his Exertions—Anglican Bishopric—House of Caiaphas—Tomb of David—Ophel—Vacant Plot on the south of Zion—Bir Ayub—Pool of Siloam—The Fountain of the Virgin—Hill of Evil Counsel—Aceldama, where Isaiah was sawn asunder—Tombs of Zechariah, Jehoshaphat, and Absalom—Desolation and dreary Appearance—The South-Eastern Corner of the City—Large Stones—Golden Gate—Entrance into the City, viâ Dolorosa—The Palace, Mosque, etc.—Arch of "Ecce Homo"—Miss Cooper's Establishment for Jewesses—House of Industry for Jews—The Hospital of the London Jewish Missionary Society—Hospital of Sir Moses Montefiore—German Hospital—Condition of the Jews—The Sarah Association—The Dorcas Association—The London Church Missionary Society—A Prussian Chaplain—Jerusalem Literary Society.

STRONG is the fidelity of that redeeming love which, notwithstanding the scorn, contempt, and ill-treatment to which he is subjected, within its walls, still attracts the Jew to the city of David. To it his eye continually turns, and his heart for ever yearns; and every year sees hundreds of that once despised race—but over whose prospects now "a new dream is passing"—repair to

die in it, and mingle their bones with the dust of their fathers.

Nor to the Christian is Jerusalem a theme of less interest than it is to the Jew. Equally to him, also, it is the source of his religious faith, and the most ancient fountain of his historical knowledge; and, as such, he will ever regard Jerusalem with feelings of singular interest and curiosity—a feeling which, notwithstanding all the traditions which have been brought to bear upon it from the days of Helena to our time—many of which are well calculated to excite incredulity, if not ridicule—overcomes all, and pervades his soul. It is Jerusalem—Jerusalem beyond a doubt—Jerusalem unmistakably—that now salutes his eyes. The hills still encompass it as of old. Its landmarks are still the same as when David reigned over it, or when Titus besieged it; and, though its interior presents little of the Jerusalem of those days, yet Olivet and Kedron, Siloam, and the pools of Gihon still remain to mark out the site of the city,

“Whose sacred earth did once the Lord enclose;
And where, triumphant from the grave, he rose.”

The best view of Jerusalem is from the Mount of Olives. The view is as perfect as it is touching. Here no aid of tradition is required. The grand features of the ruined city of a Saviour's rejected love are such as to excite the liveliest emotions in the breast of the Christian pilgrim. He stands on Olivet; to which Jesus, after teaching in the temple, oft resorted; whence He gazed on the fated city, and “wept over it”; and from whose summit He finally ascended to heaven. He gazes on the garden of Gethsemane, that scene of wondrous love and

sorrow—the Brook Kedron—the Valley of Jehoshaphat—and the Pool Siloam; celebrated in the history of our Saviour's miracles. But the crowning feature is Jerusalem itself. The view from the Mount of Olives overlooks it; and the eye takes in, at one glance, all its prominent features. Nearest you, and directly in front, is Moriah, occupied by the mosque of Omar; where Abraham's uplifted hand was arrested when about to slay his son Isaac; where David's cry stayed the hand of the destroying angel; where rose the temple built by Solomon,

“In earth's dark circlet, once the gem
Of living light;”

and where the sacrifice of the Lamb was perpetuated, for generations, on Jewish altars. Higher up is the holy hill of Zion, where the shepherd-boy, the son of Jesse, the slayer of Goliath, the successor of Saul, built a city and a royal dwelling; where he kept, for three months, the Ark of the Covenant; where the Redeemer instituted the sacrament which commemorates His death; where He appeared to His disciples on the day of His resurrection; and where the Holy Ghost descended on the apostles: a spot hallowed as the first of Christian temples; and the first of missionary houses; from whence the apostles departed “without purse and without scrip,” to seat the religion of CHRIST upon all the thrones of the universe; and well, indeed, have they succeeded. And, finally,

“Behold! Jerusalem in prospect lies;
“Behold! Jerusalem salutes your eyes!”

where the scene of man's redemption took place. It is

now, whilst gazing on the desolate city, apart from the practices of a dark superstition, and the multiplicity of ridiculous traditions, that the feelings of the Christian pilgrim are stricken open, and the awed, yet tranquillized heart, enters into sympathy with the glorious scene before him, celebrated in the history of the Old and New Testaments, hallowed by the footprints of Emmanuel; where the Son of God lived, labored, and died.

To attempt conveying an idea to the reader of what a tourist feels, as he gazes from the heights of Olivet, on the scene around him, would be the work of volumes. Not only the history of Jerusalem, but that of the whole world would be included therein,—involving not only the history of the Jewish commonwealth, and the deeper records of a Saviour's death, but the wars of Assyrians, Babylonians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, Persians, Saracens, and Christian crusaders, all whose banners have been there displayed, and whose battle-cries have there been heard. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the traveller, having once satisfied his longings to see the spot where the Redeemer of mankind is reported to have been buried, hurries forth to the mount called Olivet, to see for himself, and meditate, undisturbed, on that record of events which has, and is, revolutionizing the whole world.

Here, therefore, without the city I lead the traveller. The height of the Mount of Olivet is reckoned to be seven hundred feet, and about two thousand three hundred and ninety-seven feet above the level of the Mediterranean. The summit of it is distant about one mile from Jerusalem. Here is a small village where the natives lead the traveller to the Chapel of the Ascension, now occupied by a mosque, and from which it is asserted

our Saviour ascended to heaven. A mark is shown in the floor, in the natural rock, resembling that which would be impressed by a human foot in the clay. This, they say, is the print of the foot of our Lord as He left the earth. The mark of the other foot is taken by the Moslems and placed in the mosque of Omar where I subsequently saw it. The mount is partially covered with olive trees, and has three knolls, on one of which the village is erected. The one to the south is called the Hill of Offence; and the other knoll, which is to the east, stands immediately above Bethany, and hides that village from view. The highest of the knolls, however, is that where the Chapel of the Ascension is situated, and I am inclined to give it the preference over the other two for the scene of our Saviour's ascension. Bethany is scarcely a mile from here, and the Scripture statement, that "Christ led out His disciples as far as Bethany, and there ascended from them into heaven," does not in my opinion conflict in the slightest with the site now shown. Of course I put no stress on the footprint in the rock; but, nevertheless, I hold the site as the most natural one for such a scene; He did not take them *to* Bethany, but "as far as to Bethany." Now this site is immediately on the mountain-road to Bethany; and, perhaps, at that time was on the precincts of the lands of that village. Indeed, this is still more forcibly thrust on our mind by a passage in Mark, where, referring to the same journey, the Evangelist says, "And when they came nigh to Jerusalem, unto Bethphage and Bethany, at the Mount of Olives." Thus showing, beyond a doubt, that a portion of the Mount of Olives, at least, belonged to the districts of the places above-mentioned.

But I gladly turn from disputes to the charms of the spot. Hither the pilgrim oft resorts to sit and meditate. I have already referred to the view westwards, which took in the city, and other scenes of equal interest in our Saviour's career. All these, Zion—Moriah—the domes of Calvary—the brook Kedron—the Garden of Gethsemane—the Vale of Jehoshaphat, with its countless spots of interest—lie open before you and beneath you. To the eastward the view is of great extent, grandeur, and interest. Beneath you, as if only five miles from you, are seen the sluggish waters of the Dead Sea. The distance to it, however, is nearly eighteen miles. North of it are the plains of the Jordan, and beyond all are the mountains of Moab.

Descending the Mount of Olives, on the eastern slope, the eye is attracted by a small *wely*; it is about half way down the descent. This spot tradition points out as the one from whence our Saviour looked on the city and foretold its approaching doom. The temple is well seen from here. Further down, a little before you reach the brook Kedron, is the celebrated Garden of Gethsemane. It is walled round, and is under the charge of a Franciscan friar. I knocked at the door and was admitted. It contains seven old venerable trees, the oldest in this part of the country, at least so they seemed to me from their appearance. All around them were neat beds of flowers, which were hedged in with the most delicious roses I ever smelt. I picked some, and enclosed them in letters to European and American friends. The garden is a little out of the way. Immediately outside it, to the south, is shown the spot where Judas betrayed our Saviour with a kiss, and adjoining to this is shown a rock on which the disciples slept whilst Jesus prayed in the garden.

Passing aside these traditionary legends, the heart of the Christian tourist warms within him as he gazes on the garden thus enclosed. It may be the Garden of Gethsemane; the locality is by no means unlikely. It stands just where a Bible reader would suppose it to have stood, a little out of the road leading to the Mount of Olives. If this is not the real garden, surely it cannot be far from hence; and thus, standing here, the Christian pilgrim feels himself carried back to that night of agony and woe when the Son of Man was betrayed. Surely if there is any spot on earth more consecrated than another—one most likely to soften the heart and humble the beholder—it is the Garden of Gethsemané. Oh, what a sublime picture of enduring patience was it which made Him bear our sins! How great must be that love upwards that could pass through such an ordeal! Oh, could this garden but speak, what lessons of reproof and shame would it not direct to us; how it would tell us of that scene of agony which was enacted here, when, betrayed and forsaken, the Son of Man groaned in spirit and was “exceeding sorrowful, even unto death;” and why? Because He loved us. Dark and foul was the scene enacted here, but darker still was our guilt! Oh, could we but go back to that night, could we but hear His accents of prayer—“O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, thy will be done;” and then see Him betrayed into the hands of sinners to be mocked and crucified, and all for us—He, the Creator; and we, the creatures—how the very rocks would frown at our tale of ingratitude—at the manner in which we requite a love so unbounded!

The next point which attracts the attention is a building to the right of the road called the tomb of the

Virgin Mary. It is a substantial structure erected over a grotto, where it is said Mary, the mother of Jesus, lies interred. The place of her burial is gained by a descent of forty-eight wide and capacious steps. Half way down are two altars on the right, said to be the tombs of Joachim and Anna; and one to the left, said to be the grave of Joseph, the husband of Mary. The chapel is in possession of the Greeks and Armenians who have altars here.

We now cross the brook Kedron, which is about three feet wide, and is now dry. Ascending from the valley of Jehoshaphat, we reach Stephen's Gate, so called from its being the scene of his martyrdom. The natives call it "*Bab es sbat*," or, "the Gate of Tribes." The street hence leading to the Church of the Sepulchre, is called the "*Via Dolorosa*," or, "the Painful Road." It was along this street, according to tradition, that our Lord was led to his trial and crucifixion. Hence its name the "Street of Sorrow," and it is full of traditionary sites, such as the house of Simon the Pharisee, where Mary Magdalene confessed her sins; the prison of St. Peter, and the dwelling of Mary the mother of Mark, in which the same apostle took refuge when he was set at liberty by the angel; the mansion of Dives the rich man, at whose gate the mendicant Lazarus was laid full of sores; the house of Pilate, and the arch of the "*Ecce Homo*," where it is said Pilate brought forth our Lord, wearing the purple robe and the crown of thorns, and either to excite their ridicule or their pity, said: "Behold the man!"

But we will not enter the city, we will keep outside the walls, and mark all that is of interest there. Leaving the Gate of St. Stephen, we proceed northwards, and

soon come upon an old reservoir, said to be three hundred and sixty feet long, and one hundred and thirty in breadth, and, notwithstanding the rubbish of ages, it is seventy-six feet in depth. This is supposed to be the pool of Bethesda, where Christ said to the paralytic man, "Arise, take up thy bed and walk." Its sides are walled by means of large stones, joined together by iron cramps, and covered with flints, embedded in a substance resembling plaster.

A little further on, we come to the north-eastern corner of the present wall. Here it breaks off, and takes a westerly direction. I must here say, that this part of Jerusalem is supported by the western acclivity of the valley of Jehoshaphat, which after giving room for a narrow road, breaks abruptly down. The valley of Jehoshaphat does not end here, but continues up as far as the Tombs of the Kings, thus making a strong defence for any building to the north of the modern wall. It is exceedingly interesting to traverse this northern area, and the more the traveller examines it, the more he will have reason to believe, that the ancient Jerusalem extended as far as the Tombs of the Kings on the north, and that the Scopus where Titus encamped was a little higher up. All this area, up as far as the Jaffa plain to the west, the Tombs of the Kings to the north, and the brink of the valley of Jehoshaphat to the south, have undoubted relics of the existence of buildings on them. There are many cisterns to be met with, especially on the Jaffa plain, where the whole plateau seems to be full of them. And the more the traveller examines this area, the more he will be convinced, that the ancients would never have allowed such a level piece of ground to command their fortifications.

Keeping near the walls, we pass in a few minutes the grotto of Jeremiah on our right, and, shortly afterwards, the Damascus Gate on our left. This Grotto of Jeremiah is a large cavern, and said to be the identical one where the prophet poured forth his lamentations on the doomed city. It is now in the keeping of the Mahomedans. After passing the Damascus Gate, we come upon the Tyropeon of the theorist referred to, in the end of the foregoing chapter. The valley is perfectly natural; and standing on the northern wall of the city, one feels more inclined to believe it to be the real Tyropeon than the slope from the Jaffa Gate, which Robinson and other writers suppose it to be. Existence of remaining fabrics are to be seen within and without the wall, as also in the different parts of the area to the north; but they are of such a heterogeneous character, that one would not like to pass judgment on them. There is evidently a piece of the wall just at the head of the valley, and running from east to west, but whether it is the second or third wall is a matter of dispute. The whole of the northern area is covered with olive trees, which become thicker as you proceed northwards.

On reaching the Jaffa plain, a small plateau of ground commanding the north-western corner of the wall of Jerusalem, and so called from the fact that it is on the high road to Jaffa. We have the valley of Gihon on our right; it is not so very deep here, but it deepens as you descend lower into it. Here we see the upper and lower pools of Gihon—one at the top of the ravine standing a couple of hundred paces or more from the north-western corner of the wall of the city, and the other immediately under the western brow of Zion,

nearly parallel with the Jaffa Gate, immediately on the left of the road to Bethlehem.

Before finishing with the area to the north, I would say a word of the tombs reputed to be those of the kings. They are very singular remains of ancient architecture, standing to the north of the city. Much ink has been wasted to discover their origin, but as yet it seems buried in obscurity. Pococke supposes it to be the burial-place of Helena, the queen of Adiabene, whilst Chateaubriand, on the contrary, supposes these grottos to have been appropriated to the family of Herod; but whoever was buried there, one thing is clear, that the expense lavished thereon must have been immense. The tombs herein exhibit a great outlay of labour and treasure. The court and the chambers therein having been so often described, I would not stop to enter into any minute details as to their description; but this I would say, that the task, skill, neatness, and ornaments which pervade the chambers, display a high state of artistic merit. The receptacles for the dead bodies are not much larger than European coffins; but having the more regular forms of parallelograms, thereby differ from the usual appearance presented in the sepulchral crypts of the country where the *soros* is of considerable size, and generally resembles a cistern.

The Jaffa plain is the promenade of Jerusalem. Here every evening you may see the residents come out to "*take the air*," as they call it. A small coffee-shop is on the plateau. Opposite to it, on the western acclivity of Gihon, the Greeks have built a small convent, and planted the ground with vineyards. This as yet does not extend further down than the road leading to Bethle-

hem; but it struck me as an earnest of better days for the desolated Jerusalem, "when the mountains of Israel shall shoot forth their branches and yield fruit . . . when the desolate land shall be tilled, whereas it lay desolate in the sight of all that passed by. And they shall say, This land that was desolate, is become like the Garden of Eden."

But the chief feature of the Jaffa plain is, that it commands the Jaffa road; and as the pilgrims reach the Holy City late in the afternoon, they are remarked by the promenaders, and, indeed, the sight is interesting. Scarcely an evening passed during my present stay in Jerusalem, without witnessing a horde of pilgrims wending their way to the city of Jerusalem—Armenians and Greeks, Franks and Turks, townsmen and peasantry, dressed in their different garbs, and mounted on donkeys, mules, and camels. Slowly down they descend the last declivity, and as they pass the Jaffa plain, present an air of sombre gravity. They have reached Jerusalem—the goal of their journey. I could easily understand their feelings.

And gazing on Gihon, the traveller is reminded of a scene of great joy being once enacted here, when Solomon was anointed king of Israel. It was here that they brought him on David's mule. Here was he anointed amid the blowing of the trumpets and the cheers of the people, "God save King Solomon!" and hither was he followed by the people, who "piped with pipes, and rejoiced with great joy, so that the city rang, and the earth rent with the sound of them." And the mind of the traveller dives into the mazes of futurity to speculate on the idea of any such scene again gladdening the Vale of Gihon, when Jerusalem shall again become a royal city under an anointed sovereign.

It was at one of the pools of Gihon that David, as he

walked on the roof of his house, saw, and fell in love with, the beautiful Bathsheba, the daughter of Eliam, the wife of Uriah the Hittite, as she washed herself, and who afterwards became the mother of Solomon. Both pools are now dry. They are formed by a moat of great depth and strength thrown across the valley. The Moslems have a cemetery at the upper pool.

As Jehoshaphat supports the wall of Jerusalem to the east, so Gihon does to the west. They both unite at the Vale of Hinnom on the south, thus creating a deep defile around Jerusalem, and protecting it on every side, save a part of the northern wall. These vales grow deeper, narrower, and bolder, as they reach the southern brows of Jerusalem. The beds of the valleys are dry, and exhibit a very desolate appearance. The sides which support the city are mostly high chalk cliffs.

From the north-western corner of the wall (where the traveller will observe some ancient remains similar to those he sees at the Damascus gate, and on various parts of the area to the north, as also immediately within the present modern wall) to Bab El Khalil, better known under the names of the Bethlehem or Jaffa Gates (both being equally applicable to it) is a short distance. Immediately at the entrance to the city is the Custom-house standing without the walls. At the Jaffa Gate we stand on the top of Robinson's Tyropeon. On the right is the tower, commonly called the Tower of David, surrounded by a deep ditch; as also the Protestant church, Protestant schools, Protestant hospital for the Jews, German hospital, and the Armenian convent where the monks pretend to show you the spot where St. James was beheaded—all on Mount Zion; on the left, is the Latin Patriarchate, the house of Bishop Gobat, and the Pool of

Hezekiah; while, further left, are the Greek and Latin convents. These form the Acra of Robinson. The street which runs hence, nearly to the Mosque of Omar, and which he calls his Tyropeon, or Valley of the Cheese-makers, is what I have already described in the foregoing chapter under the name of *Miscellaneous Street*. Christian Street intersects this last a little below the Jaffa Gate, and runs north. Eastward of this street, the traveller will remember is the church of the Holy Sepulchre. A little further down (still eastward) is the Coptic convent, Deyr El Sultan—so called because it received a favour from one of the Sultans. Here the monks not only pretend to show you the garden where Abraham was about to sacrifice Isaac, but also the identical spot where the ram was caught. Immediately opposite to them, and divided by Miscellaneous-street, is the Jewish quarter, where old and decrepid Jews may be seen congregated in ruined and filthy chambers, which seem like as if they were going to tumble down on their heads. The city is divided into four quarters; viz., the Armenian quarter on Mount Zion, and the Jewish quarter immediately below it to the east, nearly as far as Moriah. The Latin quarter surrounds the Latin convent, and takes in all the ground of Robinson's Acra. All further east to the wall of the city and south to Moriah is the Mahomedan quarter. Of Moriah, and the lower part of the city, I shall speak in due course of time.

Keeping on the brow of Mount Zion, we soon come to the Protestant cemetery, where Bishop Gobat has erected a large and commodious school-house for the education of boys of different persuasions without distinction of religion. The building was not yet finished when I was there, but was progressing very much towards its

completion. It certainly does infinite credit to its founder. The boy's school, within the city, at present consists of a boarding and day school, numbering, at an average, fifty boys under three teachers. During my stay in the Holy City, I was present at the examination, and was pleased and gratified with their progress in the different branches of study, which included the reading and exposition of the Holy Scriptures; sacred and general history and geography; reading, writing, arithmetic, and geometry; the English, Arabic, and German languages, and singing. Of the fifty boys herein educated, twenty are provided with board, lodging and clothing, under the care of a steward and his wife, who manage the domestic arrangements of the establishment. In addition to these, ten other boys are admitted to board, which makes thirty boarders in all. It is to meet the increasing wants of the school that the Bishop has erected this building, to which he has added a commodious playground for the boys. The Bishop hopes that in time a higher course of instruction may be given to the most promising pupils, with a view to preparing them to undertake the duties of teachers, catechists, and missionaries to their own countrymen. As soon as the boys are transferred to the newly-erected school-house, a girls' boarding school will, if possible, be opened in the building hitherto occupied by the boys' school. It will be conducted by the two English female teachers, who have the charge of the girls' day school.

And this leads me to say, that Bishop Gobat has also a girl's school in the Holy City, numbering at present between thirty and forty pupils, who are being educated in the following branches of study: reading, and explanation of the Holy Scriptures; Sacred History and

Geography; the English, German, and Arabic languages; Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, and Needlework. There was to be an examination of the girls' school when I was there, but, for some reason or other, it was postponed; hence I missed being present.

Nor should I be doing justice to Bishop Gobat's extraordinary zeal, if I did not mention the fact, that he has other schools elsewhere in Palestine. Deeming them the most effectual means for insuring the success of the Gospel among an ignorant, degraded, and superstitious people, it has therefore been one of the earliest and most anxious objects of the Bishop to establish schools, not only for the Hebrew proselytes and members of the Jewish mission in Jerusalem, but also for the children of Jews, Christians, and Moslems generally, both in the Holy City and in other parts of Palestine, where favourable openings should be presented for the prosecution of the work; and, notwithstanding all the difficulties he had to contend with, he has been enabled to open schools in Bethlehem, Nabloos, Rafidia, Nazareth, and two in Jaffa, making, with the two already mentioned in Jerusalem, eight establishments for the education of children in those places.

To show that these schools are not of mushroom growth, but are the result of patience, anxiety, and care, I would just mention the history of the Jerusalem schools. A school was opened in 1847 for boys and girls. At its commencement, it numbered nine children, who were taught by an English female teacher. From this small beginning it gradually increased, until it was necessary to separate the boys and girls into two distinct establishments, as has already been given to the reader.

The Society for Promoting Christianity among the

Jews, in consideration of the number of Jewish children educated in these schools, make an annual grant of £150 per annum, about one-third of the expenditure of the two schools in Jerusalem. For the rest, the Bishop is entirely dependent on the free contributions of those who take an interest in the education of the poor, and the welfare of the house of Israel.

In the cemetery beyond the play-ground, and which looks upon the lower pool of Gihon and the valley of that name, are the remains of sundry individuals, prominent among whom are those of the Right Reverend Dr. Alexander, first Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, who died in the Desert as he was on his way to Cairo and England; and of Robert Bateson, Esq., an Irish gentleman, who, whilst travelling in the country, fell a victim to typhus fever.

The establishment of a Protestant Bishopric in Jerusalem, in connection with the Church of England, is chiefly owing to the liberality of the King of Prussia. The motives for the foundation of this bishopric are thus set forth in an official publication, issued at the close of 1841. "The immediate objects for which this bishopric has been founded will appear from the following statement. Its ultimate results cannot be with certainty predicted; but we may reasonably hope, that, under the Divine blessing, it may lead the way to an essential unity of discipline, as well as of doctrine, between our own Church and the less perfectly constituted of the Protestant Churches of Europe, and that, too, by way of Rome; while it may be the means of establishing relations between the united Church of England and Ireland and the ancient Churches of the East, strengthening them against the See of Rome, and preparing the way for

their purification, in some cases from serious errors, in others from those imperfections which now materially impede their testimony as witnesses and dispensers of gospel truth and grace. In the meantime, the spectacle of a church freed from those errors and imperfections, planted in the Holy City, and holding a pure faith in the unity of the Spirit and in the bond of peace, will naturally attract the notice of the Jewish nation throughout the world; and will centralize, as it were, the desultory efforts which are making for their conversion." Dr. Alexander arrived in Jerusalem in January, 1841, and died a few years later, and was succeeded by the present prelate, the Right Reverend Dr. Gobat. This, as far as I know, is the origin and history of the Protestant bishopric at Jerusalem, and which seems to promise the most happy results.

The Jerusalem mission was undertaken in 1820, when the Rev. Mr. Tschondi, a Swiss clergyman, visited the Holy Land, for the purpose of making inquiries and circulating the Scriptures. He was followed by the Rev. Lewis Way; but the mission was not formally opened till 1824, when Dr. Dalton was sent to the Holy City to labour in the capacity of a medical missionary. In the beginning of 1826, Dr. Dalton was joined by the Rev. J. Nicolayson. He, however, died soon after the arrival of his colleague. Since then, the mission has been strengthened from time to time by the labours of various missionaries, some of whom are still engaged in the field. In 1839, the preparations for building a Protestant church were commenced, and in three years from that time the foundation-stone was laid by Bishop Alexander. The church was consecrated by his excellent successor, Bishop Gobat, in 1849.

The brow of Zion here is very steep. The Protestant cemetery is on the slope, nearly parallel with the southwestern corner of the modern city wall. A slight ascent brought me to the plateau forming the southern angle of Zion. One look at the vast space left now without the walls sufficed to prove to me, that the town wall, as it now stands, does by no means represent the wall of the ancient Jerusalem. Pursuing my course (now eastward by south) I passed the Latin cemetery, amply described by Robinson, and shortly afterwards came upon an Armenian chapel, which is said to have been the house of Caiaphas, the high priest. Further on, the eye rests on a ruined mosque, called Nebi Dahood, and which you are told is the place where David was buried. I went in, but the Sheikh would not admit me into the chamber where was the tomb. The space hence as far as the temple is the Ophel of the ancients; and that portion of it within the town is now solely occupied by Jews. The southern gate of Jerusalem, called Bab Nebi Dahood, divides the Armenian from the Jewish quarters. I am not sure that there was ever a line of demarcation between them; at any rate, I did not notice it.

Immediately beneath the southern brow of Zion is Beer Ayub (the well of Job), the Enrogel of the Scriptures. Dr. Robinson, who measured it, gives us to know, that it is one hundred and twenty-five feet deep, fifty of which were filled with water. It is very little resorted to now by the natives, and, save a traveller who comes now and then to gaze on this relic of the past, scarcely any one approaches it. It was here that Jonathan and Ahimaaz waited for intelligence about the progress of the rebellion under Absalom; and here it was that Adonijah feasted the gallants of Jerusalem who conspired to place him on the throne.

Further up is the Pool of Siloam, celebrated in the history of our Saviour's miracles, where He gave sight to one born blind. The pool itself is but scantily supplied with water, and that supply comes from the Fountain of the Virgin, a recess on the eastern side of Ophel. A subterranean channel, cut out of the rock, and said to be 1,100 feet long, is the means of communication. Unlike the silent and deserted Enrogel, the Pool of Siloam is one continued scene of life. Apart from the many pilgrims who come to visit it, or the various muleteers who come to water their animals from it, there is always to be seen a number of women, either filling their pitchers, or washing their clothes around it. These last come mainly from the village of Siloam hard by. The natives call the pool *Birket Silwan*, a name so near to the original that the identity of the spot can hardly be questioned. Immediately beneath the pool is the spot where Isaiah is said to have been sawn asunder: an old mulberry-tree marks the site of that tragedy. High above you, to the south, towers the Hill of Evil Counsel, so called from the fact, that it was here that counsel was first taken to put our Saviour to death; at the lowest slope of which the traveller is shown Aceldama, or the Field of Blood, which was bought by the thirty pieces of silver Judas received for his treachery. It used to be the burying-place of strangers, but is now no longer used for that purpose. The pit into which the dead were thrown is still open, and the bones of the dead are still visible.

Emerging from under the Arab village of Silwan, whose paltry houses are scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding sepulchres, the traveller finds himself in the valley of Jehoshaphat—a valley which stretches between

the eastern walls of the city and the Mount of Olives, and which has been reserved as the burying-place of the Jewish inhabitants of the city. There are seen monuments of the most remote ages as well as of modern times. Wherever the eye turns or the foot treads, it falls upon a grave. Here Death has set up his dominion, and spread his immense winding-sheet. Hither the descendants of Jacob resort from the four quarters of the globe to yield up their last breath. Faithful, indeed, is that love which binds the Jew to his dear Jerusalem: live where he may, it is in Jerusalem he would die, and in the shadow of his temple would he be buried. Touching as is this spectacle of Jewish attachment to the soil of the land of his fathers, the traveller nevertheless feels a sense of awe and dread as he threads the maze of this long sepulchral vault, and longs to quit it. So desolate is the scene, so solitary are the hills, so still is everything, so paved with tombs is every spot you tread—tombs overthrown, broken, half-open—that one might almost imagine that the last trump had already sounded, and that the valley of Jehoshaphat was about to render up its dead.

Higher up the valley, which is also known under the name of the "*Kings' Dale*," are the three tombs of Zechariah, Absalom, and Jehoshaphat. The former is a square mass of rock, hewn down into form, and isolated from the quarry of which it is cut by a passage of twelve or fifteen feet wide on three of its sides; the fourth, or western front, being open towards the valley and to Mount Moriah, the foot of which is only a few yards distant. It has four semi-columns cut out of the same rock on each of its faces, with a pilaster at each angle, all of a mixed Ionic order, and ornamented in bad taste.

The architraves, the full moulding, and the deep overhanging cornice which finishes the square, are all perfectly after the Egyptian manner; and the whole is surmounted by a pyramid, the sloping sides of which rise from the very edges of the square below, and terminate in a finished point. The body of this monument, as also the semi-columns on each face, are one solid mass of rock, without any appearance of entrance into any part of it; the pyramid surmounting it is, however, of masonry, and its sides are perfectly smooth. Near to it is the tomb of Jehoshaphat, an excavation fronted by two Doric pillars of small size, and whose interior presents three chambers, in one of which were several grave-stones—flat slabs of an oblong shape, from three to six inches in thickness. This cavern is better known under the more familiar name of the Grotto of the Disciples, from an idea that they went frequently thither to be taught by their Divine Master. The most beautiful of the three tombs, however, is that of Absalom, and supposed to have been erected by Absalom himself, and to which fact reference is made in 2 Samuel xviii. 18: “Now Absalom in his lifetime had reared up for himself a pillar, which is in the King’s Dale: for he said, I have no son to keep my name in remembrance: and he called the pillar after his own name; and it is called unto this day Absalom’s place.” That the site of the present tomb occupies the ground of the pillar here referred to I have no doubt; but whether it is the identical one or not, or whether that, having fallen down, was replaced in after years by the present structure, I am not able to say. Its square base resembles much the tomb of Zechariah; a sharp conical dome surmounts it, having large mouldings running round its base, and on the top something like

the imitation of flame. The dome is of masonry, and on the eastern side of it there is a square aperture. So heterogeneous and mixed is the style and ornament of these structures, displaying at once an alliance of Egyptian, Grecian, and Jewish tastes (I say Jewish, because the Jews doubtless mixed with the architecture of Athens and Memphis the forms of their own peculiar style), that no one can tell to what age to attribute these monuments as a whole.

Here we are at the base of Olivet. The garden of Gethsemane and the brook Kedron are close on our right, whilst above us, on the opposite side, towers the city of David. A path here leads up to the top of the western slope of Jehoshaphat, and now we find ourselves at the south-eastern corner of the present city. Hence, and nearly as far as the Gate of St. Stephen, we are walking under the wall of the mosque which occupies the site of Solomon's temple. Here the traveller will observe some large stones. These, doubtless, formed part of the ancient wall of the temple; and, perhaps, it is of one of these that "one of the disciples" said to our Lord—"Master, see what manner of stones and building are here. And JESUS answering said unto him, Seest thou these great buildings? There shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." Completely has this prophecy been fulfilled: the stones are there, but thus placed as to make it evident that they stand not where originally they were laid. They were rebuilt in after days from the foundations which Titus dug out. Midway between these stones and St. Stephen's Gate is the Golden Gate. Through this gate, it is said, our Saviour was led from the garden of Gethsemane, on that memorable night when He was betrayed, to the

judgment-hall. Be it so or not, the Moslems have closed it up with solid masonry, under the influence of a legend current among them, that it is by this gate that if the Christians enter, they will again become masters of the city. The way to the Gate of St. Stephen passes through a Mahomedan cemetery, which continues further up to the north, thus making the eastern and western slopes of Jehoshaphat one long charnel-house—a receptacle for the dead.

One more look at Olivet, Gethsemane, and Kedron, and we enter the city, having made the tour, circumscribing it, and noticed all the places of interest around it. I remember it took me, to make this walk, two hours and ten minutes; but I loitered a good deal by the way. One could easily make the circuit of the walls in an hour's time; I have done it in forty minutes. And this is Jerusalem! the royal city of David! The glory of Jerusalem has, indeed, departed! The cup of wrath and desolation from the Almighty has been poured upon her to the dregs, and she sits sad and solitary in darkness and in the dust! Her “burden” has been fearfully accomplished upon her! And yet, fallen as thou art, O Jerusalem! thou still retainest a power over the human mind, which no time or change can do away with! Degraded as thou mayest be, the associations which surround thee, originating in events that transpired centuries ago, but which no change nor lapse of time has been able to destroy, will ever make thee the centre of attraction, and the theatre of hopes not elsewhere cherished! Despoiled from thy former grandeur, and reduced to the dust, yet thou art not less dear to the heart of the Christian, for the sake of Him who trod thy streets and died on thy trees!

It is impossible to take this walk round Jerusalem, marking the chief historical events of Scripture history, standing on Olivet, lingering in Gethsemane, gazing on the transformed temple, without feeling a strange emotion heaving your breast. You would not be a man, to loiter on Kedron, and gaze on Jerusalem, without your thoughts going back to Him whom, eighteen hundred years ago (had you been there), you might have seen crossing to and fro from Olivet to the temple, and *vice versa*; or, perhaps, you might have witnessed that perfidious act which delivered the Son of man into the hands of sinners.

Filled with that strange sad feeling I entered the city, and made my way through the Via Dolorosa—the street of sorrow, already referred to. On my right were the ruined hovels of what Robinson assumes to be Bezetha; on the left was the Mosque of Omar. Immediately before reaching the arch of the *Ecce Homo*, the tourist passes by the Pasha's palace. This is situated on a hill, to the north-west of the Mosque of Omar, and exactly answers for the site of the fort Antonia, unto which was joined the second wall. Indeed, this has been universally assumed to be the site of that fort, and with a good deal of justice. From the top of the Governor's house a view of the area of the mosque is to be had. I pass over the various traditions which the monks have crowded in this street, viz., the wall by the side of which Christ sank under the burthen of His cross—the arch of the *Ecce Homo*, where He was shown to the people—the house of Herod—the Prætorium of Pilate—or the spot where He turned to the weeping daughters of Jerusalem—the traveller will be duly told all these traditions by his *cicerone*.

A little above the arch of the *Ecce Homo*, a street

intersects the Via Dolorosa, leading left, to the Meh-kemé, or the judgment-hall. On the way you pass various entrances to the Mosque of Omar, and also some unique pieces of architecture. Continuing in the Via Dolorosa, we pass one or two traditionary legends, and arrive at another cross street, running north and south. It begins at the Damascus Gate and ends in the vaulted bazaar at the foot of *Miscellaneous street*. Here to your right, is the house of the French consul, opposite to which is Miss Cooper's house of industry for Jewesses. The traveller would do well to visit this establishment, the object of which is to give work to Jewish females, instead of giving them money; and by so doing, not only create in them habits of industry (which the Jews of Jerusalem grievously lack), but bring them, at the same time, in contact with true Christianity.

I visited this establishment on several occasions, and was much pleased with its cleanliness, neatness, and order. There were about ninety females at work (ranging, I suppose, in age, from ten to sixty years). When I saw them, they were mostly engaged in sewing or spinning. Miss Cooper, who is the founder of this establishment, pays them weekly for their labour, and the product of such labour is placed in a room called the "Bazâar," and sold for the support of the institution. The proceeds of the Bazâar do not, however, by any means suffice to pay the expenses of the institution, and consequently it has to fall much on the charity of Christian friends in England and elsewhere.

This institution was begun by Miss Cooper, now nearly seven years ago: at first the number of females who asked for labour were few; but these daily increased till they

became—when I was there in the spring of 1855—ninety workers. In view of this increase, Miss Cooper had to get more help, and she has now four associates in the work. Whilst the women are at work, these ladies, the associates of Miss Cooper, read to them portions of the Old and New Testaments in the Spanish language.

Higher up, to the west of Miss Cooper's establishment, is the house of industry for young Jews,—the object of which is to give a home, and teach a trade to converts from Judaism, who, were it not for such a place of refuge, might be left to starve. This establishment is endowed by an English lady in Cheltenham, and is under the auspices of the London Jewish Missionary Society, who (apart from the Anglican Bishopric) have a Mission to the Jews, and also a hospital under the superintendence of Dr. MacGowan. I visited the house where the young men boarded, their workshop, and also the hospital, and was pleased with all these efforts to reach, and do good to the house of Israel, in the city of their fathers. In the shop I saw some of the boarders at work engaged in cabinet-making. As soon as these men are received, they are apprenticed, and afterwards put out to push their fortune in the world, as best they can, having a profession to support them. The product of their labour meantime is sold in a bazâar near the Jaffa gate, for the benefit of the institution. The traveller will find there, card-cases, tops of canes, rulers, paper-folders, and other articles of olive-wood. In patronising this bazâar, the tourist has the satisfaction of knowing that the money spent there is charitably laid out for a good object. None but converts are received into this house of industry; not so, however, at the hospital, it is open to the Jews unreservedly, whether they are converts or not.

I believe there is another hospital exclusively for the Jews, supported mainly, if not wholly, by Sir Moses Montefiore—that large-hearted man, whose praise is in the mouth of all who have the pleasure of knowing him directly, or indirectly. A few German Sisters of Mercy have another hospital, but this, unlike the rest, is more Catholic in its features, it is open to all classes, without distinction of creed, who may wish to avail themselves of the privileges it affords.

The Jews in Jerusalem are mostly poor, and were it not for the relief continually sent them by their brethren in Europe and elsewhere, they, doubtless, would starve, and, even as it is, they are very poorly off, and require all the charity you can bestow upon them. The ladies of the mission at Jerusalem are alive to this fact, and in order to lighten the burden of their sorrow, most of them have formed themselves into what they call the “Sarah Association,” an association which has for its object the visiting of poor Jewesses in their houses, relieving them, not in pecuniary donations, but in gifts of clothing, coffee, sugar, rice, &c. This association is independent of the object of the mission, and is a voluntary deed on the part of those who comprise it, and by whom it is altogether supported.

Mrs. Gobat presides over another association, very similar to this in its object, but which has for its end the relief of Christian converts. The ladies who compose this society, which is called the “Dorcas Association,” meet once every month, and sew articles of clothing, which they distribute among the needy of Christian converts.

Besides the Jewish converts at Jerusalem, there are some who are converts from the Eastern Churches. I

know not the number of the converted, but I should think that it was considerable. The London Church Missionary Society has one or two Missionaries here, and Prussia is represented by a chaplain who does service in Christ's Church every Sunday afternoon in the German language. The American Missionary station here was totally given up several years ago.

In concluding this chapter I would notice the existence of a Literary Society in Jerusalem, called the "*Jerusalem Literary Society*," founded on the 20th November, 1849. Its patron is the Archbishop of Canterbury, and its president is the British Consul at Jerusalem. It has a secretary, treasurer, and librarian, and its object is the investigation, or elucidation of any subject of interest, literary or scientific, of any period whatever, within the Holy Land, that is, within the territorial limits of the Mediterranean to the Euphrates, and of the Nile to the Orontes." "The privileges of actual membership are restricted to Protestant Christians residing in the Holy Land."

CHAPTER XX.

EXCURSION TO THE JORDAN AND THE DEAD SEA.

A Guard of Bedouins—The Tour—Mar Saba—A Tour in 1843—Moslem Females—Reflections—The Road—A Pole—Pilgrims—An uncommonly interesting Scene—Coffee Shops—The Parable of the Good Samaritan—Khan El Ahmar—Further Scenery—The Stream *El Jelt*—The Fall of an old Woman—Ain-Es-Sultan—Elisha's Miracle—*Eriha*—The Castle—Ancient Site of Jericho—Our Camp—An Evening Survey—En Route to the Jordan—A Pell-mell Scene—The Jordan—The Dead Sea—Some Account of it—Costigan—Molyneaux and Lynch—Return to Our Camp—The Heat—A Sleep—The Sheikh—The Bedouin and Indian of America alike—Similarities—Descendants of Ishmael—The Lost Ten Tribes—My Guard—Feud between the Tribes—More about the Bedouin and his Habits—The Associations of the Spot—A New Arrival—Excitement—Departure for Jerusalem—The Camel—Donkey—Mule—Spot where our Saviour met Martha who told Him of the Death of Lazarus—My Ideas—Lazarus' Grave—Bethany—Bethphage—Mount of Olives—Site of the Ascension, where our Saviour predicted the Downfall of Jerusalem—Return to the City.

Monday, 2nd April, 1855.

AN excursion to the Jordan and the Dead Sea is considered a necessary appendix to a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and few are the travellers who visit the last-mentioned place, without making the said tour. As for me, I came prepared to go there with the caravan of pilgrims, who visit it at this

time; and the following sketch of the trip will give the reader an idea of the journey, and the operations gone through by a band of pilgrims who have come from far, and from near.

In going with the pilgrims I avoided having Bedouins on my own account, and therefore saved the backsheesh necessary on the same. To make the excursion at any other time it would be necessary for the traveller to be accompanied by a party of Bedouins. These he can easily obtain by applying to the Sheikh of Abu Deis, a village an hour's distance, bearing south-east, of Jerusalem. The regular backsheesh is a hundred piastres per head, and forty piastres extra as price of one sheep which the Bedouins eat at his expense. Should the party consist of more than one gentlemen, the last mentioned sum is divided among them, each of them paying his share of it. The Sheikh generally sends with the party five Bedouins, sometimes more and sometimes less, according as he may deem the country dangerous or not. The tourist would do well not to take any thing valuable with him, for while the Sheikh pretends that he will be responsible for any losses sustained by the traveller, it would be generally a hard case to make him pay back such losses. The traveller being already provided with horses, tents and provisions, will require a very trifling amount of money in his pocket for cases of emergency. I took with me only fifty piastres, leaving behind me every thing that was not essentially necessary to my tour.

The tour to the Jordan and the Dead Sea is generally performed in three days. The traveller who leaves in the afternoon sleeps at the Greek convent of Mar Saba, which is situated on the shoulder of a cliff, in a wild

part of the country, at whose base runs a deep ravine, and surrounded by mountains on every side. The distance of the convent from Jerusalem is three hours' easy ride. Some travellers, in order to make more of the day, go by way of Bethlehem, which extends the ride to a couple of hours longer. In order to have access to the convent, the traveller will have to be provided with a letter of introduction to the Superior from the Greek Patriarch at Jerusalem, otherwise, he may stand a chance of sleeping under the castellated walls. I slept in this convent more than once in the year 1843, and can speak from personal observation, that its romantic situation makes it worth a visit from the traveller. It is not entered by a gateway, but the tourist is generally hauled up through an aperture in the upper part of the walls. Females, I understand are not admitted to this convent, but there is a high-looking house close by, into which they are also hauled up. The view from the terrace of the convent is romantically beautiful.

The next day's ride extends through a series of ridges and passes to the Dead Sea, which is reached in about six hours from the convent; the traveller then proceeds to the Jordan, and encamps, after a day of nearly ten hours ride, at Jericho. The third day brings him back to Jerusalem, by way of Bethany and the Mount of Olives. In company with the Chaplain of the late Bishop of Jerusalem and some other travellers, I made the following tour in the year 1843; we went to Bethlehem, the Pools of Solomon, visited Beit Jibreen, and slept the first night by the brook from which David took the stone which slew Goliath; the next day we proceeded to Hebron, then pursued our journey to Mar Saba,

Ain Jidy, the Dead Sea, and the Jordan, returning to Jerusalem after a five day's ride. This excursion is seldom taken by tourists, who prefer taking the beaten track of other travellers in visiting the Jordan and Dead Sea.

The traveller who has made the tour of Syria, and always found lodging in private houses, convents, or hotels, will now find that he will require a tent for his night at Jericho. I know some travellers who have gone without such an appendage, and slept either under a nubk tree, or in a dilapidated fort adjoining the village of Eriha, but I suspect they were not very comfortable. As I had used no tents during my present tour in Syria, I found it necessary to hunt up for one in Jerusalem, and after a deal of search had the loan of one from an old acquaintance. It is true it was not a fine one, nor in a good condition, but I made the best of it, and I found it answer all my purposes. The traveller can, however, if he is not otherwise provided, find tents to let in Jerusalem, and which he can hire for a paltry sum.

These few remarks being over, I now hasten to give the reader an account of my present tour. Early on Monday morning the pilgrims started for Jericho; my servant and muleteers I had sent along with them, hoping to overtake them on the way. They went off about six o'clock in the morning, and I followed about eight.

Our road first led us out of Stephen's Gate, down to the brook Kedron; and after winding around the Mount of Olives we passed Bethany, then descended a ridge to a fountain. Here the road enters a valley, and continues in it for upwards of an hour; then the scene changes

into a succession of ridges, bounded by wild gaps and ravines on both sides, and in six hours after leaving Jerusalem the traveller finds himself at Jericho.

On leaving Stephen's Gate my eyes fell upon a scene of Oriental hurry scurry seldom if at all met anywhere. As far as the eye reached, the roads were lined with pilgrims going to the Jordan: the hedges on both sides of the road, as also the slopes of Olivet, were literally covered with Mahomedan women, who went out for the double purpose of witnessing one of their processions, and of looking at the pilgrims as they wended their way to Jericho and the Jordan.

A lazy picture they appeared; not of contentment, as some suppose, but of *stupidity*. Poor creatures! there they sat on the green sward, enveloped with their *eizars*, and with their faces uncovered gazed on the passing multitude. They said nothing, they only looked; it was a look of nonchalance and of indifference. They felt no interest, or at least, such a thing I could not discover in their looks. Crossed legs and with folded arms they sat, and the hedges appeared like melancholy spectres. Now and then a voice would be heard of a female calling upon her slave to give her a drink of water—she drinks and again falls into her former apathy. Oh! as I gazed upon the thousands of females which lined the hedges, I was forcibly reminded of the description I gave the reader in a former chapter on the condition of Moslem females. Untaught, uncivilized, there they sat a humiliating picture of womankind. It is well that such ceremonies take place now and then to divert the monotony of their perpetual childhood—a childhood which is allowed to feel no interest, to partake in no zest—her bright eye to light to no enthusiasm save to that self-willed and haughty

being who considers himself as her husband and lord, and upon whom she must look as an idol, and for whose will and pleasure she is taught to believe that she was created to live and suffer! A mere carcase, there she sat, possessed of woman's natural qualities—reliance, softness, grace and beauty, but left devoid of the fine developments of a woman's soul, which with a Moslem female were undeveloped and constrained—those developments of the mind which add grace and character to a woman, and make her a help-meet for man. Oh, it is painful and humiliating to contemplate the condition of Moslem females!

A strange contrast they appeared to that bright orb which lit the firmament above them, and diffused health, life, and cheerfulness, to all around. Never did a day dawn more gloriously on such an excited scene—the sun shone bright, the sky was clear, the atmosphere was balmy, and a thousand birds warbled in the air. Everything tended to excite joyousness and to warm the breast with interest, but all these failed to excite any sympathy from minds shrouded in the darkness of Moslem constraint; a stupidity verging on melancholy, actions and movements of the most mechanical nature, were the only indications of life which met the eye as it rested on the tenderest portion of God's creation. Contentment, forsooth! the poor creatures did not appear to me to know what the word meant. An air of listless apathy and melancholy indifference, which seemed to feel no interest in anything, and whose life appeared only a routine of vegetation from the cradle to the grave, clothed them from head to foot. Life to them must, methinks, be a dull and uninteresting stream; in ignorance they live, and in ignorance they die, and thus endeth the chapter

of a Mahomedan woman's life. Poor creature! how much pity she deserves.

I rode on amid a host of pilgrims—straggling creatures who were trying to catch their respective caravans—sundry mules loaded with tents and provisions were merrily trotting along; the little bells which tinkled from their necks added not a little to the excitement; a band of heavy-looking muleteers ran after them, or more lazily followed mounted on donkeys; dragomans, couriers, cooks, and other servants, were chasing and racing to catch up with their different masters. Here and there rode a lazy Turk, who puffed his pipe in silence, or dreamt of the hour when, perchance, he could steep his sword in the blood of the Christian.

Immediately beyond the Brook of Kedron, the scene of excitement was augmented by a set of ruffianly blacks, who were firing their carbines in the air, much to the detriment of our comfort, for the horses started, reared, and plunged at every fire. A party of Egyptian grooms were singing their national airs, and the little children from the hedges, the only offsprings of Islamism, exempt from restraint, added to the *melée* by their vociferations, *Hadgi! hadgi!* which means “pilgrim! pilgrim!” they shouted, as every odd-looking being, in a pilgrim garb, passed them.

Now *there* is a face beaming with joyous youth. Expression fills the eye—mirth sits on the countenance—buoyancy on the limbs—and a freedom animates her whole being—why, O why cannot she be allowed to grow so? why so soon transform her to a living automaton? I gazed on her youthful frolics, and compared them with the sedateness, gravity, and melancholy air of her mother; but there was no comparison; one was all

life, and seemed to relish the zest of youth, the other seemed dead to all that made the woman. It is thus that Islamism crushes the finer endowments of a woman's nature.

Winding along the side of the Mount of Olives, I caught up with three European gentlemen; one of them was an intelligent Pole, who addressed me as I passed by his party; I responded to his salutation; and, after a little parley, I agreed to keep with them till we should reach Jericho. With the Polish gentleman I was very much pleased; nor had I an occasion to change my favourable opinion of him during many days sojourn together. We performed the trip to the Jordan and the Dead Sea; after that, lived in the same house in Jerusalem for many days; and then travelled on to Bay-root together: but the misfortune is, I never could catch his proper name. I know it ends in something like *iski*; but, of the former part of his name, I remember nothing more than that it very much resembled a sneeze. He was a pleasant companion, however, and I enjoyed his society. He had travelled a great deal in Europe, and in the United States, and was now on a tour of the Holy Land, previous to his joining the Turkish army in the Crimea, where he had a brother.

Being well mounted, we pushed on, amid camels, donkeys, and mules; and, in forty minutes after leaving Jerusalem, we were threading our way through the village of Azarieh, the supposed site of Bethany, and so called by the natives, from *Azar*, the Arabic name of Lazarus. I shall not speak of Bethany now, but will do so on the return trip; sufficient is it to say, that we were here beset by a host of children, who, with jars of water, came shouting after us, *Hadgi Moay!* which

signifies "pilgrim, water:" offering us their jars, at the same time, to drink of. Some of the party drank, and threw to the children a few half piastres. A little to our right, and situated on the shoulder of a hill divided from Azarieh by a Wady, is the village of Abu Deis, where the Sheikh of the Beni Nsair tribe resides, and with whom, as has already been said in the former part of this chapter, bargains are struck for Bedouins to accompany travellers to the Jordan and the Dead Sea.

We now descended into the Wady, the commencement of which we reached in about seventeen minutes from Azarieh. Here is a fountain and a ruined Khan; the fountain is called *El Howd*. The Khan, which at any other time is deserted, was now converted into a coffee-shop, where we saw straggling parties of Greek pilgrims enjoying their coffee and nargeelés. This place is generally considered one hour and a half's ride from Jerusalem. Here we gave our horses water, and pushed on.

In the valley we caught up with the bulk of the caravan of pilgrims, and the sight was at once amusing and interesting. Here were people of many nations—descendants of Ham, Shem, and Japheth. Here were Greeks, Armenians, English, Americans, French, Austrians, Belgians, Poles, Syrians, Turks, and I know not what. A party of Greeks were headed by an ecclesiastic of their Church, and a party of Armenians led by no less than ten Vartabeds. A French and an Austrian caravan also formed part of the train. Abyssinians, too, were there. Then the Bedouins and Turks who accompanied them formed a sight as singular as it was motley.

I gazed on them with thrilling interest: they were old and young, and of all ages. There was the grand-

father, the father, the son, and the child; and there was the grandmother, bowed down to the earth in years; the mother, matronly in her looks; the girl of eighteen; and the infant at the breast. Some rode and some walked; and, on the whole, the valley presented an uncommonly interesting picture.

Donkeys, little patient things, carrying a muleteer or some old dame, meekly trotted along; sturdy mules, with tinkling bells round their necks, bearing on their back some heavy-looking Armenian; or a group of children, in paniers, squeezed their way through. Horses, some good and some bad, were seen here and there, some galloping in front, and some bringing up the rear, and some sideling their way by paniers of little children, or by some female. And then there were camels; large, huge animals, bearing on their backs tents and other commodities, or a whole family. I counted on the back of one camel no less than six grown-up persons. In each panier sat two females; whilst on the back of the camel rode an elderly man, before whom sat a boy of about fifteen years of age; others, unable to pay for animals, and yet anxious to bathe in the Jordan, walked on foot. All of these personages carried with them large tin canisters, for Jordan water.

Then their dress was picturesque; the national dress of many a clime. There was the Frank in his tight clothes, and the Armenian in his flowing robes. There rode the Albanian, with his ample kilt; and, by his side, rode the fezzed Turk, whose dress was a mixture of the Frank and the Oriental. Here rode a party of Greek priests, dressed in black; and behind them came a group of females, shrouded over in their white *eizars*. There rode the grave Mahomedan, leisurely puffing his pipe;

and, a-head of him, strode his free brother of the desert, the wild Bedouin, dressed in a simple Abba, and with a Keffié triangularly folded over his head, and thrown carelessly over his shoulder. On foot walked Turcoman and Syrian muleteers.

Add to this a Babel of languages—English, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Greek, Armenian, Turkish, Arabic, and I know not what. The sight was peculiarly interesting; and we rode leisurely by them, gazing on a mixture of heads which would have amused a phrenologist—large, small, oval, and round; and covered by hats, caps, fezcs, turbans, handkerchiefs tied with a camel hair cord, and white veils.

Pipes were the order of the day. Hundreds of them perfumed the air with the tobacco leaf. A constant jabber rose from that crowd which was perfectly deafening. Muleteers and servants ran hither and thither, in all the hurry and scurry of the event; and a cheerful excitement reigned throughout. Besides the Bedouins and the government guard, the pilgrims were all armed; guns were slung across their backs; carbines hung by their sides; pistols were encased in their large belts; and rusty-looking swords dangled on their thighs; and thus a sense of security was added to this scene of excitement.

Then there was a continual roar of singing, national airs of almost every clime. “Rule Britannia,” “Partant pour la Syrie,” and “Yankee Doodle,” contrasted strangely with the senseless notes of Turk, Greek, and Bedouin, who sang as they listed, in all the intonations of the human lungs, heedless of measure or rhyme. Stretch your eye as far as it can reach, from Bethany down the valley, and up to yonder peak, and the road was one string of pilgrims, from whose caravanic groups

rose up the smoke of tobacco incense, which, thanks to a floating breeze, was carried off as soon as let out. Never in my life-time did I gaze on a scene of similar excitement. It was too good to be missed; and in order to keep with it, we stopped in a coffee-shop at the end of the Wady for about half an hour, where we enjoyed a nargeelé and a cup of coffee; then again joined the caravan, and the time slipped quickly by.

We got out of the Wady in about an hour after descending into it: in this I do not include the half an hour's stop in the coffee-shop. The Wady had nothing peculiarly grand in it: the ridges which bound it on either side were tame, flat, and barren; the last feature, however, was from want of cultivation. The earth seemed to me capable of production, but an absence of security prevents the fields being green with fertility. We were now on Bedouin soil—in a valley which has been made famous, as being the scene of the parable of the good Samaritan. As it is now, it seems to have been then—proverbial for thieves. This fact attaches a peculiar significance to our Saviour's parable.

Leaving the Wady, we now commenced the ascent of a ridge, and in about twenty minutes reached a ruined khan, where was a well. High on the hill to our left stood also the remains of another khan. Here we overtook more pilgrims, who were enjoying the luxuries of a coffee-shop. I would here remark, that these coffee-shops are not permanent, but are only put up for the day, in order to afford the pilgrims places for refreshment. We now could see the road as it wound itself over many ridges; and as it was all dotted with pilgrims, which would afford us topics of amusement, we determined not to make any halt here, but to push on towards

Jericho. We therefore rode on. The scenery around us now began to assume a wild appearance; on both sides of us ran deep ravines; that to our left was the bed of a small stream, called *El Jelt*, where we saw the only piece of verdure that met the eye anywhere in this vicinity. Here, indeed, was a scene of rugged barrenness, hardly equalled anywhere. Rocky cliffs rose up here and there in wild confusion; and far back of them rose up wilder cliffs. We seemed to be riding amid so many spikes. Hill succeeded hill, and cliff rose above cliff; and I was reminded of a chopping sea made mountain still at once. We turned from this wild and barren confusion to the glen of the *Jelt* beneath us, on the left, and the eye was at once pleased and refreshed. We hurried along for nearly two hours; after which, we descended a ridge of chalk overlooking the ravine. Here we had before us a view of the whole plain; as also the Jordan meandering through it. The course of the river we could discover by the verdure on its banks; and to the south we could see part of the Deadly Lake—the sea of Lot. A drapery of mountains—the mountains of Moab bounded the view to the East.

Immediately on the top of this last cliff, we passed the remains of a small Roman fort, with bevelled stones. Here an old Greek woman tumbled off her mule, and hurt herself exceedingly; I jumped down to her assistance, and it was with difficulty we could again restore her. A Sardinian gentleman assisted me in binding her forehead, which had been deeply cut, and in mounting her on the mule. I would take her for about seventy years of age. She was Greek, and spoke not a word of Arabic. She had no friends with her; and save the Greek caravan to which she was attached, she had

none to care for her, unless it was the muleteer whose mules he rode. It was a matter of surprise to me, how such an old woman could undertake this fatiguing journey; but as she was hardly able to speak, I forbore asking her. Poor creature! She in common with many of her co-religionists, believes that the water of the Jordan can wash away her sins, and make her fit for heaven! Fallacious idea! Can anything but the blood of Jesus wash away the sins of the world? It was well, however, that this poor woman fell here, for we were in sight of the encamping ground; indeed we had already reached the precincts of the fated city of Jericho. Some of the pilgrims had already reached the encamping ground, and we could see them putting up their tents. We put spurs to our horses, and in a few minutes we were among them; passing in our way, one or two aqueducts of modern but substantial structure.

My servant and baggage had already arrived, but they were waiting for the sheikh to dispose of the ground for the tents; so ordering my servant to pitch my tent in the European quarter, I turned my horse, and in company with the Polish gentleman rode over to see Ain-el-Sultan, a beautiful fountain, under yonder mound; of which it is said, that it is the identical one whose "naught" water, Elisha cured by casting salt therein.

Headed by a Bedouin, we struck across a grove of nubk trees, and a few fields of corn; the only ones waving in this part of the country, which belonged to the village of *Reeha*, of which more anon; and in about twenty-five minutes after leaving our encampment-ground, we reached the spring already referred to, which is enclosed in a sort of basin of small dimensions; from which the waters issue copiously, and spread them-

selves in different streams along the plain. We drank of the water, and found it exceedingly good. This being the only fountain in or near Jericho, I had therefore no doubt in my mind that this was the scene of Elisha's first miracle. The miracle is complete; and "*the waters are healed unto this day*, according to the saying of Elisha, which he spoke." This is, perhaps, the most striking miracle of sacred antiquity still on record. Immediately above the spring was a mound, and higher still was a cliff called *Guruntul*—the ancient Quarantana; where it is said our Saviour was tempted by the Devil. In its sides I saw excavations, which looked very much like ancient tombs.

All along this part of the ground we had seen traces of ancient ruins, which struck me as favourable to the idea that this was the site of the city of Jericho, whose walls fell at the blowing of Joshua's trumpet, rather than lower down towards the modern village of Reeha. The account which Josephus gives of it, "that it is situate in a plain;" that "a naked and barren mountain hangs over it, which extends itself to the land above Scythopolis northwards; but as far as the country of Sodom, and the utmost limit of the lake Asphaltites, southward;" that "the mountain is all of it very uneven, and uninhabited, by reason of its barrenness;" that "the place was one hundred and fifty furlongs from Jerusalem, and sixty from Jordan;" and that "the country as far as Jerusalem is desert and stony, and that as far as the Lake Asphaltites lies low, though it is equally desert and barren" agrees with the site of the remains at the head of the plain immediately under Guruntul and farther south. The credit of situating this city is due to Buckingham, before whom, travellers located Jericho at the modern village of Reeha.

But the curse on Jericho has been fearfully fulfilled: "Cursed be the man before the Lord that riseth up and buildeth the city of Jericho; he shall lay the foundation thereof in his firstborn, and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it," implying that all his sons would die in the course of the undertaking. This prediction was verified in the case of Hiel the Bethelite; who in the reign of Ahab, king of Israel, "laid the foundation thereof in Abiram his firstborn, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son, Segub; according to the word of the Lord, which he spake by Joshua the son of Nun."

After becoming the scene of one of our Saviour's miracles, wherein he lodged in the house of Zaccheus, and healed the blind man; and after having gone through a career of vicissitudes, adorned by Herod and Archelaus; sacked by Vespasian; rebuilt by Hadrian; destroyed by the Mahomedans, it now presents a solemn picture of God's wrath. The city of Jericho is no more. Her palaces and her towers have disappeared; and her fruitful fields are neglected; fields, which if cultivated, would again be distinguished for fertility as in the days of Pompey. "Here," says Josephus, "is the most fruitful country in Judea." The balsam which once grew here, was a source of national wealth—of all this nothing now remains, save a picture of desolation; and with the exception of the few fields of corn and the grove of nubk trees already mentioned, nothing green meets the eye as far as the Dead Sea, unless we except the verdant banks of the Jordan.

As we stood by Elisha's spring, the history of Jericho came upon our minds. Here on this spot, I opened my Bible and read the historical incidents connected with

this city; the first city which the Israelites attacked after crossing the Jordan, and entering the promised land. The history of Rahab also enters forcibly upon the mind, and the traveller naturally asks, is this Jericho where Rahab the harlot concealed the spies of Joshua? Is this the Jericho, whose walls fell by a miracle? Can it be here that the short Zaccheus climbed a tree in order to see our Saviour?

After staying here some time, we turned the heads of our horses towards the miserable village of Reeha, which we reached in about thirty minutes' leisure ride. This village is the most miserable of its kind that I have yet seen in Syria; it resembled an Egyptian village—dirty and miserable—we were glad to get out of it. It has been said, that the name of Reeha, which means *smell*, is derived from Rahab, which, in Hebrew, signifies *sweet smell*. I do not think so; the name Reeha is only an abbreviation of *Eriha*, which is the Arabic name of Jericho.

We entered the castle, as it is called. It is a square building of about thirty or forty feet in height, and seemingly of Saracenic structure. The pilgrims consider it the house of Zaccheus; but where they got their authority is more than I can tell. We first entered a dirty court, where there was a shed; from this we were led into a square room, now used as a stable; hence a staircase led us to the terrace, where we saw nothing save a mat or two, so overhung as to shade a certain part from the sun. The view from here embraced the plains of Jericho, the course of the Jordan, the plains of the opposite side, the mountains on both sides, and the Dead Sea. A few Arabs were lying under the shade, from whom we inquired for any ruins in this

vicinity; they told us of Kasr Hajla and Kasr El Yahud, but neither of them seemed to answer the site of Gilgal.

We now retraced our steps to our tents, surprised all the while that such a fertile plain should remain unoccupied. One can well understand why the adjacent mountains are not inhabited, on account of their barrenness, but the site of Jericho is still pleasant, and would pay the farmer well to reside therein and till the land; but no one, Hiel-like, seems willing to brave the displeasure of the Almighty, and Jericho remains a memento of God's destroying power.

We reached our tents in about five minutes, and found everything in order; the camp was divided into two portions—the one held the pilgrims of Greeks, Armenians, Copts, and others, among whom was the Sheikh and his band; whilst the other was the European quarter, as it was called; in the latter, I found my tent amid a host of American, English, French, and Belgian ones. A scene of interest presented itself—fires were blazing here and there, and canteens were opened; cooks were engaged in preparing their masters' dinners, and couriers were setting the tables. The muleteers had watered their horses, and were now cleaning them. Each gentleman had his horses opposite his tent; two iron pegs were driven in the ground, at the distance of ten paces from each other, and a strong chord was tied from one to the other; to this chord the horses and mules were tied. Never did a village present a greater scene of hurry-scurry.

I laid me down to sleep for a while, then rose up about five o'clock, and dined. The sun now set on the plains, and a glorious moon rose up to fill its place—its beams sparkled on the leadish waters of the Dead Sea. But if

the day-scene was exciting, the night one was not less so—a hundred lamps, lit from as many tents; blazing fires were seen everywhere with a band of Bedouins around them; a patrol was set to watch the camp, and a thousand voices rose up from that plain—mirth and amusement were the order of the evening. As for me, I walked a little, and then took a cup of coffee in the tent of a neighbouring American, and at ten o'clock I retired.

Tuesday, 3rd April, 1855.

I was up at two o'clock this morning, and partook of a warm cup of coffee; at three I was in my saddle, *en route* to the Jordan. The pilgrims had gone ahead, and I rode with a party of forty-one Europeans; it was a pleasant morning, and we enjoyed the ride. At a quarter after five, we reached the verdant banks of the Jordan. Here we saw the pilgrims had arrived, and were bathing pell-mell. The sight was now far more exciting than ever; hundreds of pilgrims, men, women, and children, dressed in long white gowns, were being immersed in the river. This white gown is afterwards reserved by them as their death shroud. On gaining the water's edge, a strong man received the people and dashed them under the water two or three times, till the poor creatures were quite suffocated; but not content with those three dips, which are generally after the number of the Trinity, the pilgrim seeks again to dip himself in the water. They dipped themselves and rubbed themselves, as if they were enjoying a foretaste of paradise. Some who could swim were floating on the current, others holding by some bush. I stood entranced; the vociferations, the Babel of languages, and the pell-mell scene, was one of

the most exciting of its nature. On coming out of the water, the pilgrims congratulated each other with these words — “An acceptable dip!” “May it be blest to you,” which means, May God accept your pilgrimage, and wash away your sins. Old and young, men and women, clergy and laity, rushed into the water, and buffeted with the rolling element.

In about an hour, the pilgrims had ceased their immersions, and were preparing to start back to their encampment. As soon as the ground was cleared, we took our plunge in the Jordan. The water was not very cold; it was pleasant. The current here, however, ran very strong, and we had to keep near the shore. An American was nearly carried away by the current: he was all but gone, when he providentially caught the end of a reed, whose roots were strong enough to keep him.

I have already spoken of the Jordan on a former occasion, little is left for me to speak of it here. It runs with more rapidity here than it does above Tiberias. Twice has this portion been navigated: once by Lieut. Molyneaux, of the English navy, who subsequently died at Bayroot; and again by Lieut. Lynch, of the United States. The account given by this last-mentioned gentleman of it is interesting, and the reader is referred to his copious work for more details. The place where the pilgrims bathe is supposed to be the spot where our Saviour was baptized by John; at least, so believe the pilgrims, and thus runs the tradition with them. As for the Christian, it is sufficient for him to know that his Saviour was baptized in this river. The natives call this portion of the Jordan, between Tiberias and the Dead Sea, *El Sharea* (the law). Some think the term is derived from the word *Shara* (to divide); but I am inclined to

think that the former is the real origin of the word, for reasons already explained in the chapter on the sources of the Jordan. Here the Jordan runs serpentine in about the middle of the valley called Ghor, which essentially means a hollow. In some places it is about sixty feet wide, and others even more; it varies in depth from five to twenty feet, is full of rapids, and runs violently down. I never heard of its banks overflowing in late years.

We quitted the banks of the Jordan at a few minutes before eight, having each filled a tin canister with the water of the Jordan. Our course was now south-east, and precisely at nine o'clock we reached the shores of the Dead Sea, having traversed a tract of land crusty with saline matter. Everything here was dry and parched; and the sun, which till now was supportable, now became intolerable.

In this state of things, we could not tarry long by the waters of this lake, not so much from any noxious effects it had, but from the excessive heat of the sun; not a tree was near to shelter us with its friendly shade; not a breath of air came to fan our brows. We drank a good deal of our Jordan water, and our lips were still dry. Under the circumstances, it was determined that we should wait a few minutes, to afford time for those who wanted to bathe in the sluggish waters before us, and then hastily return to our encampment. As I had already swam in this lake in the year 1843, I determined not to do so again. If I remember aright, I don't think the effect it had upon me was pleasant, as I still have a recollection of a curious sensation, which, with the heat of the day, produced a most intolerable itching, which annoyed me for a long time. With that recollection, I

deemed it best for me to remain only a spectator of those who braved its waters.

This lake is called by the natives Bahret Loot, or the Sea of Lot, and is below the level of the Mediterranean about one thousand three hundred and thirty-seven feet. The mountains rise on both sides of it wildly and perpendicularly, to the height of nearly two thousand five hundred feet. Its length has been computed at about forty miles, and its breadth ten. Its water is heavier than that of the sea; and a person bathing therein finds it very buoyant. A heavy-looking Englishman who now bathed in it had his arms, legs, and head above the water; indeed, he seemed but slightly to rest on the water. He told me, that whilst in the lake he felt nothing unpleasant; but on coming out he was covered with a saline matter, which crusted over his body and itched him. His face and hair seemed one continuous crust of salt. Every drop of water which came on our things turned at once into a white crust. I saw no birds flying about; but I see no reason why they should not. Other travellers affirm, that they have seen birds flying over the lake; so that the story, of its being death to any bird to fly here, is untrue. I do not think, however, that fish can live in this lake. Stones of bitumen are seen floating on its surface, which ignite like coal. The Bedouins collect this bitumen and sell it in Jerusalem, and out of it the people make rosaries and ornaments in the shape of books. I have also seen bowls and other things made of that stone. The traveller meets with a great deal of it in the bazaars of Jerusalem and Bethlehem.

This lake has been so often described by travellers, that I think the above record is sufficient for these pages.

It is said that it covers the site of the doomed cities of the plain; and, if so, it is an awful memorial of God's wrath and vengeance. All around was parched and dry; and though it was still early in the day, and the season by no means the hottest, yet I felt a suffocation, which at a later hour oozed the blood from my nose: my eyes also began to pain me. I do not wonder that most of those who explored this lake have not lived to tell the story of their undertaking.

Costigan, the Irish traveller, was the first to launch a boat on its waters and explore it. This was in the year 1835. He had the boat carried on camels from the shores of the Mediterranean to the Lake of Tiberias. He then sailed with it down the Jordan to the Dead Sea, and succeeded in reaching its southern extremity; but, from a combination of circumstances, over-labour, the heat of the sun, and falling short of fresh water, he only lived to reach the northern shore, whence he was carried to Jerusalem, where he died a few days afterwards, leaving no notes of his rash adventure. His remains now lie in the Latin cemetery on Mount Zion.

The next who attempted to explore the Dead Sea was Lieutenant Molyneaux, of the British Navy. He had a boat launched at Tiberias in 1847, and in like manner to Costigan, he floated down the Jordan to the Dead Sea; but he only lived to reach Bayroot, where he died, and now lies interred in the Protestant cemetery there.

The last who made the attempt was Lieutenant Lynch, of the United States Navy, and he is the only one who succeeded in the attempt, and returned home in safety; not, however, without losing one of his companions: Lieutenant Dale only lived to reach Bayroot, where he died, and lies buried by the side of the unfortunate Molyneaux,

Lieutenant Lynch's work on the subject is valuable; and the curious reader is referred to it for more ample details than it is in my power to give him.

And now one last farewell to the Dead Sea—dead perhaps for ever to me, as I no longer hope to visit its shores. I gazed my last on the lake and on the drapery of mountains that bordered it, and at half-past nine we turned our backs upon it. Our course was now a strike across for our encampment, which we reached in little better than two hours. We, however, rode fast; the distance is considered to be three long hours.

Never did I feel more fatigued than after that day's ride, and I was glad to reach my tent to lie down; but it was so suffocatingly hot within the tent, that I was glad to get out of it again. I sought the shade of some nubk tree, but of these the pilgrims had already taken advantage; and there was not a tree near the camp where they were not lounging by the dozen. It was now that my nose began to bleed spontaneously; it was too hot to do anything—to eat, drink, or sleep. The stream of water which ran by our camp was full of people bathing in it. At last, by dint of perseverance, I found a tree situated some distance from the camp, where I lay me down, and slept most soundly.

I slept, and oh! what a delicious sleep it was. The moment I lay me down I was in the land of dreams. My bed was the dry earth; my coverlit was the shade of a nubk tree; my head rested on no pillow: *telle quelle*, I laid me down, and never was a sleep more enjoyed: pleasant dreams hovered around me, and I thought myself far, far away. I slept, and did not wake up till the sound of the evening camp-trumpet woke me. I awoke, and lo and behold the shades of even had begun to

gather around me; the sun had just sunk beneath the horizon, and was succeeded by the short Oriental twilight. I had slept nearly four hours.

On reaching my tent, I found the sheikh there, and my servant in a state of great alarm about me. He had hunted for me far and near, but could not find me, and at last gave me up for lost. The Sheikh was on the point of sending some Bedouins to seek me when I fortunately made my appearance. I now found that our European quarter had greatly diminished: an American, a Belgian, a French, and an English party had all left, and with them their dozen of tents and more. My tent was now situated at some distance from the camp of the French caravan; indeed, I was solitary far from any one, and the Sheikh wished me to remove near to some camp, but as I intended to start at midnight, I did not think it worth the while to move tent, baggage, traps, and all. He insisted, and I persisted in my declaration that I would not stir. At last we compromised the matter by having one of the Sheikh's Bedouins to keep watch round my tent, and to accompany me to Jerusalem, and for which I was to pay him a few piastres backsheesh. This satisfied the Sheikh, and he left me, declaring at the same time that I caused him a great deal of anxiety. This was a hint for a backsheesh for himself, but I turned a deaf ear to it, and seemed not to take the hint; on which he said: "Ya Kawadja, I thought some dog of a Bedouin had waylaid your excellency, and I was on the point of sending a troop of my Bedouins to seek for you, and not to come without you." I cut the matter short by ordering dinner, and walked out of the tent, leaving him to parley with Elias (my new servant whom I had engaged at Jerusalem) as long

as he pleased. I, however, soon had the pleasure of seeing him leave the tent; and shortly afterwards a Bedouin came to take his post by the crackling fire.

There is a great resemblance between these Bedouins and the Aborigines of America; it is too striking not to deserve a passing notice, I have been among both these races, and have often been struck with the fact that they are one race—the seed of Ishmael. Both these races, far divided as they may be, possess the characteristics of their great progenitor, of whom it was said by the angel, that “he shall be a wild man: his hand shall be against every man, and every man’s hand shall be against him.” This is true of the Indian and the Bedouin; they are both wild and free, and love their desert home: they both live on hunting or plunder. That this is their characteristic, we have only to go to the wilds of Syria, where we find the Bedouin watching to rob us; or to go from Missouri to California, and we shall find the Indian in wait to despoil us. Neither of them can amalgamate with the townsmen, upon whom they look with contempt.

The Indian, uncivilised as he may be, calls the intelligent American *the pale face*, by which he intends to designate something cowardly, low, and vile. The Bedouin looks down with inexpressible hatred on his brethren of the towns. He considers them as a band of women—meaning by it, that they are fit for nothing but to be servants unto their lords, the Bedouins—as the wife in the East is a servant of her husband’s. They both live in the open air; one in wigwams, which are made of buffalo skins in the shape of a pyramid; and the other in tents, made of goat’s or camel’s hair, of a brown or black colour. Both are restless and fidgetty; they

move from place to place at pleasure, acknowledging neither master nor sovereign, save the head of their tribe; paying taxes, they both abhor and feel as an intrusion on their free and wild life. Enter an Indian's wigwam, or a Bedouin's tent, and whatever they may do to you if they meet you out of it, when you get in, you are hospitably and graciously received, and the *pipe of peace* is at once offered you.

I have often been in the tents of Bedouins, as also in wigwams, and nothing surprised me more than the absence of any violence within their fragile abodes. As I gazed on the kid, killed by the Bedouin for me, or smoked the Indian's pipe; and as I gazed on their females as they quietly passed and repassed me, I could hardly reconcile the fact that I was in a den of robbers. Much has been written of the chivalry of these off-shoots of one family. The history of *Awtar*, translated by Hamilton, is a complete picture of Bedouin life, and chivalry is not the least virtue apparent in its pages; the generous conduct of a Pochahontas arrests our attention. On this point, however, the author is obliged to write with caution: whatever may have been the virtues of both these races in times gone by, it is a sure fact that both, where they come in contact with foreign influence, are getting corrupted and degenerated. There is also, or at least it so appeared to me, a great resemblance in their features and constitutions; both are spare, but athletic in bodily frame, and both show equal bravery in repelling an enemy. Both feel averse to anything like agriculture, and both are equally cunning and stealthy. Unless engaged in pursuit of plunder or in a fight, they are both indolent, and throw the drudgery of labour on the females. Both think themselves above labour, and

can lazily sit under the shade of a tree by the hour and smoke their pipe. Both are swarthy in their complexion, accounted for by their wild life, which keeps them constantly in the sun; but none of them are ill-formed, on the contrary, I think them handsome and manly-looking. Their dress assimilates a great deal; one wears a simple abba of camel's hair, brought by a belt round the waist; the other simply throws a blanket or a buffalo skin on his back. In the heat of the day, I have seen them both almost nude. The eyes of the men are generally fierce and piercing, whilst those of the females are exceedingly sweet and mild. If our ladies of the towns are fairer than the daughters of the desert, they do not compare with them in form.

Another feature in this chain I would mention, and have done on this topic. Not only is their life alike—enter an Indian's wigwam, or a Bedouin's tent, and exactly the same features of domestic life, if it may be worthy of the term, present themselves; what characterises the one is found in the other. In both cases, the female is considered the servant of the wigwam or the tent; but in the treatment of their infants, they are wonderfully alike. I have often seen a Bedouin female with her infant tied up in her camel hair and swung across her back, whilst on her head she carried a load of wood. Who has seen an Indian squaw, will have discovered the same characteristic: the child is similarly tied up, and slung across the back, whilst a bundle of sticks crown her head. I could relate more similarities, but they would require to be illustrated, and this would take more room than I can afford in these pages; but I am convinced from personal observation, that the Indian and the Bedouin are both of the same race. Their life,

their habits, their manners, their ceremonies, their modes of thinking, their natures, their forms of government, and all, are so much alike, that it requires but one glance at them to show that they are one race.

When I went to the Indian country in America, I was prepared to adopt the idea that they were the lost ten tribes; but I had only to see them to be assured that it was not the case. They had nothing in their features, or even in their habits, save those which are common to all nature, which in any way resembled the Jew. Besides, the Jew is easily known; there is something about him which at once discovers his nationality, but I failed to discover those features in the Indian. His wild and roving habits, and independent air do not seem to me to be in keeping with the well-known characteristics of the Children of Israel. But this is not the place to discuss the point. I hope at some future day to bring it before the public.

On a former occasion, when I visited Jericho, our party was accompanied by a band of the Tâamira tribe; it was, therefore, natural for me to ask my guard, who was a Beni Nsair, where was the above tribe. I learnt from him that they had been driven to the south-west of the Dead Sea, and are no longer allowed to enter this territory, as guards to travellers. They inhabit the region above Ain Jidy. On the other side of the Jordan lived the Beni Sakhr tribe, a warlike race, who resemble very much the Sioux Indians of America. My guard told me that, in the course of his lifetime, he had killed fifteen persons at various times. I asked him his age, but he did not know. I should, however, suppose he was about thirty. I asked him how many robberies he had committed in his lifetime, but to this he would

not confess. He, however, told me that those he killed were of the Beni Sakhr tribe, against whom his tribe had a *tar* or blood revenge; and wherever they could see a Beni Sakhr, they would not scruple at killing him; a deadly feud exists between these two tribes, which nothing but blood can satisfy. Here, again, is another similarity between the Indian and the Bedouin; they are both distinguished for the spirit which characterizes the *tar* or blood revenge; and, to this day, the Chippewas and the Sioux, notwithstanding the arm of Uncle Sam above them, follow the example of the Beni Nsair and Beni Sakhr. In the fall of 1852, when I was in Minnesota, and at that time in the town of St. Paul, a party of Sioux Indians waylaid three Chippewas, and killed them, within reach of the cannon of Fort Snelling.

The life of the Bedouin is an illustration of the angel's address to Hagar. So have they lived from time immemorial, the independent lords of the desert. Jeremiah (iii. 2) tells us that it was the same in his days, the Bedouins, *as now*, laid wait to rob the travellers; and it is to this that Ezra evidently refers (viii. 31) when he says "the hand of our God was upon us, and He delivered us from the hand of the enemy, *and of such as lay in wait by the way.*" They possess a fine breed of horses, which has received the appellation of the *Arabian horse*. These are very handsomely formed—not very large, but fleet, and sure-footed: they climb the mountains like goats, and tread on brambles, bushes, and rocks, without making a stumble. The Bedouin is very fond of his horse, and perhaps, prizes it more than he does his wife. Both the Bedouin and his horse possess an astonishing power of endurance.

The Bedouin does not look upon robbery as a

disgrace—he does not consider it as robbery. Whence this idea came into his head would be easy to account for, from the fact that, in the first place, he was disinherited of his patrimony by his younger brother Isaac, who became the sole heir of Abraham's property; he, therefore, considers himself a wronged man, and as the desert has been awarded him, he thinks it no robbery to regain by force what he has been unjustly disinherited of, by seizing and appropriating to himself all that comes in his way. He is a Mahomedan by religion, but that does not exempt his co-religionists from what he considers to be his just booty. On more than one occasion he has waylaid and robbed the Mecca caravan: no religion, and no language is a safeguard against his plunder. His arm is truly against every man. It is not true, however, that he wantonly commits murder in cold blood. On seeing a traveller, he shouts to him "*Ishlahh tirbakh*," which means "undress yourself, and you will be the gainer;" or, in other words, "It would be to your advantage to submit coolly to your misfortune." If the traveller gives up all he has, his life is safe; if not, it then becomes a matter of strength betwixt both parties, and the Bedouin has as much chance of falling by the hand of the traveller as the *vice versa*. Of his humanity, in such cases, I have little to say, as his name, "the wild man of the desert," sufficiently characterizes him.

But here, in this spot, the mind of the traveller is chased with a succession of wonderful events, each of which portrays the truthfulness of God's Word. Perhaps no spot in the world is calculated to excite more awe and wonder in the mind of the tourist than this. Here has been fulfilled the prediction against Jericho, that its walls shall no longer be rebuilt; and it is so; the traveller's

eye in vain seeks for the destroyed Jericho—her towers and her walls are no more, and her fruitful fields are laid waste. Nigh at hand is the record of Elisha's miracle, where, by a cruse of salt, he cured the bitter waters, and they are healed to this day. Not far from him meanders the Jordan, whose waters stood apart to afford passage to the children of Israel, and where the Saviour of mankind was baptized. One of the peaks on the opposite side must have been the spot from whence Moses viewed the Promised Land; there in the distance, is that bitumous cauldron, under whose waters the cities of the plain, whose sin reached the throne of the Almighty and provoked His wrath, so that He showered on them brimstone and fire, and destroyed them, are said to be buried; and last, though not least, before him stands the Bedouin—the embodiment of the angel's address to Hagar, that he shall be a *wild man*, and his arm shall be raised against his fellow-creatures. Great, indeed, are the associations of God's power with which this spot is invested.

I dined, and then walked out by the side of the stream, where we were encamped; the moon shone brightly, and its beams danced on the waters of the lake. From a distance, the lake has all the appearance of a natural sea. As I was still walking, the tinkling of bells admonished me that some travellers were at hand; and sure enough, an English family made their appearance, and soon a scene of hurry-scurry ensued—pitching of tents; making fires; opening canteens; spreading of beds; watering horses, and other things incident on a traveller's life, now took place in hasty succession. Half an hour longer and everything was quiet, and we again fell into the routine of an ordinary camp. They pitched their tents close to mine. A romantic interest invests tra-

velling in Syria. An excitement pervades it which is to be met with nowhere else—the wearied traveller; the Arab saddles; the horses, the mules, the donkeys; the camels; the tents; the dinner; the bed; and the whole thing, from beginning to end, is one continued scene of excitement, to which the muleteer, the courier, the cook, the Bedouin, and all the preparations add no small amount of romance,—the morning start, and the evening halt, and the no less desired dinner, are so many milestones in its track, and to which the traveller looks forward with interest.

At midnight, the trumpet was sounded; and with it we all left our beds, and now began the preparations for starting; a hundred tents were being struck down; a score of camels lay down to receive their burdens; pilgrims were running hither and thither to see that they left nothing behind, and the glare of many torches lit the plain far and near, and sent a curling smoke to heaven; servants were busy packing; muleteers loading; the mules kicked; the horses neighed, and we gazed on. Poor Jericho! an hour longer, and the many that had slept in thy plains would have left thee behind, but never, perhaps, to forget thee!

I have often mentioned the camel; but I have not yet introduced this useful animal to the acquaintance of the reader. It is a native of, and common to the East, and from early time, has been the great Oriental vehicle of commercial intercourse. From early times, we see the camel mentioned as constituting part of the riches of the wealthy men of the day; Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Job, and others were wealthy in camels. It is a large animal, with a hump on its back, peculiarly adapted for the long journey of the desert, not only from its capability of

carrying more than any other animal, but from its power of enduring thirst for a longer period of time. The foot of the camel is well adapted for traversing tracts of sands; it is flat, and is divided into two toes, which are distinctly marked above, but below the division they are confined with the elastic pad, upon which the camel walks. By a peculiar providence the camel, unlike other animals, is able to imbibe at one time water enough to last him for four or five days. He is fed also on chaff, or beans, once every twenty-four hours. The Arabs call him "*Ship of the Desert*." He is uncouth in appearance, but well adapted for the purpose for which he was created, and which shows the almighty wisdom of God. In loading or unloading, the camel is made to lie down, which it does on its knees. Their average rate of travel is about two and a-half miles an hour, hardly ever going beyond that; their pace does not drag in the course of the day; as at the time of starting, so is it also at the time of stopping.

But of all the animals that formed our train, nothing interested me so much as the donkey—the despised of all animals; the joke of children, on which they play their tricks; and which is often overloaded and abused; it is a patient, quiet animal; docile and forbearing; and ranks second to the horse. My servant rode on a donkey, and he kept up with me all the while. He is certainly superior to the bastard mule, which kicks and bites abominably, and which of all the animals of the world I shun. Nor must we forget that our Saviour chose a donkey to ride upon. Why, therefore, we despise a donkey, I cannot tell? I can understand why we have a sort of respect for the mule—it is a respect of awe—because few are those who dare approach it. The countenance of the

donkey has always struck me as the essence of modesty—poor creature, it works uncomplainingly, and yet we despise it—children are allowed to play their tricks upon it, and it is abandoned to the abuse of servants. This speaks very little for our appreciation of the gentle and the useful.

At two o'clock we left our encampment, and by sunrise we reached *El Howd*, the fountain under Bethany. Here we stopped for breakfast, and leisurely pursued our way up the hill; immediately before reaching Azariah, we were drawn a short distance to the left of the road, where we were shown a small round spot on the shoulder of the cliff, and a sort of long round stone, not exactly a column, but very near it in appearance. This we were told was the spot where Martha met Jesus, and told him, "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died; but I know that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee." The tradition goes on to say, that it was here that our Saviour "groaned in the spirit," "was troubled," and "*wept*." I could discover no road here, to lead me to *suppose* the identity of the spot, for we read, that Martha went and met Him as He came to Bethany—and even were there a road, I doubt whether, after so many centuries of change and of violence, that the exact spot could be shown. I have always had one opinion on all these monkish sites; that there is no good authority to identify them, unless we accept the words of the monks. I do not believe, that it is in accordance with God's will that these sites should be known. He hid from the Israelites the tomb of Moses, that they might not fall into the idolatrous usage of worshipping it; with what more reason would He hide from our idolatrous worship the particular sites con-

nected with our Saviour's sojourn in the flesh? Sufficient is it for me to know, that such and such a thing in my Saviour's history occurred *somewhere about here*. It invests the locality with ample interest, and I seek no more, and were I to seek ever so long, I should find no more; for, I repeat, that I don't think it accords with God's will, that the particular sites of our Saviour's sojourn in the flesh should be shown. As it is, a Roman Catholic priest in our party offered mass here, and a few Frenchmen and Belgians kissed the stone. I, however, was differently engaged in reading the touching account given of this scene by St. John—" *Jesus wept* "—words too touching to bear a comment. This spot prepared us to enter the village of Bethany, and descend into the tomb of Lazarus. With chastened hearts and sober looks we led our horses across the fields, and walked to Bethany—it is a small village, and its identity has not been doubted: indeed, its Arabic name *Azarieh*, from Azar, which means Lazarus, places it beyond question; but we have other proofs; not only in the present remains, which indicated a town here in early days, but also its distance of fifteen furlongs corresponds well with the site of Bethany.

The natives here show the house of Mary and Martha, and of Simon the leper, as also the sepulchre of Lazarus; to this last I descended by twenty-six steps, but I found nothing save a grotto here; they were rather two grottos one beneath the other. Here, also, another mass was performed by the French priest.

But here we are at Bethany! the Bethany of Lazarus, of Mary, and of Martha! the Bethany unto which our Saviour often resorted, and where it seemed he was always a welcome visitor. To the Christian whose mind

is bent on one object—to trace his Saviour's course in the flesh—with what interest does he gaze on Bethany! Does not his mind picture to him a crowd of weeping Jews; Mary at the feet of Jesus repeating her sister's words, "Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died"; and the Son of God exclaiming, "Lazarus, come forth?" Does he not seem to see the corpse re-animated, and appearing "bound hand and foot with grave-clothes, and his face bound about with a napkin?" The recollection of that touching scene is enough to invest Bethany with a solemn interest. I stood as if spell-bound. To identify any places to me now was mockery, the torrent of feeling which overwhelmed me as I stood on the site of Bethany was irresistible. Sufficient to me, it was that this place was honoured by His dear footsteps. I wanted nothing more to make the place dear and sacred to my heart.

"How oft with weary feet, and worn,
Has Jesus trod this rocky way;
A man of sorrows, most forlorn,
Who had not where His head to lay."

With a feeling of regret, I turned my back on Bethany, and began the ascent of the Mount of Olives. Our course was now through a grove of fig, almond, and apricot trees. As we made a turn to reach the ridge, we were shown the site of Bethphage; nothing, however, of it remains. We now continue up the ridge from whence a *wady* takes its commencement; and in about twenty minutes after leaving Bethany we reached the summit of Mount Olivet.

In connection with this mount, which the Christians assign as the place of our Saviour's ascension to heaven,

I have only to remark, at present, that there is every reason to believe it to be the veritable site of that sacred event. It is said, that "He led them as far as Bethany." From this I do not infer that our Saviour ascended from Bethany, but from the district which took its name from that place; and it is not unlikely that that district reached as far as the Mount of Olives. The lands above Tiberias do not take the name of that town, but are called Ard Loobee, because they belong to the village of Loobee, on the hill, about an hour and a half's distance from these lands. This might have been the case with Bethany, that its lands reached as far as the Mount of Olives. I have studiously looked over the matter; and, on the whole, am willing to believe that the ascension took place from the summit of the Mount of Olives. The monks show the actual stone from which our Saviour ascended. It has the marks of a human foot; but to this, of course, I attach no credence.

The view from the Mount of Olives is at once pleasing and full of interesting associations; immediately beneath you is the brook Kedron, dividing the mount from the holy city; and before you is the city itself. This is the best view of Jerusalem to be had. A little descent brings the traveller to the site where it is said our Saviour predicted the downfall of Jerusalem; it is marked by a *wely*. We continued our descent, and passed by the Garden of Gethsemane, and the tomb of the Virgin Mary, both of which have already been noticed in former pages; and at eight o'clock on Wednesday morning, the 5th of April, we once more entered Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XXI.

Pilgrimages to the East—The Jew and his Wailing-place—The Moslem and his Mecca—The Christian at the Holy Sepulchre—Scenes at Easter—The Duke de Brabant's Entry into Jerusalem—Mahomedan Concessions—The Mosque of Omar—Easter-day—English Church—The Death of a Neapolitan.

JERUSALEM has shrines of reverence and worship for the Jew, the Mahomedan, and Christians of all denominations; and a pilgrimage to the holy city is considered by them as a peculiarly meritorious act. The Jew weeps by the stones of the temple; the Moslem worships at the *Sukhra*; and the Christian by the side of the Holy Sepulchre.

No people on the whole face of the earth possess so remarkable a history, or one more deeply interesting to the Bible-reader, as the Jews, nor one more closely connected with the history of the city with which we are now dealing. Whether we go back to the time when Abraham crossed the Euphrates, a solitary traveller, not knowing whither he went, but obeying a Divine voice, which called him from among idolators to become the father of a new people and of a purer faith at a distance from his native country; whether we accompany his grandson Jacob—"a Syrian ready to perish"—into Egypt with a few individuals, and, after seeing them the victims of a relentless tyranny, see their descendants, now become a

“ nation, great, mighty, and populous,” delivered from the hands of their oppressors by the *special interposition* of heaven; whether we follow them in all their vicissitudes, in prosperity and in adversity, now in bondage, menaced with complete extirpation, and now enjoying the land promised to their fathers; whether we look upon them as the instruments of a dispensation which embraces the dearest interests of all the sons of Adam, or whether we see in them the leaven which was destined to leaven the whole lump; whether we turn back to the hour of their glory and pride, or come down to the present hour, when we may say of them—

“ Tribe of the wand’ring foot and weary breast,
Where shall ye flee away and be at rest ?
The wild bird hath its nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country—Israel but the grave !”

Whether we look upon their history as the analysis of the human heart, murmuring against a kind Providence at a moment when it was vigilantly watching over them, sighing for the onions and garlick of Egypt, and undervaluing the manna showered upon them from a kind Heaven; or whether we see in their present degradation a fearful fulfilment of prophecy—“ They have made me to serve with their sins, and have wearied me with their iniquities, therefore have I given Jacob to the curse, and Israel to reproaches;” or whether we see in them yet a reserved people for a great purpose, to “ shew forth His praise” in the latter days—we must admit that their history is one of primary interest, and hence I put the Jew at the head of this chapter.

But it is not with the Jew of more prosperous times, but rather as he now exists in Palestine, that I have to

deal. Though on the distant horizon some faint gleams are evidently giving signs of promise that his long night is drawing towards its close, yet the Jew is still an object of scorn, and nowhere is the name of "Yahoodi (Jew)" more looked down upon than here in the city of his fathers. One day, as I was passing the Damascus gate, I saw an Arab hurrying on his donkey amid imprecations such as the following:—

"Emshi ya Ibn-el-Yahoodi (Walk, thou son of a Jew)! Yulaan abuk ya Ibn-el-Yahoodi (Cursed be thy father, thou *son of a Jew*)!"

I need not give any more illustrations of the manner in which the man went on. The reader will observe, that the man did not curse the donkey, but the Jew, the father of the donkey. Walking up to him, I said:—

"Why do you curse the Jew? What harm has he done you?"

"El Yahoodi khanzeer (the Jew is a hog)!" answered the man.

"How do you make that out?" I said. "Is not the Jew as good as you or I?"

"Ogh!" ejaculated the man, his eyes twinkling with fierce rage, and his brow knitting.

By this time he was getting out of my hearing. I was pursuing my walk, when he turned round, and said:—

"El Yahoodi khanzeer! Khanzeer el Yahoodi! (The Jew is a hog! A hog is the Jew!)"

Now I must tell the reader, that, in the Mahomedan vocabulary, there is no word lower than a hog, that animal being in their estimation the most defiled of animals; and good Mahomedans are prohibited by the Koran from eating it. The Jew, in their estimation, is

the vilest of the human family, and is the object of their pious hatred, perhaps from the recollection that a Jewess of Khaibar first undermined the health of the prophet by infusing poison into his food. Hence a hog and a Jew are esteemed alike in the eye of a Moslem, both being the lowest of their kind; and now the reader will better understand the meaning of the man's words, "*El Yahoodi khanzeer*."

The modern Jews of Syria and Palestine are divided into two classes, the Sephardim and Ashkenazim. The first are the wealthiest, and are mainly to be met with in Damascus, Aleppo, Bayroot, and other towns of Syria. They are the descendants of the Spanish Jews banished from their country in the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Charles the Fifth; hence the language they speak is a mixture of Spanish and Hebrew, called Judæo-Spanish. The Ashkenazim are a poorer set, and came chiefly from Poland and Germany from religious motives, with a view of laying their bones with their fathers in the valley of Jehoshaphat. They are said to be more addicted to learning, and to be stricter in their ceremonial observances than the Sephardim.

Their dress assimilates, being composed of a fur cap, or a turban, for the head; a long *gimbaz*, or tunic with sleeves, bound round the waist with a shawl-girdle, and extending nearly down to the feet; a *jibbé*, or loose over-coat, lined with silk or fur. The rabbis are distinguished by a high black-looking cap, having a white scarf wound round the lower part.

Though the Sephardim and Ashkenazim have in many cases separate synagogues, yet they have only one chief rabbi. I am not quite sure whether I was more amused or pained at witnessing one of their services in

their great synagogue in Jerusalem. It was on one of their Sabbaths, and the room, which was an octagonal building, was full of worshippers. In the centre was a sort of pulpit, surmounted with wooden benches. The women were enclosed in a gallery with wooden lattices, resembling the Sharrea of the Christian churches. The men had a sort of white shawl over their heads, which I understood they use only at their devotions. They prayed standing, swaying themselves to and fro in the most ludicrous manner. This is done on the theory that their several strange actions promoted the more perfect abstraction of the mind from outward things to the contemplation of the law. I saw many of them touch the law with their hand, and others kissed it as they passed. Their behaviour was quite painful: they rolled themselves on the ground, they knocked their heads on the walls, they groaned, they cried, they elevated their voices, and uttered the wildest and most whimsical sounds.

Most of the Jews of Jerusalem being Ashkenazim, are very poor, and really it is heart-rending to walk through their quarter. It is certainly the dirtiest and filthiest spot, with the exception of Safed, Tiberias, and Hebron, that I ever put my foot into. I do not know how it is, but the Jews in the East seem to me to be averse to cleanliness: they revel in filth. I must make one exception, and gladly do I make it, for they require all that can be said in their favour to make them endurable; this exception is a small and despised sect of Jews, called the Caraites, with whom the other sects of Jews have no fellowship; they even disclaim them as Jews, and will neither eat, drink, or mingle with them. I was told by my excellent friend Mr. G., who

accompanied me to the houses of the Caraites Jews, that in the hospital of the London Jewish Missionary Society in Jerusalem, they are obliged to have separate rooms for the poor Caraites, as the other Jews will not mingle with them or sleep in a bed wherein lay a Caraites Jew. I visited their houses, and certainly they were the cleanest Jewish houses it has ever been my fortune to put my foot into. The men were handsome, and by no means as repulsive-looking as the other Jews you meet in Jerusalem, while their females possessed an extraordinary amount of beauty. They were neither shy nor backward; their hair and eyes were black; their features were beautiful and regular; their forms were elegant; simple in their manners; modest in their behaviour; unrestrained and easy in their address, and, gazing at them, I was reminded of the beautiful Rebecca in Sir Walter Scott's novel. Their Synagogue is under one of their houses. They showed me a Bible of some six or seven centuries old, which they prized very much. Their number is very small; I forget the exact number of families, but I do not think they exceed half a dozen.

Their most interesting shrine of worship, and here I speak of the Jews generally, is at the wailing-place. This is at the foot of a part of the south wall of the Temple, which is still standing; the stones are of great size, some of them being three feet broad and fifteen feet long. Here, on every Friday afternoon, about the hour of four, you will see a number of Jews and Jewesses weeping and praying. Some of them were doubtless in earnest, most of them were females, one of them beat her head in seeming anguish against some of the stones and knocked so hard, that I feared her head would

split. Touching as this scene may be in the abstract, I cannot say that I should have been moved by it, for there were many there who evidently possessed not much feeling, and in whom I detected a smile when they thought themselves unobserved, but that woman touched my very heart: I could exclaim with her, "How long, Lord! how long!" As in the Synagogue, here also they read the Law, now and then raising their eyes to the huge stones, and smiting their breasts, then, carried away by their feelings, were groaning, swaying to and fro and distorting their features in all sorts of ways. These, however, I observed, stopped the moment when we turned our backs on them. The outburst of the woman I have referred to still haunts me. There was no affectation in her grief. She was earnestly importuning JEHOVAH to bring back the captivity of His people, that Jacob may rejoice and Israel be glad! Poor woman! it was impossible to witness the outbursting of her grief, to listen to her sobs, or hear her tones of agony and deep sorrow, without being moved. Here, to this spot, the Jew comes from the ends of the earth, to weep and to pray; a firman has been granted them to meet here unmolested. The sight is deeply interesting, and well calculated to touch the heart of the beholder. Within the Temple—their cherished Temple—the Moslem walks in all the pride of conquest, whilst without, the Jew *sits upon the ground and keeps silence!*

The Temple within is now the mosque of Omar, and is the St. Peter's of Turkey; none but Mahomedans are allowed to enter its precincts, a Jew or a Christian if discovered within the premises forfeits either his religion or his life. I was very fortunate, however, during my last visit to Jerusalem; for I was among those who were privi-

leged to enter this mysterious mosque with the Duke de Brabant. Jerusalem was the first spot to which the early Moslems directed their eyes in prayer until superseded by Mecca in a later day. Still, however, the shrine of the *Sukhra*, from whence it is said Mahomed made his ascent to the seventh heaven, lacks not Moslem devotees, and annually there are a number of pilgrims who resort to it from all parts of the Moslem world.

The Mahomedan does not, however, enjoin a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; though a visit to it and a prayer in the Mosque of Omar is considered a meritorious act. To him the Kaabah at Mecca is the great shrine of his pilgrimage. This is a *grand practical* duty, which is considered equal to the other three articles of practice enjoined upon the Moslem, viz., prayer, fasting, and almsgiving; the first they believe leads them half way to God; the second conveys them to His threshold; and the last, viz., almsgiving, conducts them to His presence. Prayer with the Moslem is a *daily* exercise; they fast once every year for thirty days, during the month of Ramadan, abstaining religiously during that interval from the rising of the sun to the setting thereof, from meat and drinks, baths, perfumes, the intercourse of the sexes, and all other gratifications and delights of the senses. Of alms, there are two kinds: *Zucat*, like tithes in the Christian church; and voluntary gifts, termed *Sudkat*, made at the discretion of the giver. Every Moslem is enjoined, in one way or the other, to dispense a tenth part of his revenue in relief of the indigent and distressed. I need hardly add here, to the credit of the Moslem, that he makes no display in religion, the principles of his belief rule his conduct, and being a predestinarian he refers everything to a higher power than that of man. In this

respect, viz., practising what he unostentatiously believes, he certainly stands superior to the Christian.

But to the pilgrimage! Every true believer, who is a free person, of mature age, of sound intellect, and who has health and wealth enough to bear the fatigues of the journey, and the expenses thereof, is bound to make one pilgrimage to Mecca in the course of his life, either personally or by proxy. In the latter case, his name must be mentioned in every prayer offered up by his substitute. Mecca is the basis of Islamism! Mahomed said, that one prayer in Mecca is worth a hundred thousand prayers elsewhere; one day of fast there, the fast of a hundred thousand days in any other place; and one good action done there, is worth a hundred thousand good deeds performed out of it. It is said, that the Lord looks down every night on the earth; that the first town that He sees is Mecca; those whom He sees first are the men who pray and kneel, or who perform the *Toaf*. One hundred and twenty mercies descend daily from heaven on Mecca: sixty for those who perform the *Toaf*, forty for those who fast, and twenty for the lookers-on.

Having laid in his store of provisions, which is to last him as far as Mecca, and provided for his family in the interval of his absence, the Moslem pilgrim commends himself and his undertaking to God, Almighty, All-wise, All-merciful, and sets forth on his pilgrimage. The departure of the "Mecca caravan" is always calculated so as to ensure an arrival at Mecca at the beginning of the pilgrim month of Del Hajji. On starting, the pilgrim engages himself to observe the following laws: To commence no quarrel, to bear meekly all harshness and reviling, to promote peace and good-will among his

companions in the caravan, and to be liberal in his donations and charities throughout his pilgrimage.

A couple of days before reaching Mecca, the pilgrim washes himself in the same water in which the prophet bathed; and having pared his nails and removed all hair from his head, save that of the head in women and the beard in men, assumes the *ihram*, or pilgrim garb, which is formed of two scarfs without seams. One of these is folded round the loins, and the other thrown over the neck and shoulders, leaving the right arm free; the head is uncovered. It is said, that when Adam visited the Kaaba he was thus dressed. The pilgrim now enters El Haram, a circle of two days' march from Mecca on every side, and so called, because it is forbidden to enter it without having gone through the above regulations. I will not follow the Mahomedan pilgrim any longer; sufficient for me to say that he joins the *Toaf* in their visits to the Kaaba, which are three, viz., the visit of arrival, the visit of inundation, and the farewell visit; repairs to the *Mekam Sidna Ibrahim* (a monument dedicated to Abraham), where he offers a prayer; and then proceeds to the well Zem-zem, and drinks as much water as he can swallow.

This well (Zem-zem) is said to be the identical well from which Hagar and Ishmael satisfied their thirst, when turned out from Abraham's household.

The pilgrim then proceeds to the hill Safa, after which he commences the holy march called the Saiey. This lies through a straight and level street, called El Messâa, six hundred paces in length, lined with shops like a bazaar, and terminating at a place called Meronah. This march is to commemorate the wanderings of Hagar in search of water. The pilgrim, therefore, walks at times slowly, with an inquisitive air, then runs, and again walks

gravely. Seven times he marches up and down this street, then enters a barber's shop at Meronah. The hair of his head, and the nails of his hands and feet, which by this time have grown long (for it must be remembered that he has not touched them since first he put his foot in El Haram), are now shaved and pared amid the prayers of the barber. The paring and shaving are now buried in the ground.

On the ninth of the month Del Hajji, the pilgrims visit Mount Arafat, a day's walk from Mecca, and which they reach at sunset, chanting all the while "Lord! Lord! Thou hast no equal; Lord! Lord! mercies and commands belong to Thee; Thou hast no associate." They spend the night at an oratory called Mozdalifa; and by day-break next morning repair to the valley of Mina, where it is said Adam wished to meet Eve, and where Abraham (according to their story) prayed to God that he might not be obliged to sacrifice his son. They then proceed to Hamira, and pray there; and the essential duties of a Mecca pilgrimage are fulfilled.

I have entered so largely into the history of this pilgrimage, in order to give the reader an idea of the different shrines of worship in the East, and the way the various denominations manage such things. I have not, however, entered upon the many legends and extravagant stories here related to the pious pilgrim, many of which might be safely consigned to the waste-paper basket, because such is not the object of this chapter. Return we to the mosque of Omar.

But, before I do so, I would first wish to complete the account of Eastern pilgrimages. The Moslem thinks it a virtue to pray at the Sukhra, but a pilgrimage to it is not enjoined. Nor do the Christians actually enjoin

pilgrimages to the Holy City. The duty, however, is practically the same, viz., to obtain forgiveness for sins; and in some way to recommend themselves to God.

“When a member of the Greek Church,” said Mr. Ewald, for a long time missionary to the Jews at Jerusalem, “resolves to obtain a pilgrimage to the Holy City, he is conducted to the church of the place where he lives; the priest prays over him, and recommends him to God and all the saints. Many people of the town who cannot go give the pilgrim-money to the convents or churches at Jerusalem; others send rich and handsome presents to the holy places. It thus happens, that one person frequently represents ten or a dozen others. On the arrival of the pilgrim at Jaffa, he is immediately conducted into the Greek convent, where he remains till the next day. For his entertainment, he is obliged to pay twenty-six piastres. The convent also provides, at a fixed price, horses and camels for the pilgrims, to bring them on their way to Jerusalem. They stop again at the convent at Ramleh, where each pilgrim has to pay thirteen piastres. The following day, they proceed to Jerusalem. On their arrival at the Holy City, they proceed to their convent, and receive some refreshments; after which their names are entered in a book. This over, they are conducted to the church, which is within the walls of the convent, where service is performed; after which a deacon washes the pilgrim’s feet. This ceremony having been gone through, they are brought into a room, where they pass the first night.

“On the following morning, a deacon leads them up into the divan, or large room, where the seven Greek bishops residing in Jerusalem are assembled, before whom each pilgrim appears, one at a time. He is then asked

on how many persons' behalf he makes the pilgrimage; how many members of his own family are alive, and how many are dead. The pilgrim, having answered all these questions, has to pay 100 piastres for each member of his family who is living, and fifty for each that has died. This is the minimum. Rich people pay more. The pilgrim then has a ticket given him for each member of his family, and is allowed to depart. Outside, another deacon receives the tickets, together with twenty-one piastres from each pilgrim, which gives him permission to visit the Jordan. The same evening the pilgrim is conducted into the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and all the places within it are shown to him. His name is again entered into a book, for which he pays twenty-five piastres, and remains then one night in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, which is considered very meritorious.

“The pilgrim, having stayed three days in the Greek convent, must now leave it; but a lodging is provided for him near the convent, for which he has to pay according to his means and state of the apartments. The Greek Convent possesses several houses here, which are used for this purpose. On the fifth day after the pilgrim's arrival, he is taken to Gethsemane, and into the church of the Virgin Mary, which is situated in that vicinity. Here he must pay twenty-five piastres. Afterwards he is, in his turn, conducted to all the Greek convents and churches in the environs of Jerusalem, to Bethlehem, Mar Elias, Mar Saba, the convents of the Cross, and of St. John; and at each place he is expected to pay a sum of not less than twenty-five piastres. Sometimes the pilgrim refuses to pay: the church is then locked upon him, and he is not permitted to leave

it until he has paid. If he tries to get off by saying that his purse is exhausted, he is asked why he came to Jerusalem if he had no money. When the pilgrim has visited all the Greek churches and convents, and contributed to each its due, he is allowed to spend his time as he pleases."

A word here of the Greek Church, of whose tenets I have not yet spoken; and, as they form a numerous body in Syria, this work would be incomplete without giving the reader a sketch of their dogmas and liturgy. They are the most interesting at this present moment, because the sympathies of the majority of this Church are with Russia. And, though I cannot honestly attribute the present war to them so much as to Rome; yet it must be confessed that they had a great hand in fanning the blaze of dispute between Russia and Turkey.

The doctrines of the Oriental Church were first distinctly defined and published by Peter Mogislaus, a bishop of Kief, in a provincial council held in that city. The Scriptures, as explained by the first seven general councils, were made the foundation of faith. This was adopted by Parthenius, patriarch of Constantinople, in 1643, as the doctrine of the Greek Church. One of their leading dogmas is in maintaining that the Holy Spirit proceeded from the Father *only*, and that the Latins *interpolated* the words *Filioque* in the symbol of Constantinople. They further differ from the Latins in the use of unleavened bread, or wafer in the eucharist. The Greek Church uses leavened bread, as in the Reformed Churches, and dispenses the elements in both kinds to the laity. They do not believe in the ceremony of the elevation of the Host, or in the intermediate state of the soul in purgatory; nor do they allow works of

supererogation, or grant indulgences or dispensations. They believe the soul to lie in a quiescent state of undisturbed repose, and their prayers and offerings in the solemn service of the *Σπέρνα*, in which prayers and oblations are offered for the dead, are not for the remission of their punishments there, but of their sins in this life. Their form of worship, and practices in the church, resemble very much those of the Latins.

Their hierarchy consists of Patriarchs, Bishops, Priests, Monks and Deacons. Besides this, there is a synod composed of the Patriarch of Constantinople, and metropolitans only, which possesses a kind of absolute ecclesiastical and temporal authority. This is the recognised organ of the Greek Church, and to it all the firmans of the Turkish government are directed. There are four Patriarchs in the Greek Church—at Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem. The Greeks do not hold the baptism of any other Christian priest to be lawful. The secular clergy take wives once; and that must be before their ordination; in case his wife dies, the widowed priest is obliged to remain a widower. None of the regulars marry. Their liturgy comprises three formulæ—that of St. Chrysostom, used on ordinary occasions; that of St. Gregory, used every Wednesday and Friday in Lent; and that of St. Basil, on the first day of the year and Good Friday.

It is needless to enter upon the accumulation of trifling details and exterior observances in the worship of the Greek Church; sufficient for our object is the above sketch at present. I would only here remark, that there is a great rivalry between them and the other Churches, who take every opportunity of slandering each other; and were it not for the iron hand which keeps them all

down, I dare say they would tear one other to pieces; as it is, the hatred and rivalry of the Latin and Greek Churches have extended beyond their quarrels in Jerusalem, and caused a mighty conflagration in Europe. Such was the unhallowed discord of Christian bigotry, which often attended the services of the Passion Week, that it was deemed expedient and necessary by the authorities, to place Mahomedan janissaries at the door, and in all parts of the Church of the Sepulchre, with lash in hand, to check the rising passions of the various sects of Christians who profess to worship there! Well may the Christian heart sorrow at such scenes! Well may the Moslem scoff, and the infidel point the finger of scorn, at such Christianity as this! Herein, in the foolish exhibitions which disgrace the return of the principal festivals in the Holy Land, are the greatest obstacles to the propagation of true Christianity among the Jews and the Turks.

The streets of Jerusalem are daily getting more crowded, and the week before Easter they have reached their climax; you can hardly now squeeze your way through Christian-street; all the hotels and convents are crowded. Palm Sunday is a great day in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, and is the commencement of the above Jerusalem exhibition. I called there on my way to the Protestant church; the building was crowded with men carrying boughs of palm in their hand; I pushed in, and soon made my way to the door of the Sepulchre. Here a Greek priest met me, and seeing me without a palm, got me one. The scene within the church was really painful; every one who was not dumb was shrieking out in all the intonations of the human voice, "Hosanna! Hosanna! to the Son of David!" but what

disgusted me most, was their frivolity and looseness of behaviour. I soon retired to the quieter and more genial services of my own church, where I heard an excellent sermon from Bishop Gobat. The text was a portion of our Lord's prayer—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

The following day the pilgrims all went to the Jordan and returned to Jerusalem on Wednesday, as has already been described in the preceding chapter.

On Thursday afternoon, I repaired to the Church of the Sepulchre; and there learnt, that shortly before I came in, the bishops had been washing the feet of their priests, in commemoration of that event in our Saviour's history, when He washed the feet of the disciples.

But the climax of the pilgrimage was reserved for Friday; the scene that then presented itself in that church was one which would not be witnessed even in Bedlam; it was indeed a Babel of Bedlams. From early morn, a host of vagabonds from all the country round Jerusalem were running about in the church; now emerging from among the columns which supported the Rotunda, and now chasing each other round the marble house, wherein once the Saviour of mankind is reputed to have been laid, yelling, shouting, and screaming with all their might; their gesticulations of fury and frenzy beat any thing that I have ever yet seen; such an assemblage of worse or more unholy passions could never have been exhibited elsewhere. The reverential awe which had first strongly impressed the traveller now speedily wears off; and he may well question himself whether he stands in a Christian Church.

And what, ask you, means all this? It is to represent the mob which would crucify our Saviour, eighteen hun-

dred years ago: "Away with Him! Away with Him! Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" Surely, for fury and frenzy, the representation of that scene many hundred years afterwards, thought I, exceeds the original. It was horrible; the scene enacted here would outstrip any extravagances of a pack of maniacs! This deafening scene was succeeded at night by a most blasphemous farce; viz., the passion and crucifixion of Jesus.

As soon as it was dark, the monks assembled together in the Latin Chapel, called that of the Apparition, where Jesus appeared unto Mary after His resurrection. From this place, they were to commence their march towards Calvary. A large cross, bearing the image of our Lord, as large as life, fastened with nails, crowned with thorns, besmeared with blood, and so exquisitely formed as to represent in a lively manner the lamentable spectacle of our Saviour's body as it hung on the cross, was borne foremost, amid the jeers of the vagabond crowd; who were still running, and yelling "Away with Him! Away with Him! Crucify Him! Crucify Him!" I must confess, that I shuddered at a sight so blasphemous, and would gladly have made my exit could I have found passage; but such was out of the question; as the church was crowded. I therefore had to stand where I was, and witness a scene truly diabolical.

Before starting from the Church of the Apparition, a monk preached a sermon in Italian; and then the procession moved on till they came to the door of the chapel, where they show the pillar of the flagellation, or where our Saviour was scourged; here they stopped, while another friar gave us a sermon in Spanish. At the altar — where it is said the soldiers divided our Saviour's clothes among them — the procession stopped again; and

another friar regaled us with another sermon in French. As the procession was about to ascend Calvary, they stopped again; and added another sermon in English. On Calvary they actually crucified our Saviour, amid the intonations of a Latin sermon preached by another friar. This sermon being over, two ruffianly-looking friars, representing Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, now approached the Cross, drew out the nails, and then bent down the body, as is usual in a corpse; the effigy being very pliable. Winding a white sheet round the ghastly corpse, they carried it down to the stone of unction, at the foot of Calvary, and there they washed and anointed it. I could not help gazing at the body as it was unwound from the white habiliments of death; and O how ghastly it appeared in the dim obscurity of the uncertain light; I felt, chilled, as if in the presence of death; and not all the noise in the building, or the intonations of an Arabic sermon preached here, could draw off my attention from the ghastly effigy; the limbs were stiff and rigid; the eyes and mouth partially open; the blood dried on its cheeks, hands, side and feet, and the whole aspect of the countenance was that of death. Having anointed the body by throwing some spices over it, they then wrapped it in the winding-sheet, and carried it off to the sepulchre where they laid it, and then closed the door. The ceremony did not end till about three the next morning. Tired and wearied, I went away; leaving the mob there in the midst of clamour and confusion. When I left, they were going through the most antic tricks and postures; they were jumping over each other's shoulders; dragging each other along; yelling and whooping in the most rude and extravagant manner. I know of nothing to compare to it.

This I must say was Latin work; for the Greeks and Armenians was reserved, something scarcely less obnoxious. This was no less than drawing the holy fire from the grave of our Saviour as a counterfeit of the Holy Ghost, when poured on the apostles. This took place at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

The Greeks first set out in a procession round the Holy Sepulchre, and were immediately followed by the Armenians; thrice they encompassed it; and then the "*Bishop of the Light*," a suffragan of the Greek church, entered the sepulchre. I did not see whether an Armenian bishop entered with him or not; one thing I know, that the door was immediately closed, and every light in the church was put out. A very short time elapsed, when a priest, having received something, ran with it to the Greek church, immediately opposite to the sepulchre; and then striking his hands together, displayed a glass-case (or it may have been something else, I could not well recognise it) containing light. "*This is the Holy Fire*," he said; but long before he had uttered his words, the people had crushed around him to light their candles; after which, they applied it to their bosoms, heads, and beards; it was instantaneous work; for, in the twinkling of an eye, the whole church, galleries, and every place, seemed instantly to be in a flame; and with this ended the miracle.

I now left the Church of the Sepulchre, and returned to it no more, save once before my final departure from the Holy City. I understand that on that evening they had another long mass; which they ended in the grey dawn next morning.

I have already referred, in a previous chapter, to the

Duke and Duchess de Brabant, who were daily expected to arrive in the Holy land; preparations had been made to receive them at Jaffa, on the way, and everywhere they were likely to visit. The day of their arrival at Jerusalem was not definitively fixed; one thing was known, that they were expected to be in the Holy City at Easter. His high name, and the destiny which awaited him as the heir of the throne of Belgium, created a great sensation in the country: and every one was on tip-toe expectation to hear of his arrival, and to witness his reception in Jerusalem.

At last the news came that he had landed at Jaffa with a numerous suite, and had proceeded on his way to Jerusalem, and would arrive there on Friday the 30th of March. Now Friday was the sabbath of the Mahomedans, and on which it has been a custom ever since the Holy City fell into the hands of the Moslems, to shut its gates during the mid-day prayer. It would be folly to suppose that neither he nor those who had the care of the arrangements of his entry to Jerusalem, knew this fact; but, nevertheless, he persisted in arriving on that day, much to the horror of pious Moslems.

Never, perhaps, did a day dawn more gloriously on Jerusalem than did the morning of his arrival;—it was a pleasant day throughout—and, perhaps, never since the anointing of Solomon, king of Israel, did the valley of Gihon appear to such advantage—the whole valley was full of men and women, waiting to catch a glimpse of the heir-apparent to the throne of Belgium. A little beyond the upper pool of Gihon, the Pasha had pitched him a pavilion, for the first reception of the duke and the duchess; the whole of the Jaffa plain; the brow of Zion, and the walls of the city were literally crowded with

people. Such a sight had not for a long time visited the hapless Jerusalem—the artizan left his shop; the butcher his meat; and the cafedgi his coffee—all bent on one thing, to see the Duke de Brabant. The various consuls with their cavasses and dragomans had already gone forth to meet him, and escort him to the Holy City. Jerusalem was in a wild paroxysm of excitement.

At twelve o'clock *precisely* (the hour of mid-day prayer) he entered the gates of Jerusalem under a salute of twenty-one guns. I was standing in the window of Mr. B——'s banking-rooms, and had a full view of the noble party, and of the whole proceeding; the Duke appeared to me quite young; the Duchess appeared older; he was dressed in a military uniform. At the gate they were met by the clergy, who came dressed in all their canonicals, and carrying crucifixes in their hands. Here they stopped, and the Duke, uncovering his head, was blessed by the Patriarch! What a sight for Mahomedans! But this was not all.

The blessing being over, the party now formed themselves. In front of all walked the pasha; after him came a host of government and consular cavasses, then a choir of boys dressed in white surplices, carrying crucifixes and candles in their hands; after them came a lot of monks, dressed in glittering robes, who chanted the *Te Deum*; the duke and his lady followed; then the various consuls; then their dragomans; then the suite of the duke, and, last of all, the populace. In this style they marched to the church of the Holy Sepulchre, guarded on both sides by a body of soldiers. At the church he attended service; and then, in like manner as before, was led to his lodgings at the house of the Austrian consul. Such a sight it may truly be said had never

been witnessed in Jerusalem since the Turks became its masters. Such a triumphant Christian entry trampling upon the prejudices of its masters, would have done credit to the time when the Holy City was first taken by the Crusaders.

But Mahomedan concession, thanks to the policy of an enlightened pasha went even further. The gates of the Mosque of Omar, which have hitherto, with a few exceptions, been for centuries closely shut against the Christians were thrown open to him; and, as a compliment to him, the various consuls were also invited, and sundry other persons, among whom was the author. This memorable event occurred on Saturday afternoon, the 7th of April, immediately after the miracle wrought by the Greeks in drawing the holy fire!

The rendezvous for the forming of the party previous to entering the Mosque was at the Pasha's house. There we met at four o'clock of the said Saturday afternoon, and there the tickets of entry were given to us: these were blank slips of paper, on which the Pasha's seal was stamped. I subsequently learnt, that the number of tickets granted were about one hundred and fifty. These were given to the Duke and his suite; Lord and Lady Napier, of the British Legation at Constantinople; the Lord Bishop of the Anglican Church, his lady, and some of the members of the Jewish Mission; the various consuls; several travellers, and a few natives in the employ of the above-mentioned personages.

The Pasha having taken the precaution to withdraw all the worshippers from the Mosque, and post various bands of soldiers all round the building for fear of an outbreak on the part of the Moslems, the invited train started from the palace a little after four, and entered the

sacred enclosure of Haram-esh-Shareef (the noble Sanctuary) by a low arched way, leading from the inner door of the Governor's palace, and bearing north-west of the mosque.

We entered, and were ushered into the area enclosing the sacred buildings, which was covered in some places (especially between the two mosques, and also to the eastward of them) with a sward of green grass, among which was planted a thinly-scattered grove of olive and cypress trees. The most of the area, however, is covered with white slabs, some of them, far from being smooth, are irregular and uneven. The northern extremity of this area was bounded by the Governor's house and other buildings: its eastern and southern boundaries are formed by the walls of the city; whilst the Mehkemé already referred to in my notices of Jerusalem, part of the Governor's palace, and other buildings, bound this vast area on the west.

We now struck diagonally across this area by a slight ascent towards the platform on which the Kubbat-es-Sukhra (or dome of the rock) is situated. On reaching the steps leading to it, we had to take off our shoes; those who were provided with slippers put them on, whilst others, among whom was my unfortunate self, had to go bare-footed. We gained the platform by a wide and spacious flight of twenty steps or so, and were ushered from under a lofty archway of three or four points to this upper platform. On it the Kubbat-es-Sukhra is situated. Neither trees nor grass are to be seen on this platform. The pavement is better than that of the area below. It is surrounded by eight entrances, of lofty and elegant archways, and which are thus divided. Two command the north entrance, and two

the southern; three are to be met with on the western border, whilst one is on the eastern. Along its north and western edges are some cupola-topped buildings of a small size, for the use of pilgrims. On the eastern side of the mosque, on this platform, is a neat building, of small dimensions, and comprised within two circles of six marble columns each, and topped by an elegant dome, the ceiling of which is mosaic. This we were told was David's judgment-seat. Immediately below this platform, to the east, the area, which is covered with green grass, slopes down precipitously to the wall.

We entered the Kubbat-es-Sukhra by its northern doorway, and were at once ushered into a circular building, covered with a high and magnificent dome. The entablature of the ceiling, which was exceedingly beautiful, was covered with Arabic sentences of elegant enrichment, one of which was to this effect, "The fear of God is the head of Wisdom." The building is a regular octagon, and, according to Arundale, who, with Catherwood and Bonomi, entered it in 1833, it measures "sixty-nine feet wide and forty-seven feet high on a side." The interior is supported by two rows of columns running round the Great Sukhra. This rock, which is perfectly natural, being only a portion of the calcareous rock on which the city is built, is encircled by the said columns, and is immediately under the great and high dome. An awning of silk, raised about twenty feet above it, covers it, and is surrounded by a stone wall of about five feet high. From over this wall we looked upon this famous rock, from which it is said the prophet of Islamism ascended to heaven; but I can't say that I discovered anything remarkable in its appearance. The upper surface is irregular, the same as when it was

broken from the quarry. It rises highest towards the south-west corner, and falls abruptly at the end where are the prints of the prophet's foot. At the south-west corner of the wall which encircles the rock is a small rock enclosed in a netting of wire. This, we were told, was the site of the presentation of *Isa* (the Mahomedan name of Jesus), to the Jewish doctors; and here the reader must be told, that the Mahomedans believe, in common with all topographers of the Holy City, this spot to be the site of Solomon's temple. I have also mentioned *Isa*, or Jesus; and here I would also remark, that the Mahomedans believe in Jesus as a prophet equal to Moses, but inferior to Mahomet; nay, more, they acknowledge the *Torat of Sidua Moosa* (the Bible), *Zboor Sidua Davood* (the Psalter of David) and *Injil Sidua Isa* (the Gospel of Jesus), as being inspired books, but prefer their Koran, which, according to their belief, was a book treasured up in the seventh heaven, and had existed there from all eternity, in which were written down all the decrees of God, and all events past, present, or to come. Transcripts from these tablets of the Divine Will were brought down to the lowest heavens by the angel Gabriel, and by him revealed to Mahomed from time to time, in portions adapted to some event or emergency. Being the direct word of God, they were all spoken in the first person. This is not the place to discuss the merits of this book, which forms the Moslem code of civil, penal, and religious law; but this much may be said for its author, that, notwithstanding all its errors and discrepancies, if we consider it as the work of an unlettered man, it remains a stupendous monument of solitary legislation.

Immediately near the caged rock of the Presentation,

I saw two or three stones cut in the shape of pattens; these are the foot-prints of Mahomet when he first alighted from El Burk, on the nocturnal visit to Jerusalem.

The Sukhra is held in the highest veneration by the Moslems. It is believed by them to have fallen from heaven on this very spot, and was employed as a seat by the prophets in olden times: no sooner, however, was the power of prophecy withdrawn, and the prophets persecuted and made to fly to other lands, than the stone is declared to have manifested the profoundest sympathy with their fate, and would have accompanied them in their flight, had not Gabriel interposed his authority and prevented the departure of the prophetic chair. He grasped it with his mighty hand, and nailed it to its rocky bed till the arrival of Mahomet on the nocturnal visit, who seated on El Burk (lightning), flew thither from Mecca, and, after having ascended into the seventh heaven, and offered his devotions to God, fixed the stone immovably in this holy site, around which the Caliph Omar erected his magnificent mosque.

Now that I had gazed on the Sukhra, the veil of mystery was dispelled, and I saw nothing in the whole place worth concealing; certainly the interior of the dome is beautiful, and the entablature is handsomely worked with glittering characters—but that is all. As for the Sukhra that is not worth looking at. I have heard Mahomedans say, that it stood suspended in the air; and I came prepared to see some magnetic influence, but that is all nonsense, it lies embedded in the ground. The Mahomedans have a tradition, however, that whoever asks God anything in this mosque, he is sure to have his wish granted; hence, they say, it is that no Christian is allowed to enter it, lest he should pray for the downfall

of Mahomedanism. The wall is divided into two parts; the upper division of it is graced by seven well-proportioned windows on each side, except where the porch rises high, on which side there are only six. Richardson, who, in 1818, was allowed a clandestine visit to this sanctuary as a reward for medical services, says that, "between the windows are piers faced with encaustic tiles about eight or nine inches square, painted with colors, white, yellow, green, and blue, but blue prevails throughout." The lower division is pannelled with long oblong slabs of white marble with a blue tinge.

Whilst we were gazing at these things a madman came yelping into the mosque, but was turned out by order of the Pasha. Madmen, in the East, instead of being secured, are considered by the Moslems as holy men, and are allowed to go loose. I have seen many of these mad dervishes, and they present a melancholy picture. They run about the streets naked, with the spittle foaming at their mouth and their eyes inflamed. The sight is enough to shock the decent feelings of any man, and yet the Mahomedan calls such men "holy." There is no accounting for taste; and it is in keeping with his barbarous ceremonies of the howling and dancing dervishes—a sight more barbarous than either can hardly be imagined. In those meetings, the dervishes gather together and howl and shout, and yell, and sway themselves, and jump, and groan, till they fall from sheer exhaustion.

Under the south-eastern corner of the Sukhra, and entered from without the first of columns, and gained by a flight of about ten steps, is a cavity to which we descended. This is a small room, apparently hewn out of the rock, and forms an irregular square of, I should think, fifteen feet surface, and seven or eight feet high.

Of course, I do not pretend to accuracy in measurements, as I had neither the means nor the time to do so; I give, therefore, the above as a rough guess. In descending the staircase, there is a slab of marble on your right, and another on your left: the one on your right is dedicated to Solomon, and is said to be his grave; the other is dedicated to David. In the northern corners of the room are two more, one dedicated to Gabriel, and the other to Elijah. A cavity in the western side of the room is dedicated to Abraham. On the eastern side of the room is a hole in the roof; here, it is said, Isa (Jesus) stood, and he being so tall his head reached the ceiling, and made a hole in it. In the centre of the floor is a well.

We now again ascended to the Mosque, and left it by its southern gate, and directed our attention to the visiting of the Mosque El Aksa, which stands directly south of the Kubbat Es Sukhra. Its appearance, from this platform, is exceedingly beautiful and imposing. The entrance to it is by a wide portico of seven arches, the centre one being the door of entrance. Excepting the road which led to it, the ground was covered with a carpet of green grass, and enlivened by a fountain which spouted its waters, and around which waved a few cypress trees.

Descending from the higher platform, we reached the grand area by a descent of twenty steps, as broad and as spacious as those already mentioned, and made the best of our way into the Mosque. Oh! thought I, if the Mahomedans were to see so many infidels in their sacred Haram Esh-Shareef, what would they say? "Ichabod! Ichabod!" would have been the burden of their song. It is even so.

The Mosque of El Aksa is the veritable Mosque of

Omar, and is said to be the Church of the Presentation, built by Justinian. It has all the appearance of a Christian church; at the upper end it has a nave very much resembling an altar. The building is supported by parallel rows of columns on each side of circular forms, and a parallel row of quadrangular columns which stand further back. It has a very high ceiling, which has the appearance of being flat, but really is not. It is in the shape of a ridge inclining both ways, and crossed underneath by large beams. Above the nave is a beautiful dome. It has also some beautiful windows of stained glass.

Now for the wonders. Fronting the door, we were shown a slab, which we were told was the tomb of the children of Aaron. Further on to the left, we were drawn to a recess where there was a *mihrab*. This, we were told, was the Judgment-seat of Solomon, and subsequently used as the praying-place of Zechariah and St. John the Baptist. Immediately to the left of the nave is the veritable *mihrab* where Omar prayed, to the right of which is a window overlooking the pool and village of Siloam. Crossing the nave, where there is also a *mihrab*, we were shown to the right of it an enclosure encompassed by an iron railing, which we entered, and saw in the wall another *mihrab*, the base of which had the impression of a small foot cut in the rock, and which we were told was the identical footprint of Isa, as he ascended into heaven. Not far from this, is where the Cadi prays; beyond that is a long piazza, to which we did not descend.

To the east of El Aksa are some buildings, into which we did not enter. Everywhere we were shown wells, which proves an abundance of water under the area of these premises; some of which, I was told, was brought from

the pools of Solomon. I am now satisfied, having seen this mysterious mosque. It stands on the site of Solomon's temple; but whether the temple covered all this area I cannot tell. The view looks eastward, to the Mount of Olives and the valley of Jehoshaphat. We were one hour in the premises, and were ushered out of it by another archway to the north-west. Here the Pasha most politely bowed us off.

And now one word to the future traveller: doubtless the Mosque of Omar will now be thrown open to the gaze of the curious. Should he find any discrepancies in this description of it, I would have him remember that this account was written from memory, as taking notes on the spot would have been an ungracious behaviour, but I have done my best in the way of a careful description.

The next day was Easter, -and everything was lively; crowds of persons were seen running about the streets in their best habiliments, and with most cheerful countenance; as they met their acquaintances they embraced one another, saying, "Christ has risen."—"He has risen, indeed," is the response. This was the only salutation of the day. Joy and happiness beamed in their eyes. I did not go to the Church of the Sepulchre this morning; but I was told that the Latins had celebrated mass before the holy sepulchre, when the Father Guardian had a throne erected, and, being arrayed in his episcopal robes, with a mitre on his head, he gave the host to all that were disposed to receive it. There was no doubt about Fra Salvatore's joy. Lent was over, and he could enjoy good cheer once more—no wonder he was happy.

I betook me to our church this day on Mount Zion, and there attended a most interesting service; the communion was dispensed to about two hundred persons,

mainly foreigners. The church was crowded this day; but the most interesting part of the service was, when the communicants went up to the altar. There were people of many nations; and it was singular to hear the bishop address the communicants in their different languages as he gave them the elements of the sacrament. He would address one in German, another in Hebrew, another in English, another in Arabic, and so on.

This Protestant church is a nice and comfortable building, built in the Elizabethan style; adjoining to it is the English consul's house. I believe it was a law of Turkey, that Protestant churches must only be erected within the premises of a consulate. I think this law is exploded, but I am not sure. Near to the church are the rooms of the secretary of the Jewish Mission in Jerusalem, Mr. Graham; a gentleman of an exceedingly good nature, and obliging spirit. His rooms he had kindly placed, at the time of my visit, at the disposal of Lord and Lady Napier.

Easter over, the pilgrims began to disperse. For the first few days Jerusalem was in a hurry-scurry; a week after, and it had settled down to its old monotonous course; the streets became wretchedly deserted and silent. One pilgrim that I knew remained there; and he will remain there till the archangel's trumpet shall make the earth give up its dead. The poor fellow was a Neapolitan; he had come to worship at the sepulchre of our Saviour, he did so, and returned to the Casa Nuova to take to his bed; a fortnight afterwards he breathed his last. I saw him the morning after his death; he was laid on the floor, no one knew anything about his history. He was buried on Mount Zion, in the Roman Catholic cemetery.

CHAPTER XXII.

ENVIRONS OF JERUSALEM.

Anathoth—Gibeah—Michmas—Ai—Bethel—Beeroth—Interest excited—Ain Karim—Upper and Lower Beth Horon—Gibeon—Nebi Samwil—Ain Yalo—Convent of St. Saba—Bethlehem—Rachel's Tomb—The Grotto of the Nativity—Pleasing Impressions—Controversy—The Convent—Birth of Christ—Interest attached to Bethlehem—Urtas—Etam—Pools of Solomon—His Resources and Knowledge—Fountain of Simeon—Battle between Richard Cœur-de-Lion and Salah-ed-Dein—Wady Es Samt, the Valley of Elah—An Adventure—Reception at Ajlan—A Night in the Brook where David picked the Five Stones with which he slew Goliath—Cave of Adullam—Plain of Mamre—Venerable Tree—Its Interest—Finding a Portion of our Party—Hebron—The Pool—Glass Manufactory—The Mosque—A Court of Justice in Hebron—A Scene—An Englishman's Word—Wilderness of Ziph—Engedi—Return to Jerusalem—Mr. Giesler.

THE traveller who spends three or four weeks in Jerusalem, will find his time well taken up by walks within and without the city, or making horseback excursions in its vicinity. He need not stay one single night out of the holy city. Mounting his horse any morning after breakfast, he can visit many sites of deep interest in the day, and return home in time for dinner.

These rides derive their peculiar interest not so much from any grand scenery that the traveller is likely to meet

with; indeed, like Jerusalem, their chief interest lies a great deal in their desolation and their associations. Every name commemorates a mystery; every grotto announces a prediction; every hill re-echoes the accents of a prophet. And as you slowly travel over Judea, gazing on the stunted shrubs which vegetate with difficulty upon this apparently inanimate tract, the heart grows sad; a profound awe fills you as you gaze on the monuments of the Almighty's displeasure—rivers dried up, rocks rent, and the desert mute with terror; and, in the words of an eloquent author, "one would imagine that they had never presumed to interrupt the silence imposed upon them by the awful voice of the *Eternal*."

One of the earliest rides I took in the environs of Jerusalem was to *Wady Es Swainit*, the passage of Michmas, where Jonathan, the son of Saul, performed his adventurous exploit, which proved so disastrous to the garrison of the Philistines. It is situated about two hours and a half's ride from Jerusalem, in a northerly direction.

After leaving the Damascus gate, the traveller leaves on his right the grotto of Jeremiah; shortly afterwards he leaves on his left the tombs of the Judges, and the Scopus, where Titus encamped against Jerusalem. Here the traveller leaves the Nabloos road, and turns a little to the right; half an hour afterwards he crosses Wady Es Sleem, a small valley; and, in an hour from leaving Jerusalem, he reaches the small village of Anata, the ancient Anathoth, once a city of refuge, where the prophet Jeremiah was born and resided. Whatever may have been its former grandeur, Anata now presents a succession of dirty miserable hovels, occupying a ridge of hills, whose only recommendation is the view eastward.

Leaving Anathoth, the traveller makes his way over a broken part of the country; and after crossing Wady Es Silam and Wady Fara, he finds himself, after another hour's ride, at the small village of J'baa, the ancient Gibeah of Benjamin. It is not of much account at present, and, save its connection with Biblical history, it would hardly repay a visit. Here Saul was born, and here he resided after he became king; and here it was that the Gibeonites hanged his seven descendants.

The great point of attraction here is the valley running almost beneath it, and dividing it from the equally miserable village of Mukhmas, the ancient Michmas, where the Philistines were garrisoned in array against Saul. The names of J'baa and Mukhmas, so near the original, and the wady dividing them, leaves no doubt of the Scriptural identity of the places mentioned. The wady is in reality nothing more than a division of two high rocks; and, in my opinion, answers well for the description given in the Scripture narrative of the rocks Bozez and Seneh. Standing in the wady, and gazing on its steep and precipitous sides, I could easily imagine that, in former days, it would be used as a formidable pass, wherein to oppose the progress of a military body. It was, perhaps, for this reason, that Michmas was chosen for the residence of Jonathan Macabeus.

On the opposite hill is Mukhmas, a small and now almost desolate village. Some foundations are to be met here, but that is all; and yonder few wretched dwellings are all that now represent the strong garrison of the Philistines.

A little farther north, the traveller comes upon the remains of some cisterns and ancient foundations; these

Dr. Robinson is inclined to believe mark the site of the ill-fated city of Ai, memorable in the conquests of Joshua. The Wady-el-Mutaya is to the north of it, whilst to the south-west are several smaller valleys. In some of the latter, Dr. Robinson is inclined to think that the ambuscade of Joshua's army was concealed. The history of this siege is rendered interesting by the military manœuvre of Joshua—the false attack, the drawing away of the men of Ai, and then the sacking of the city by the party in ambush, shows that the principles of war at that early day were well understood by the Israelites. The only melancholy portion of this siege is the sin of Achan, which was visited on the whole of the Jewish camp. "There is an accursed thing in the midst of thee, O Israel; thou canst not stand before thine enemies, until ye take away the accursed thing from among you."

Turning to the north-west, the traveller reaches Beitin, the ancient Bethel. The distance from Ai is about three quarters of an hour. Here Jacob enjoyed his vision of heavenly things, and had his stony couch made easy by the beautiful picture of ministering angels ascending and descending from the presence of Jehovah. Like all the other villages in this neighbourhood Beitin is small and dirty. Its more ancient name was Luz.

The traveller is now again on the high road from Nabloos to Jerusalem; and in retracing his steps to the holy city he passes through Biré, the ancient Beeroth, a city of the Gibeonites. I have already referred to this place in former pages, as the spot where Mary bewailed the absence of her son, who had tarried behind in Jerusalem to commune with the Doctors in the Temple.

A couple of hours' ride the traveller finds himself

once more in the holy city. His day's ride, if it lay not amid picturesque scenery, is certainly replete with interest. It is hard to conceive, that where now exist only wretched hovels, inhabited by ignorant *Fellahs* (i. e. peasantry), proud cities and strong garrisons once nobly reared up their heads. Royalty resided there; and amid their valleys daring acts of courage and military skill were enacted. But such is the case! And the mind of the Christian traveller goes back to those days; and by the help of his Bible he pictures to himself the scripture narratives connected with these localities—Joshua—Saul—Jonathan—Jacob—Mary—and the youthful JESUS—all come before his mind, and fill his heart with interest. He goes back home filled with these associations, his Bible becomes a more interesting work to him now. He has visited the localities mentioned in it; his mind has become familiar with the scenes of which he had read in his Sabbath-school, or had studied vaguely in his manhood. They now take a strong hold of his heart, and the interest here inspired never leaves him. It is this which makes a tour in the Holy Land the most interesting of any in the world.

An afternoon might be properly spent in a ride to the village of Ain Karim, where tradition alleges that St. John the Baptist was born. It is situated at the distance of a little better than an hour's ride due west from Jerusalem. The way to it passes the upper pool of Gihon. On the road is the Greek Convent of the Cross. The house wherein St. John was born is now the site of a Roman Catholic convent. Under the altar of the chapel of the convent, the traveller sees a slab of marble bearing this inscription:—

“Hic precursor Domini Christi natus est.”

Here the forerunner of Christ the Lord was born.

The village is larger than any mentioned in this chapter, and is inhabited by Christians and Moslems. Hither it is said the Virgin came to visit her cousin Elizabeth; and here, it is further added, Elizabeth died and was buried.

Five hours' ride, north-west of Jerusalem, are the villages of the Upper and Lower Beth Horon, whither the five kings of the Amorites were driven by Joshua on that memorable day when the sun stood still. The two villages now called Beir-Ur-el-Fowka, and Beit-Ur-el-Tahta, stand at a distance of a little better than a mile from each other. They are equal in size, and are mainly inhabited by Moslems. Between the two villages is a depression in the country, and to reach one from the other the traveller has to ascend and descend. This at present forms the camel road between Jerusalem and Jaffa. It is somewhat longer than the other road, but it is far the easiest.

About half-way to them from Jerusalem, is the village of El Jib, the ancient Gibeon, a great city, and much celebrated in the Old Testament. It was in the great battle with the five kings that “the sun stood still upon Gibeon.” Here, also, Solomon received the vision which left him the wisest of men. At present it is a small village standing on the summit of a hill. Some ruins are to be met with, as also the remains of an open reservoir, measuring about one hundred and twenty feet in length, by about one hundred in breadth. Perhaps, this is the pool mentioned in 2 Sam. ii. 13.

Proceeding to the above-mentioned places, the traveller sees on his left a conical hill topped by a small

village; its name is Nebi Samwil, a *wely* being here dedicated to Samuel. Some have supposed it to be Mizpeh, and others have thought it the Rama of Samuel. It is very prominent; being visible from every part of the country hereabouts, and stands about five miles from Jerusalem. Nor have there been wanting others who suppose it to be Shiloh, a city of Ephraim, where the tabernacle and the ark remained for a long time during the ministry of Eli, where Ahijah the prophet resided. This last supposition is unlikely, as Shiloh was north of Bethel, whereas Nebi Samwil is situated south-west of it.

About half an hour's ride, south of Ain Karim, is a *wely* dedicated to Philip; close to it is a fountain called Ain Yalo, where it is said the Evangelist baptized the Eunuch—treasurer of Candace, queen of Ethiopia. It is about an hour and a half's ride from Jerusalem; and is situated on the junction of Wady-el-Ward and Wady Ahmed.

Three hours' easy ride to the south-east of Jerusalem, is the dreary convent of Santa Saba, referred to in a former chapter. It is erected on the shoulder of a cliff overhanging the dry bed of the Kedron, and sinks to the depth of several hundred feet. The chapel forms the basement of a portion of the convent. From the top of the convent you see the sterile summits of the mountains around you. To the convent no ladies are admitted; but there is a tower adjoining, where they are hospitably accommodated. It is a Greek monastery; and, to secure reception in it, the traveller has to be provided with a letter of introduction to the superior. Once received into it, the traveller is treated with kindness and care. The scenery, as seen from here, is the dreariest that one can imagine. Immediately beneath you is the dry bed

of the Kedron; further on, and, indeed, all around you, is a succession of ridges running parallel with each other, without a break or an undulation. Not a single field of corn salutes your eye. A more dreary and barren picture I never looked upon. The road leading to the convent of Santa Saba, from Jerusalem, is out of St. Stephen's Gate, round the Mount of Olives, and by Wady-el-Rahab. Travellers are in the habit of passing a night at this convent, on their way to, or from the Jordan, and the Dead Sea. The surrounding Arabs have often tried to rob this convent; but they have not, as yet, been able to scale its massive walls. The monks, however, live in constant dread of these Nomadic tribes. I never experienced such a feeling of solitude as when traversing the corridors of this establishment—a secret awe crept over me.

Scarcely has the traveller taken a hasty look at Jerusalem, when his eye turns with a longing desire to Bethlehem, to see the spot where the King of Glory, when He “took upon Himself to deliver man, did not abhor the Virgin’s womb.” There never has been any dispute or doubt as to the site of that spot which was “not the least of the cities of Judah.” Its name still remains unaltered. And what it may have been at the time when “Joseph went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, to be taxed there with Mary his espoused wife,” I am not able to tell. At present it is a large village, inhabited by Christians, beautifully located, and fair to look upon. Unlike the apathy which you meet in the villages of Palestine, the eye of the traveller here looks upon an air of thrift and enterprise; the people are cleanly, and well clad; the men have a very dignified look, and the women are peculiarly handsome; and, gazing upon

them, I was reminded of Boaz and Ruth. If they still possess the good qualities which characterised these their townsmen of olden times, I should say that they do not belie their looks.

Bethlehem stands at the distance of an hour and a half's ride south of Jerusalem. The way leading to it is out of the Jaffa Gate, immediately above the lower pool of Gihon. Crossing the ravine of that name, the traveller gallops over a level piece of land, leaving, on his right, the Plain of Rephaim. At about forty minutes ride from Jerusalem, he passes the Greek convent of St. Elias, a small monastery, and not of much note. Further on, to the right of the road, he reaches the Tomb of Rachel, in the identity of which all travellers seem to agree; and hence it may, in all probability, have been the true place of her interment. The tomb, in its present form, is quite a modern building, having been erected, in 1841, by Sir Moses Montefiore, of London, favourably known for his liberality to his brethren in the East. It consists of two parts; one of which is properly the tomb, and is covered by a cupola; and another, which constitutes a hall or court of entrance. At a short distance from the tomb, in a south-westerly direction, is Bait Jala, where the Latins have just erected another convent.

The traveller now comes in sight of Bethlehem. It is beautifully situated on the brow of a hill, overlooking the plain where, 1800 years ago, the shepherds watched their flocks by night; and where the angel of the Lord appeared unto them, with the joyful tidings, that Christ was born in Bethlehem.

“Peace on earth, and mercy, mild;
God and sinners reconciled.”

And yonder is Bethlehem—David's town—where, on that day was born, of David's line, the Saviour, who is Christ the Lord—offspring of a virgin's womb!

“Was never wonder known, like this,
Since first the world began;
As that the Son of God should be
Of woman born, a man.

Had He not stooped so low as this,
And thus for us been born;
Woe unto us, lost men, our cause
Had truly been forlorn!”

As the traveller approaches Bethlehem, the picture becomes more lively; parterres of vineyards and fig plantations rise in terraces, one above the other. The only street of which Bethlehem boasts is well patronised. Here beads, crosses, and relics (manufactures of the inhabitants, which form the chief trade of the place), are sold at a great profit. During my last visit to it, this street was one continued buzz of human voices. As the convent of the Nativity is at the extremity of the street, the traveller has a great deal to do to get rid of the many vendors. Hardly has he got off from among one party when another one encompasses him. “*Compra questo, Signore.*” “*This ver good.*” “*Buy one, sir?*” and so on. On reaching the door of the convent, the poor pilgrim is fairly worn out with struggle.

The Latin Convent is reputed to stand on the site of the Nativity. This convent does not, however, belong exclusively to the Latins; it is shared by the Greeks and Armenians, who have their chapels and cells in it. On entering through its wicket gate, the traveller finds

himself in a spacious and handsome hall, supported by forty-four columns. The Greek Church is in the centre, whilst on either side, if I was told correctly, were the Latin and Armenian Churches. The grotto of the Nativity is beneath them; to reach which the traveller descends a spiral staircase. It is small and dimly lighted, and filled with the odour of incense. A multitude of costly lamps were suspended everywhere. Owing to the dim light in this grotto, I could not well see; the priest who accompanied me thrust a small taper into my hand. By its light, I soon perceived that this grotto was only a succession of caves. In one of them I was shown a star, inlaid in the floor, and this I was told was the place where the star alighted; on one side of it was an altar, richly hung over by silver lamps; this I was told was the spot where the manger lay, and where the infant JESUS first saw the light of day. I enquired for the manger and was told that Pope Sixtus V. had it carried to Rome; another spot was shown me where the wise men offered frankincense and myrrh to the Virgin Mary.

In an inner chamber; my cicerone showed me an altar reputed to have been the place where the innocents, after having been killed by order of Herod, were thrown; a picture representing the scene is suspended over it. Another chamber was shewn me; and in this I was told Joseph lodged whilst at the inn. Further in, I was shewn the graves of Eusebius and Jerome; and still further in, I was led into what my guide called the School of Jerome.

Whether these grottos and altars represent the sites of the places they profess to shew, I am not able to determine; but I must confess to a sense of awe and a feeling

of reverence possessing me, as I crept from before one altar to another. I was not so much engaged in thinking of the identity of the reputed sites, as of the narrative of my Saviour's birth. The King of Glory was born in a manger. He could have been born in a palace, but he chose the extreme of poverty, that the poorest of the poor may have courage to draw nigh unto Him! What love! Nor did I feel less interest in the fate of the poor innocents, who, for no other crime than being contemporaries of the Holy One, were put to death. Pagan Rome thought to kill Christianity in the cradle, and put out all its efforts to do so; but how signally they failed. The little stone thus contemned and opposed, has become a mountain; and its doctrines have gained ground on every hand, till now they are filling the universe. What would the Rome of our Saviour's days now say could she but gaze on the progress of Christianity, and the glory in which the name of the once humble Galilean is now esteemed in the world! Surely it is in vain any longer to argue the merits of a creed born in a manger, contemned by its own unto whom it came, no less than by the Romans and the Greeks, hated by the world, denied and forsaken by its friends, and at last ignominiously crucified between two malefactors; and yet, notwithstanding all that, it continued to rise up, till now it has entered the closets of royalty and is daily becoming the faith of the world! It were in vain to attempt comparing this grand event with the common revolutions which for a time have agitated our globe. There is something even in the progress of this belief which defies infidelity to the face. It was this feeling which possessed me here; and hence the awe which crept over me as I gazed on the

inscription "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est.*"

There has been much controversy respecting the claims of the spot to the nativity. I am inclined to believe that the convent now existing, stands on the site of the inn wherein our Saviour was born. But when we come to the question of the spots where such and such a thing occurred, I have no hesitation in rejecting the identity thereof. The Convent stands where I should suppose a village inn might once have existed, viz., on one side of the village. At Nazareth, the inn seems to have been at the extremity of the village. I could adduce many more proofs to show that the site of the inn of Bethlehem might have been where now the Convent rears its head. Of this I am convinced. Adrian, to desecrate the spot, raised here a statue to Adonis, which the Empress Helena destroyed, and on its ruins erected a monastery or chapel. Eusebius and Jerome lived here, believing that this was the site of the nativity. So much for the identity of the site of the inn; but is it not enough to know that this is Bethlehem, that, in this unpretending village, the Saviour of mankind was born to redeem fallen man?

Oh what a night that was, when, little better than eighteen hundred years ago, that plant was born here. Had an astronomer then gazed on the heavens, would he not have been attracted by the star which the wise men of the East beheld, and which they traced to Bethlehem? And what a night must that have been when the glory of the Lord shone around, when the heavens rejoiced, and the angelic host gave utterance to the good tidings of great joy, that this day was born in the city of David a Saviour. One born that man no more may die, but through Him have eternal life. The

angelic host rejoiced at the sacrifice which would give man a second birth. The good angels would not grudge us a place with them. No sooner did the Godhead appear in the flesh to effect our redemption, than like an electric touch they were filled with joy. Unable to restrain themselves they praised God for the deed which would make man *'at one'* with Him. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men." Oh that man would appreciate that sacrifice, when Christ laid His glory by, that He might give us light and life.

With whatever much matter of fact we now look on the Scripture narrative, which we have read from our youth up; the story has often been told us, and we cease to appreciate it; but cold must be the sensibilities, dead that heart, while standing on the spot where an event of such note occurred, if it does not inspire the pilgrim to join with the angelic throng in praising God for the gift of His Son. O Bethlehem, small as thou art, despised and scorned by proud kingdoms, whose wise men will not for a moment allow themselves to imagine, that any speculation or tenet arising from so ignoble a quarter, ought to have the slightest influence on their belief, or could affect in the most minute degree the general character of their social institutions; yet to the Christian heart thou wilt ever be dear and sacred, for the sake of Him who was born within thy gates, and whose doctrines, notwithstanding all the infidel blustering of the age, have had the most extraordinary influence on the events of the last eighteen hundred years. It is now too much an historical fact, that wherever the doctrines of Him who on that happy holy night was born at Bethlehem have gone, they have carried in their train happi-

ness, civilization, science, freedom, security, and all that makes the man. Christian reader! I will not apologise for the enthusiasm which now fills my heart, nor for intruding these feelings upon you—dead must be that heart which, standing in Bethlehem, does not feel them.

Half an hour's ride from Bethlehem, on the ridge of the hill, brings the traveller to Urtas, now better known under the name of the Meshullam Farm. It is a pretty valley, and looks well in spring. Here an American farming company were located for some time, but having quarreled with Meshullam, they have gone somewhere else. At the head of Wady Urtas, is supposed to have existed the rock Etam, to which Samson withdrew after smiting the Philistines. Dr. Robinson thinks that the ruined village of Urtas is the veritable Etam, which, on the authority of Josephus, we are informed was one of the favourite morning drives of the kingly Solomon. Some have supposed, that the Frank Mountain (close at hand) is the rock of Etam into which Samson withdrew. In the valley there are traces of ancient ruins, and also a fountain, sending forth a beautiful stream in the bottom of the valley. On the whole, the valley is well calculated by its beauty and fruitfulness, to be a sort of watering-place for Solomon.

A little westward of Urtas, are the pools of Solomon. On the way hither, the traveller sees part of the aqueduct, which in Solomon's days conducted the water to Jerusalem. The pools are three in number, lined with cement throughout. The two higher ones are terraced on the sides, with steps at intervals leading down into them. They are so disposed, that the water of the one may descend into the second, and that of the second into the third. They

have been measured by different travellers, so I need not do any more here than inform the reader that they are quadrangular in form, and about ninety paces broad. The lowest is the largest pool, and measures five hundred and eighty-two feet long. Immediately above the upper pool, and reached only by a hole ten feet long, is a chamber neatly arched, whence the spring rises which supplies the pools with water. On a hillock to the right of this chamber, is Kulat El Burak, a small fortress of Saracenic structure.

Two things struck me whilst gazing on these stupendous works; one was the immense resources of Solomon, for surely these pools must have cost a mint of money; and then when we think of his other works—the temple, the aqueduct, the wall of Jerusalem, which he re-built, his palaces, his various temples, and other works of art and taste; then think of his whole household expenses—of his harem, consisting of seven hundred wives, and three hundred concubines, one would be inclined to ask where he got his money from. Surely Syria must have at one time afforded great materials for wealth, otherwise it would afford matter of speculation for the curious, whence came he by his overwhelming riches—his vast revenue.

Another thing that struck me, was the solidity of everything. Everything he did was on a grand scale, and clearly shows that the knowledge of hydraulics seems to have been well known in his days, besides other sciences and arts, which are only now reviving in the nineteenth century. He seems to have been exceedingly refined in his manners, and his taste was of the best.

The traveller may here make the close of his day's

ride and return to Jerusalem; or he may continue with me whilst we proceed to Hebron, looking at everything on the way.

The direct road to Hebron is by Gedor and Halhul, both mentioned by Joshua. The only point of interest in the way is "Ain Simi'in" (the fountain of Simeon), in a plain, in front of which Richard Cœur de Lion cut his way to the coast, through the Sarcenic army under the Sultan Saladin, who by forced marches had placed himself between Askalon and Richard (who was then advancing from that place on Jerusalem), and threatened to cut off the supplies of the English monarch. The road also is rugged and dreary. If the traveller does not mind going a little out of the way, he will find much to interest him by going through Beit Jibrin, a tour which I took in the year 1843.

Nearly a couple of hours' ride westward from the pools of Solomon, the traveller reaches the village of *Shwaiké*, the ancient Shochoh, near which the Philistines pitched in array against Israel. It is situated on the brow of a hill, overlooking Wady Es Sumt, the supposed valley of Elah, where the stripling David met and fought with the giant Goliath. For a long time Wady Beit Hanina, to the northward, was supposed to be the scene of that action; but this idea has been corrected by recent travellers. Wady Es Sumt is such a valley where one would suppose such a scene occurred. It is bound by mountains on both sides—"And the Philistines stood on a mountain on one side, and Israel stood on a mountain on the other side; and there was a valley between them." In the valley is a dry brook, from which the shepherd-boy—the future king—the slayer of the lion and the bear—took five stones, wherewith he slew the uncircumcised Phi-

listine. Circumstances obliged me to sleep in it one night.

We were then on a visit of exploration, and that day intended sleeping at Hebron. Late in the afternoon we passed a moderate-sized village, wherein were many ruins. It was called Beit Jibrin; doubtless, the ancient Beth Gabra, and thought by some, also, to be Eleuthropolis. It is about four hours' ride E.N.E. from Hebron. This place is not mentioned in the Scriptures; but, apparently, it was a great city in the days of Eusebius and Jerome, who assumed it as a point whence to estimate the distances and positions of other cities in Southern Palestine.

In the excitement of the day, we lost all sense of fatigue; but as the evening began to gather its shades around us, we strained our eyes for a first view of Hebron; but as we did not see it, we began to feel weary of the saddle . . . On we pushed, but no Hebron still; and to increase our difficulties, the darkness had set in, and we lost our road . . . In vain we applied to the Mukaris; we scolded; but all to no effect: we had wandered from our track, and they knew not how to regain the old road unless we returned to Wady Es Sumt. This was now out of the question, being four hours' distant from it; so we had nothing for it save to push on in the path we were now pursuing, hoping it would bring us to some village or other, where we might pass the night.

Nor were we disappointed. At eight o'clock, we heard the barking of dogs, a sure sign in the East that we were in the neighbourhood of a village or a Bedouin encampment. We did not care which it would be, but made the best of our way towards it. Soon the lights

of the houses appeared one after the other; and in a few minutes more we found ourselves in the village of Ajlan, perhaps the ancient Eglon.

Ancient or modern, was then a matter of little importance. We had hardly entered the village when we got surrounded by a host of men, women, children, and dogs. We asked to be allowed to pass the night here, but they declared they would not have us, threatening to smash our heads if we dismounted from our horses; and suiting their actions to their words, they brandished their clubs in the air. The women vociferated, the children screamed, and the dogs kept up a continual roar of barking. We asked for the nearest place: they cursed us.

But now fear had taken the place of fatigue, and we dared not trust our lives here; so we turned the heads of our horses and galloped off. Whither we went I am sure I do not know. I asked one of our party, who was likely to know, but he growled "Silence"; in fact, I soon made out that we were in danger. So in silence, weary with the long ride, and stiffened with the night dew, we hastily pursued the path before us; and a little after twelve, found ourselves in the valley of Elah. Silently and cautiously we made our way to the brook, into which we descended, horses, mules, and all.

Without pitching our tents, or lighting a fire—without eating a morsel of food, or undressing—we laid us down to sleep, our couch the hard stony bed of the brook—the identical brook from which David took the stones with which he slew Goliath of Gath. Some of the party took turns in sleeping and in watching till daylight. As for me, being only a stripling, I was allowed to sleep undisturbed.

And notwithstanding my hard bed, my hungry con-

dition, or the dew of heaven, which was falling on me uncovered by any blanket—not even a cloak had I—, I slept well and sweetly, and dreamt—but O why shall I speak of my dreams? One thing I remember, that they were rudely put an end to by D—, who shook me most unmercifully.

“What in the name of common sense do you want?” said I. “Can’t you let a fellow sleep?”

“Up, up!” said he. “We are off.”

I opened my eyes, and sure enough I saw our party in the act of mounting their horses. It was not long before I was in the saddle. Stiff, hungry, and half frozen, we stealthily moved off; and after divers adventures, which it would be needless to detail here, we reached Hebron early in the afternoon. Thus ended our adventure in the brook.

And having mentioned this adventure, I will close this chapter by giving the reader a narrative of a tour performed by myself and party in April, 1843; the more so, as it will take in all the places, I intended to speak of in this chapter.

Not far from Wady Es Sumt is the reputed “*Cave Adullam*,” unto which David escaped when pursued by Saul, after having feigned madness before Achish king of Gath, who was so convinced of David’s madness, that he said unto his servants, “Lo, ye see the man is mad, wherefore then have ye brought him to me? Have I need of madmen that ye have brought this fellow to play the madman in my presence? Shall this fellow come into my house?” When David’s friends heard of his whereabouts, they went down thither to him, and shortly afterwards were followed by a large concourse of discontented people, who gathered them-

selves unto him, and declared him their captain. We intended visiting that cave, but the loss of our road, and other circumstances, prevented our doing so then, and, as I never had another opportunity of seeing the cave, I, therefore, never saw it, much to my regret.

About three miles before reaching Hebron, we passed the reputed plain of Mamre, where Abraham dwelt, and "built an altar unto the Lord." It is a richly cultivated plain, to the north of the city. On it, is a venerable ever-green oak, said by some to be that noble tree, beneath the shadow of which, Abraham ministered to the angels of the Lord, who appeared unto him "as he sat in the door of the tent in the heat of the day," where he entertained them, upon "the butter, the milk, and the calf, which he dressed and set before them; and he stood before them *under the tree*, and they did eat." It is not unlikely that the tree now standing there, enormous in size, and venerable with age, may be the same mentioned by Josephus, who, after informing us, that "Abraham dwelt near the oak called 'Oxyzes' . . . not far from the city of Hebron," goes on to tell us, that in his day there was shown, "at the distance of six furlongs from the city, a very large turpentine tree, and, the report goes, that this tree has continued ever since the creation of the world." Dr. Robinson, speaking of this tree, says, "Its branches extend from the trunk, in one direction, forty-nine feet, their whole diameter, in the same direction, being eighty-nine feet; and in the other, at right angles, eighty-three-and-a-half feet." Josephus must have made a mistake in calling it turpentine, as it is oak; indeed, of the specie he mentions, there grows not, at the present day, any around Hebron, and, as this is the only venerable tree in this plain, that would coin-

cide with his description, I, therefore, have no hesitation in believing it to be the same tree to which he refers.

But, besides that, it was interesting to stand on the plain where Abraham and his children dwelt after his kinsman Lot had taken for his portion, the cities of the plain of Jordan—where he spake with the Lord, and received the promise, that “in his seed should all the world be blessed”—where David tended his father’s sheep when he was chosen and anointed to reign over Judah, to bear her lion-standard against the enemies of the Lord, ere long to raise it, even within the gates of Jerusalem, over the fallen throne of Saul and of his sons.

Under the branches of the tree already mentioned, we saw a portion of our party whom we had lost on our *sortie* from Jerusalem. They having taken the direct road, had missed our adventure, and arrived here the night previously, where, instead of sleeping on the hard stones of the valley of Elah, with no sustenance, save the morning and evening dew, they had been luxuriating upon the rich divans of the chief Rabbi, carousing over chicken *pilau*, and Cyprian wine! And yet I envied them not their lot; as I would not have missed our adventure, and sleeping in that famed brook, for anything, and so thought they also. We rode on to Hebron together, and, whilst they repaired to their lodgings, we encamped on a small slope near the city.

Hebron, now called “El Khalil”—that is, Friend—by the natives, after Abraham, whom they call “the *friend* of God, is one of the four Jewish sacred cities. It was also called “Kirjath-arba,” the City of Arba, the father of Anak. It stands on two small eminences, rising out of the southern entrance of the vale of Mamre,

and is considerably removed from the usual track of pilgrims and tourists. An accident, or quarrel once excited the indignation of the inhabitants against Europeans, who, during a long course of time, were dissuaded by the monks at Jerusalem, from extending their researches beyond Bethlehem. Dr. Robinson estimates its population at about ten thousand, Lord Nugent thinks the number cannot exceed eight thousand, of which nearly two-thirds are Jews. The Mahomedan part of the town stands on the site of the ancient city of David, in the lower part of which is the pool still called after him as king of Israel, "BRICKET ES SULTAN," the King's Pool, where, in generous indignation at the murder of Ishbosheth, the son of his persecutor Saul, he hanged the bodies of Rechab and Baaneh. There seems to be no doubt in the minds of travellers, that this is the identical pool—its site, size, form of its construction, and the cement with which it is coated throughout, are in accordance with the story of its great antiquity. We visited and examined it the next day. The Jewish part of the town, which occupies the western side, is quite modern. As it may be expected, this quarter is exceedingly dirty and filthy, and we did not linger long in it, though some of our friends, as has already been mentioned, were guests of the chief Rabbi.

Hebron can boast of an abundance of provisions, a considerable number of shops, and a manufactory of glass. This last we visited; and saw a host of men almost in a state of nudity, sitting round a furnace blowing lamps and bottles. We saw them also manufacturing rings of coloured glass, and bracelets of the same; with which the arms and fingers of the females are ornamented. We bought some bottles; in order that on arriving at the

shores of the Dead Sea, we might be able to bear away some of its waters to satisfy the curiosity of friends.

A little to the north of the *King's Pool*, on the pinnacle of a gentle ascent of the town, stands the mosque, jealously guarded by the Turks, which covers the site of the cave of Machpelah, before Mamre; once the field of Ephron, the son of Zohar; and subsequently the burying-place of the Patriarchs. This was once a church; erected by the empress Helena, the mother of Constantine. It is now a Mahomedan temple; prohibited to the Jew or the Christian, on pain of death. Burekhardt, the enterprising traveller, entered it under the fictitious name of Sheikh Ibrahim, and thus describes it.

In the first place, he confirms the statement that it was a Christian church; and then goes on to say that the ascent to it is by a large and fine staircase, that leads to a long gallery, the entrance to which is by a small court. Towards the left is a portico, resting upon square pillars. The vestibule of the temple contains two rooms; the one being the tomb of Abraham, the other that of Sarah. In the body of the church, between two large pillars on the right, is seen a small recess, in which is the sepulchre of Isaac; and in a similar one upon the left is that of his wife. On the opposite side of the court is another vestibule, which has also two rooms; being respectively, the resting-places of Jacob and of his spouse. At the extremity of the portico upon the right hand, is a door, which conducts to a sort of long gallery that still serves for a mosque; and passing from thence is observed another room, containing the ashes of Joseph; which are said to have been carried thither by the children of Israel. All the sepulchres of the Patriarchs are covered with rich carpets of green silk, magnificently embroidered with

gold; those of their wives are red, ornamented in like manner. The sultans of Constantinople furnish these carpets; which are renewed from time to time. Burckhardt counted nine, one over another, upon the sepulchre of Abraham. The rooms also which contain the tombs are covered with rich carpets; the entrance to them is guarded by iron gates, and wooden doors plated with silver; having doors and padlocks of the same metal. More than a hundred persons are employed in the service of this temple; affording with the decorations lavished upon the structure, a remarkable contrast to the simple life of the venerable man to whose memory it is meant to do honour.

A few yards to the westward of the mosque, is the sepulchre in which Abner was laid by David, and in which he also placed the head of Ishbosheth, near the honoured remains of the most faithful of his father's servants. This last-mentioned tomb, the Christians and Jews are permitted to approach near enough to see it, through a hole left open in the gate which encloses it. It is but a large unadorned cubic stone.

I have already noticed, that to the mosque, no Christian or Jew—in fact, none but devout Moslems—the “true believers,” are admitted. I, however, in common with our party, might have entered it had we chosen—touched the graves of the patriarchs, and trod the cave of Machpelah, had not *English principle* proved a barrier. And here let me bear my testimony to the rough honesty and straightforwardness of Englishmen. . . . I do not mean to say, that I have met no rogues among them; but I do say, that take them as a body they are the most truthful and principled nation on earth. This is my experience.

On the second morning after our arrival, one of the servants, on going into the streets, was met by some one who had a grudge against him. This man was said to be no less a personage than the brother of the governor. Whether this was so in reality or not, I cannot tell; but at any rate we were given to understand that he was the brother of the governor. Well, as soon as he saw our servant, he ran and fell upon him, endeavouring to stab him in the breast; but, warding the blow, our servant escaped any material injury, save a small scratch in the cheek.

The breakfast things had hardly been cleared, when in rushed that servant, streaming with blood, and howling most piteously, "I am killed; O he has killed me!" was all the information which we could get from him. After a while his passion subsided; and we learnt from him the story of his present dilemma.

To the governor's house we now went, in order to seek redress. I was the spokesman of the party, and well do I remember that occurrence. As we passed through the streets, we could hear such ejaculations from the enraged Mahomedans, who saw us bent on getting the man punished, "*These are not the days of Mohamed Ali! Ibrahim Pasha is gone,*" and more words to that effect; meaning thereby, that the Turkish government either was not strong enough to redress wrongs, or thought lightly of the Christians.

Arrived at the palace, we found the governor in his *divan*; it seemed he had not as yet heard of the row; so receiving us politely, he asked *the reason of the honour which we conferred upon him by visiting him*. I told him of the insult which we had received in the unprovoked attack on our servant; and demanded that the culprit should be punished.

On this a person entered in, and held some conversation *sotto voce* with his excellency. Of course, we could not make out what they said, but the purport of their business was clearly indicated in their looks. The governor's countenance looked pale, and at one time the blood seemed to have been quite absorbed, leaving his face of a ghastly hue; and then the brow would knit, and the blood would seem to pour itself into his face, making him look as fierce as possible. The upshot of their conversation, which was carried on in short and earnest ejaculations, was that the governor, after having ordered for us coffee, sherbet, and pipes, threw upon us a withering look, and departed.

Long we waited, but he did not come; so we sent him word that we were anxious to know whether he would redress our grievance.

The answer he sent us was, that we should go and fetch him the culprit, and he would punish him.

We returned word that we were not the policemen of His Imperial Majesty, and that we expected him to find the criminal.

Laconic was his answer this time. He sent us a messenger to say, *that we had better wait till he found him*; and the messenger hinted to us his fear that it would be a long while ere he did so.

So far we were amused at the incident, but now, finding that the governor was trifling with us, we began to get angry; and I, losing my temper, told the messenger on my own authority, that unless we had immediate redress we would quit, but only to return to Jerusalem and demand satisfaction at the hands of the pasha through the British consul, not forgetting to mention the governor's unwillingness to redress the insult done to us.

The hours were rapidly flying on; a mysterious silence pervaded the court, but no messenger appeared with an answer. We were on the point of leaving the palace, when, to our utter amazement, in rushed thirteen of the chief rabbis of the synagogue of Hebron. Prostrating themselves before us, they besought us in earnest prayers to relent from our purpose. They assured us that if the man was punished, it would be visited on their heads, as the governor had threatened that, in case we did not forgive the man, he would kill all the Jews in the place.

We replied, that we should be very sorry to bring trouble on them; but apart from our disbelief that the governor would dare do such thing, the present case was one which concerned not only ourselves, but all future travellers in these regions; and hence we deemed it a necessary act of justice to punish the criminal. Finding all their entreaties in vain, they retired to tell the governor of the burden of our decision.

They had hardly gone, when the *Cadi* and *Mufti* entered the *divan*, and besought us "*by the love of Abraham*" to desist from our purpose, and depart in peace. We told them how sorry we were not to be able to comply with their request, and that, simply on the ground of principle, we were determined not to let the matter drop to the ground unless satisfaction was done to our servant; and we furthermore added, that if by reason of this a single Jew was molested, the governor and Mahomedans of Hebron would have none to blame but themselves for the consequences, which we were determined should fall upon them. This at once reminded them of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, of whom they had heard, and of Sir Sidney Smith, whose exploits they still remember, that

“their word was like the word of God—it never failed.” A continued jabber was heard from the crowd without, in which the word “*Ingleez*” ever and anon reached our ears; meaning thereby that we were a parcel of inflexible Englishmen, who would never retract what we had once said.

It would interest the reader to know, that one of the characteristics by which an Englishman is known in Syria is, that his word is as “the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not;” so that it has now become a proverb with us. Whenever we want to give a final word—one beyond further controversy—we say, “What I am now saying is *kilmé Ingleeziéh*, or an ENGLISHMAN’S WORD;” by which the speaker means that there is an end of the matter, and more talking would be only wasting breath to no purpose.

The governor now came in; his brow was knit, his face pale, and on the whole he looked very downcast. He also besought us to desist from our purpose; but in vain; we gave him the same answer as we did to the Cadi and Mufti. He now addressed himself to the Rev. G. W—s, whom he had known in Jerusalem, and with whom he had on a former occasion broken bread—a sign of everlasting peace and friendship in the East—conjuring him “by the bread they had broken together to pursue the case no further.” I answered for Mr. W— that such a thing was impossible.

One moment longer, and a ray of hope lit the face of the governor. Approaching Mr. W—, he offered him, in case we would say no more about the matter, to introduce us into the interior of the mosque, and show us all that was in it. The bait was tempting, and the governor made sure that we would at once close with it. Imagine

his surprise, therefore, when I most *stoically* informed him that his bribe was not tempting enough for an *Englishman's sense of justice*.

He now offered to bastinado the culprit; but I told him that he had made light of us so long, that we were determined to forward a full statement of the case to the British consul at Jerusalem, and leave him to bring it before the notice of the pasha. It was now that it leaked out that the criminal was the governor's brother; so rising up in great concern, he besought us once more, in memory of that patriarch whose ashes lay close at hand, and whom both Moslems and Christians revere, to be merciful; . . . or, in case our hearts could not soften towards his brother, to let him punish him himself; yea, he said, he would half kill him, rather than provoke the anger of his superior officer at Jerusalem. We did not stop to take any notice of this last remark; but rising up, we bade him good bye, and retired. Thus terminated this affair for the present. What the consul did with the case I know not, as shortly afterwards I left Jerusalem.

In detailing this adventure in full, my object is to show a court of justice in the Turkish dependencies, and how the law is shirked there, instead of being carried out. And here I beg the reader to bear in mind, that the plaintiffs were Englishmen. If they had but so little of justice done them, what, I ask, may an unprotected Christian or Jew expect at the hands of *this* their government? Is it, therefore, any longer to be wondered at, that they seek foreign protection against the insults of Islamism and the corruption of a dastardly court of justice? No, indeed.

We left the town amid the execrations of Moslems and

the tears of Jews; and, mounting our horses, directed our steps to the Wilderness of Ziph and the Caverns of En-gedi. Two hours' ride brought us to a village standing on a lofty height, and commanding an extensive view of the scenery around. Here tradition has it that Lot was buried, and that this is the spot where Abraham pleaded with the Lord for the doomed cities of the plain. It is called Nebi Loot.

Our course was eastward. A mist for a short time hid the earth, and we could see nothing save the highest peaks looming through a sea of vapour, like islands in the ocean, or the waves of a rough sea sternly fixed in their course. The country hereabouts is one continued series of ridges, valleys, and ravines; and we plunged wildly about in the fog at the momentarily recurring risk of riding over some hidden precipice of a thousand feet perpendicular. The mist, however, soon cleared, and we got on very well. As the shades of evening began to throw their pale mantle on the visible world around us, now every moment rendered more invisible, putting any further journey that day out of the question, and as the road was both craggy and impracticable, we encamped for the night on a small slope by the wayside. Our only difficulty here was, that we had no water and no material wherewith to make fire; so, making the best of our wine and cold food, we lay down to sleep in the Wilderness of Ziph.

Cold, dreary, and trackless as was this desert of ridges and valleys, it was not less interesting; and I now look back with pleasure to the night when I slept on its slopes. A wilderness, indeed! Gaze where you will, and a scene of wild desolation meets your view on every side. But still more so, on account of its having been

the abode of David, when he fled from the jealousy of Saul.

Next day we made the best of our way to En-gedi, which we reached early in the forenoon. Riding up a slight acclivity, suddenly we beheld the southern extremity of the Dead Sea; and passing through a small opening, we found ourselves upon the edge of a tremendous precipice, nearly two thousand feet deep. Beneath us lay the dark stagnant flood of the Lake Asphaltites, over whose waters the peaks of the mountains of Moab threw their lengthening shadows. Here we could see the southern side of the lake, which is a small peninsula. Our guards told me that it was fordable in one place, and that you could walk across it, being only mid-leg deep.

We now prepared to go down to the sea-shore, but so steep was the descent, and so broken and slippery was the path, that I must confess I was nervous at the sight thereof. Some of our party went down, and I followed; but oh! the fright, the shaking, the shuddering, the streaming with cold perspiration before I reached the fountain at the base of the descent! O never, never shall I descend it again. By dint of clinging to the rocks, wheeling about, and balancing myself, I managed to get to the bottom. Long before I reached the fountain beneath, I had given up all hope of reaching it; and I had firmly made up my mind, that ere night I should have gone headlong into the eternal world. But, to make a long story short, I managed to get down there, and then get up again. This last was not, however, so difficult as the former exploit. I was glad to be on the top again, though positively frozen with terror, and shaking with the tertian ague.

Around the fountain, which was one of the purest and most refreshing water that I have ever yet drank, we sat for a while eating cucumbers, which we found in some fields planted by the Bedouins. The water springs from under a rock, and murmuringly glides along. Here in this precipice is the Cave of En-gedi, where David hid himself from the persecution of Saul; and here it was that he had Saul in his power, but generously spared his life. One could almost hear him crying, "My lord, the king . . . Wherefore hearest thou men's words, saying, Behold, David seeketh thy hurt? Behold, this day thine eyes have seen how that the Lord hath delivered thee to-day into mine hand in the cave: and some bade me kill thee: but mine eye spared thee; and I said, I will not put forth mine hand against my lord; for he is the Lord's anointed. Moreover, my father, see, yea, see the skirt of thy robe in my hand: for in that I cut off the skirt of thy robe, and killed thee not, know thou and see that there is neither evil nor transgression in mine hand, and I have not sinned against thee; yet thou huntest my soul to take it." What a picture of sublime generosity!

Having breakfasted on the top of the precipice, we now made the best of our way to the Jordan, in the waters of which we all had a plunge. Next to Jerusalem, perhaps the Jordan excites in the traveller the deepest longing to see it, and the most devout gratitude when, standing on its banks, he at last beholds it. I can easily understand the pious feelings which swelled the bosom of my esteemed friend, the Rev. John Anderson, when he penned the following poem.

“Like an arrow from the quiver,
To the sad and lone Dead Sea,
Thou art rushing, rapid river,
Swift, and strong, and silently.

“Through the dark green foliage stealing,
Like a silver ray of light,
Who can tell the pilgrim’s feeling
When thy waters meet his sight ?

“All the deeds of sacred story,
All its marvel, great and true,
All that gives the Jordan glory,
Rush upon his raptured view !

“Nature, here thy laws were altered,
Jordan’s bed became a track ;
Man at God’s command has faltered,
Willing rolled the Jordan back.

“Like a wall, its wondrous waters
Shining rise, and solid stand,
Israel, till thy sons and daughters
Safely reach the Promised Land.

“Pilgrim’s garb aside now laying,
Let thy garments shining flow,
Spear and standard wide displaying,
Army, forth with banners go !

“Humbly to thy brink descending, !
Syria’s proud lord was seen,
Seven times beneath thy waters bending,
Lo ! the leper rises clean.

“Symbol of the blood of Jesus,
Shed upon the sacred tree,
This has made thy waters precious,
Jordan, and a joy to see.

“Blood of cleansing, blood most holy,
Shed for sinners such as me,
Let me, like the leper, lowly,
Wash away my sins in thee.

“Emblem bright of Death’s dark river,
Long I linger on thy shore ;
All its waves can harm me, never,
Now the ark has gone before.”

Pencillings in Palestine.

Hence we made our way to Jericho, and back to Jerusalem, where we arrived after a five days’ tour. Surely such a trip as this, performed by a Christian, with his Bible as his guide, must be deeply interesting. To read the Scripture narratives, on the spots where they took place, will clothe the Bible with a life-like reality, which ever afterwards will pervade the tourist’s mind.

We had scarcely reached the walls of the Holy City, when we learnt that the day before, an English traveller, a Mr. Giesler, had fallen among thieves, upon the plains of Jericho, and had been stripped and wounded.

Mr. Borrer, one of our party, who has written a narrative of his journey in the East, thus gives the account of this gentleman’s mishap. I quote it from him because I could not either improve his story or condense it into fewer words. And another reason why I quote from him is, because he got it from the victim himself, with whom he subsequently travelled for several weeks.

“It seems that, amongst other Frank travellers, Mr. Giesler had proceeded with the pilgrims, to the Jordan, upon the day of the great washing; but that, after the

filthy multitude had duly defiled the waters of that sacred stream, and again withdrawn towards Jerusalem, he had tarried awhile to sleep within his tent, then mounting, with only one attendant, proceeded across the plain to rejoin the retreating pilgrims. However, suddenly, without the slightest warning that any of the modern lions of the Jordan were at hand, he found himself stretched on his back upon the sand, by a blow received from behind, and looking up, beheld a *genius loci*, in the form of a wild Arab, hovering around him on horseback, and pricking at him with his long lance, in order to keep him quiet. One gentle stab, passing through a Mackintosh and thick coat, placed a half-inch or so of cold iron in his breast, to remind him that it was better to yield his body than his soul; so he wisely resigned himself to fate, and the enemy (of whom there were six) commenced their operations as *Valets de chambre*. Finding they were not very expert in their office, Mr. G—— made signs to them that he would dispense with their services, and undress himself, which he did, earnestly entreating, at the same time, to keep one garment; but in vain, for they turned him out to search for fig-leaves amidst the tamarisks and prickly nubk trees, then, mounting with their booty, disappeared.

“ One, however, more merciful than the rest, did, on the eve of departure, throw back to him a battered old hat, receiving which with gratitude, he forthwith made the best of his way to an Arab settlement at Jericho, where he lay in state, wrapped in a blanket for a day and a night, whilst a messenger was sent to Jerusalem for another wardrobe, and the means of returning to the city, the Arabs having seized his horses as well as his

raiment. In fact, the former, doubtless, were the greatest object. His servant was treated better than himself, for the robbers returned him his nethermost garment; it being, I presume, much in the same condition as the aforesaid hat."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Farewell to Jerusalem—Departure to Jaffa—Embarking for
Bayroot—Cæsarea—Conclusion.

“WHILE thy walls are still in sight, and the heart’s emotions
swell,

Farewell to thee, Jerusalem ! a long and last farewell !
No more shall I at golden dawn, or at the close of day,
To Zion’s Hill, or Hinnom’s Vale, pursue my lonely way.—
No more at noontide pause, Siloa, on thy rocky brink,
And of thy waters sparkling bright, and ‘flowing softly,’
drink ;

Nor wander down, Jehoshaphat, thy deep and awful dell,
Where darkly frowns Aceldama, by lone En-rogel’s well ;
No more survey from Olivet the scenes so sad and fair
That crowd upon the pilgrim’s sight, as stands he musing
there.

‘Is this,’ he cries, with feelings sad, to which the scene gives
birth,

‘This Zion Mount, the beautiful, and joy of all the earth ?’
There dome, and mosque, and minaret, he sees in fair array ;
But Zion’s towers and palaces, Ah ! ‘Where,’ he asks, ‘are
they ?’

A stately fane is gemming now Moriah’s queenly brow ;
But where the glory of the world, the TEMPLE, where art
thou ?

By yon grey wall there is a place of wailing and despair,
And ‘Ichabod, the glory’s fled,’ is chaunted mournful there.

Oh! well may then thy children weep—even I could weep
with them—

At misery such as I have seen in thee, Jerusalem ;
But scenes in thee more sad and fair attract the pilgrim's
eye,

And sufferings in the green tree done as thine were in the dry.
Dost thou not ask of all thy sons, 'Oh! is there none to show
Why God on thee, Jerusalem, hath poured His fury so?'

Oh! would thy vail were rent in twain, that thou might'st
weep with me,

For Him our sins did crucify, dread Calvary, on thee.

For 'Israel's beauty,' once thou weptst, 'on thy high places
slain.'

Oh! did thine eyes His beauty see, how wouldst thou weep
again!

To Kedron and Gethsemane no more shall I repair,

Yet in my heart for aye shall live the thoughts awakened
there—

The city of the pilgrim's soul, where'er his footsteps bend—

The type of that Jerusalem where all our wanderings end.

To distant lands I go; yet thou, till life's last day, shalt be

The morning land of memory, Jerusalem, to me!"

ANDERSON'S *Pencillings in Palestine*.

THERE is no city in the world which retains a stronger hold on the mind of a Christian traveller than Jerusalem, nor one, which on leaving, he could less willingly reconcile himself to the belief that he was bidding it a last farewell. The interest which attaches to the scenes of sacred story has not diminished with the facilities which have been afforded by means of increased communication; rather I would say, the interest in Jerusalem, and the desire to see it has of late increased greatly. The ancient Palmer, and the war-worn Crusader, are succeeded by others, impelled by intelligent curiosity and holy desires, to gaze on the "City of the Great King," where David's palace and Solomon's temple were reared, and

where Christ suffered for guilty man. I do not know that I shall ever see it again; but of this I am sure, that of all the cities of the world which it has been my lot to see—and I have seen many—it will ever remain most deeply engraven on my heart.

After a stay in Jerusalem of upwards of four weeks, I now prepared to leave it; my party was the same with which I entered the Holy City: we were now once more on our way to Jaffa, in order to take the French steamer; they for Constantinople, and I for Bayroot and Smyrna.

On the 21st of April, 1855, I turned my back, perhaps, for the last time in my life, on the walls of Jerusalem. It was our intention to have gone to Jaffa by way of Beth Horon and Lydda; but this plan was overruled; and we returned the same way we came. It was a glorious morning, on which the sun shone brightly, and all the sky above was

“Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,”

and perfectly clear. The preparations were made, and, all being ready, we left Jerusalem at nine o'clock by the gate of Jaffa.

Our stay in Jerusalem had been exceedingly pleasant; and nothing occurred to mar the pleasure of our visit, save a mishap which befell Mr. G——. A couple of days before leaving the Holy City, this gentleman, who had been exceedingly kind to us, and to whom I am indebted for the photographs of the Temple, and the Mount of Olives, on the title-pages of this work, fell, and broke his collar-bone. He was insensible for some time; and, indeed, up to the moment of our departure, he was in a very dangerous state. This was very painful to us, the objects of his attention and kindness, and

hence it was we left Jerusalem full of the saddest feelings. Two days ago, he had been anticipating the hope of accompanying us to Jaffa, but now he lay stretched upon his bed unable to move or bear the slightest excitement. Such are the orderings of an inscrutable Providence.

From the top of the first ridge we stopped to take the last look of Jerusalem,—to gaze, perhaps, for the last time, upon the desolate “daughter of Zion.” Yes, there she is, still on her lofty site, to satisfy the pious longings of the intelligent tourist—though the glory and beauty of the city have passed away, and her ancient foundations are buried in the dust, still she is no less dear to the Christian’s heart. Was it not here that Jesus trod and laboured; and was not the scene of redemption enacted within her walls? In view of this interest you seek no more . . . sufficient for me, that yonder city is Jerusalem . . . yonder is Olivet . . . and at my feet runs the valley of Gihon, becoming deeper and deeper, till it reaches “Hinnom’s vale.” Here has occurred the record of events, such as have not come to pass in any other land; monuments of a belief denied to all other nations; hopes not elsewhere cherished, but which, nevertheless, are connected with the destiny of the whole human race, and stretch forward to the consummation of all terrestrial things.

Singular to say, at this instant, I thought of the prophet’s words: “Our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens. We have drunken our water for money, our wood is sold unto us. The elders have ceased from the gate, the young men from their music, the joy of our heart is ceased, our dance is turned into mourning.” Fearfully has her burden been fulfilled—

“The city sits solitary that was full of people! She has become as a widow! She that was great among the nations, and a princess among the provinces is become tributary! She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks! Judah is gone into captivity; she dwelleth among the heathen, and findeth no rest!”—

“Oh, well may then thy children weep—even I could weep with them—

At misery such as I have seen in thee, Jerusalem!”¹

* * * * *

Well may she address herself to the tourist's heart—
“Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord has afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger!”—

“Hast thou a Patriot's heart, and would it break
To gaze upon this country's wreck?
The chief of nations once; oh, fallen now!
Look on Judea's crownless brow,
And, musing o'er each fondly-cherished token,
Weep for her vanished star, her sceptre broken!”

“Woe for the olive glen, the palm-tree shade,
Tabret and harp once vocal made;
Woe for the ruined shrines, the dwellings dim,
Where rose to heaven the choral hymn.
O Holy Land! grief claims thee for its own;
All joy is darkened, all thy mirth is gone.”²

* * *

Bishop Heber's lamentation on the desolation of Jerusalem is beautifully, pathetically, and eloquently expressed:—

“Reft of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed Queen! forgotten Zion, mourn!

¹ “Anderson's Pencilings in Palestine.”

² Ibid.

Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
 Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone ;
 While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
 And way-worn pilgrims seek the scanty spring ?
 Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy viewed ?
 Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued ?
 No martial myriads muster in thy gate ;
 No suppliant nations in thy temple wait ;
 No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
 Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song ;
 But lawless Force, and meagre Want are there,
 And the quick darting eye of restless fear."

* * * *

But one consolation is left her. She shall again rejoice; for "the Lord shall bring back the captivity of her people. Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad." There are not a few among the learned of this age who think that the time of her deliverance is nigh at hand; she, who is now desolate, will speedily be restored, to be once more the glory of the earth—the praise of all nations. I have no opinion on the matter; but if permitted to witness this glorious change, I shall rejoice.

One long, searching glance—one more farewell, and I turned my face on the solitary city and descended the opposite side of the ridge, *en route* to the coast.

At about four o'clock in the afternoon, we reached the plains of Sharon. Here I parted company with the party, and galloped off to Ramla, in order to secure rooms at the Franciscan convent. In one hour I found myself at the door of the convent (the distance being equal to four hours' ride). Here I was just in time to secure our old quarters. Five minutes later, and we should have had to shift the best way we could; for just as I had got the promise of them, there arrived the lady of the Neapolitan

consul of Alexandria, and wished for accommodation; but she was just too late. Fearing lest the Superior should change his mind, I ordered dinner, and made the best of my way out of the convent, *taking the keys of the rooms with me.*

Having nothing to do, I rode back to meet my friends. I met them in the middle of the plain. We were now about two hours' easy ride from Ramla. At this instant the sky was overcast, and we were overtaken in a shower of rain, which wetted us through . . . This only made us hurry onwards, and a little after seven, we reached Ramla, and took possession of our rooms. Most of the party, fearing to take cold, went to bed without dinner. I am happy to say that I was not among that number.

Next morning, after eating a hearty breakfast, we trudged down to Jaffa, which we reached a little before mid-day. Here I parted with my horse, servant, and travelling equipments; and after bidding farewell to some friends I knew there, I embarked on board the French steamer "*Lycurgue.*" At three o'clock we weighed anchor, and before night the miserable hovels of Jaffa were no longer in sight. In this steamer I made a most unfortunate voyage once before; it was early in the year 1849, when it took us twelve days to get to Alexandria from Bayroot. We were twice driven on shore, near Rosetta and at Aboukir; but we at last, after many hardships, reached Alexandria. On this occasion, I was not at all apprehensive, as the weather was fine, and we anticipated a fine trip.

At dusk, we passed the ruins of Kisary, the ancient Cæsarea, the city of Cornelius, the centurion of the Italian band, of whom it was said, he was "a devout man, and one that feared God, with all his house, ~~and~~ which gave much

alms to the people, and prayed to God alway;" and where Paul eloquently pleaded his cause before King Agrippa. His defence, as recorded in the twenty-sixth chapter of Acts, is, in my opinion, one of the most beautiful things extant. It is a singular fact, and worthy of record, that Christ was first preached unto the Gentiles in this city. Peter was the first to preach in this place. It was at the time when Cornelius sent after him, and the first thing he says to them, "Ye know how that it is an unlawful thing for a man that is a Jew to keep company, or come unto one of another nation; but God hath showed me that I should not call any man common or unclean. Therefore came I unto you, without gainsaying, as I was sent for;" evidently showing that, till then, the apostles had not begun to preach Christ, save to the Jews. The city is now a ruin; and, amid its high-looking walls, the brier and the thistle grow. It has a small harbour, but now quite choked up; no man lives there at present.

Late, in the evening, we passed the lights of Atleet, a castle of the Crusaders; and towards midnight we were opposite to the western peak of Carmel. I now went to bed; and, on waking up, found the steamer in the roadstead of Bayroot.

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*	*	*	*	*	*

And now, Reader, here I leave you. We have journeyed together through Syria and Palestine; gazed on their beautiful scenery; roamed amid the fields where Jesus went about doing good; bathed in the waters on which He sailed; and contemplated the spots where He was born, laboured, and died. I have also introduced you behind the scenes, and described to you our habits, customs, and manners, thus bringing back to your vision

the times of the Patriarchs, and succeeding ages. I have tried to interest you, with the history of the country from the time when it was in possession of the Canaanites till it has fallen under the rule of Turkey.

And now, I cannot take leave of you without impressing one or two facts on your mind.

First of all: *that the maintenance of the integrity of Turkey IS A VITAL POINT TO THE INTERESTS OF ENGLAND.* England, therefore, has either to strengthen Turkey, or always to fight her battles, and settle her difficulties. The only way to reach the former is, in my opinion, by first of all, *removing* all civil distinction between the Christian and Mahomedan subjects of the Sultan, and of giving the former an equal degree of assurance with the latter, as to the impartial administration of justice by the Turkish tribunals. In enlisting the good feelings of its Christian subjects in its preservation, *is the only real security for the continued existence of Turkey as an independent power.* THIS IS HER SUREST DEFENCE. But, to use the words of a recent despatch, addressed by the Earl of Clarendon to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, "It is impossible to suppose that any true sympathy for their rulers will be felt by the Christians, so long as they are made to experience, in all their daily transactions, the inferiority of their position as compared with that of their Mussulman fellow-subjects—so long as they are aware that they will seek in vain for justice for wrongs done either to their persons, or their properties, because they are deemed a degraded race, unworthy to be put into comparison with the followers of Mahomet." Turkey may get over her present difficulties by the aid of her Allies; but both she and her Allies may rest assured that, without the sympathy and hearty support of her Christian subjects.

the Turkish empire must soon cease to exist. Let, therefore, those who feel an interest in the maintainance of her integrity, take thought of this fact.

But there is another point to which I wish to direct the attention of Protestant England—the manœuvres of France to get the supremacy in the East by means of the Papal religion. Let not this idea be ridiculed; my conclusions are borne out by facts. It is a notorious point in history, that the first to disturb the *statu quo* in the matter of this war, was France. We owe it to the Emperor Napoleon. If report is to be believed, the French ambassador was the first to speak of having recourse to force, and to threaten the intervention of a French fleet to enforce the demands of his country. Was it to be wondered at, that Russia, in maintenance of her honour, should follow this example? No.

But what interest has France in the East? Let Napoleon the First answer you. This was *his* reason for besieging Acre, then the “Key of the East;” on which “depended the fate of Constantinople, and India.” He said:—

“If we succeed in taking Acre, I will raise and arm the whole of Syria I advance upon Damascus and Aleppo; I recruit my army, by marching into every country where discontent prevails; I announce to the people the abolition of slavery, and of the tyrannical government of the Pashas; I arrive at Constantinople with armed masses; I overturn the dominion of the Mussulman; I found in the East a new and mighty empire, which shall fix my position with posterity; and, perhaps, I return to Paris by Adrianople and Vienna, having annihilated the house of Austria.”

As it was then, so still is that country now, the Key

of the East; and what France could not do by might, she is doing by intrigue. Let Protestant England look to it.

And now farewell, courteous reader.

THE END.

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